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HIS MOST GRACIOUS MAJESTY, WILLIAM-HENRY THE FOURTH.

# NATIONAL

# PORTRAIT GALLERY

OF

## ILLUSTRIOUS AND EMINENT PERSONAGES

OF THE

## NINETEENTH CENTURY;

WITH MEMOIRS, BY WILLIAM JERDAN, ESQ. F.S.A.
M.R.S.L. M.R.A.S. ETC.

DEDICATED, BY PERMISSION, TO

## THE KING.

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VOL. III.

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LONDON:

FISHER, SON, & JACKSON, NEWGATE STREET.
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# ADDRESS.

OUR Third Volume of the NATIONAL POTRAIT GALLERY is now before the Public. On presenting its precursor, we said,

"It does not consist with the spirit of a work which is only anxious to deserve well, that it should resort to professions, or have recourse to that system of boast, which is but too much employed to catch popularity. We trust, however, it will not be considered unbecoming in us to state, that we have spared no pains, to make our biographies correct and authentic—no endeavours, to procure and perpetuate the best class of portraits. To the former, every means of inquiry within our power has been directed; to the latter, the employment of distinguished artists has, in almost every individual instance, effectually contributed."

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Neither diligence nor expenditure will be spared, in endeavours to make it still more deserving.

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HIS MOST GRACIOUS

MAJESTY,

# WILLIAM THE FOURTH.

To learn how to obey, is to learn how to command; our present beloved Monarch is an illustration of this good old rule. The early biography of but few princes would afford a parallel to that of WILLIAM THE FOURTH. Devoted from youth to a severe and arduous profession, whose toils he has encountered, whose privations he has endured, and whose dangers he has braved; he is no freshwater admiral, placed by his birth in command, but a sailor who has gone from rank to rank, and known the service which he shared. The Spanish admiral, Langara, accustomed to the luxurious and indolent education of his native princes, when he heard that the son of George the Third served in the navy, exclaimed, "Well does Great Britain merit the empire of the seas, when the humblest stations in her navy are held by princes of the blood." Prince William thus early learnt the lesson of devotion to his country; and how he has profited by it, his present popularity is at once the sign and the reward. The august subject of our present Memoir was born in August, 1765, and was the third son of his late Majesty George the Third. His education was confided to Dr. Majendie, the late bishop of Bangor. At the age of fourteen he was entered as midshipman on board the Prince George, of ninety-eight guns, under the care of the late Admiral Digby. It would be curious to mark the difference between the cares and toils, the forms which control, and the responsibility which rests on the Monarch—to contrast these with the light-hearted duties, the careless gaiety, and the various scenes of the youthful midshipman. The Prince George belonged to the

channel fleet, and saw some rough service in the Bay of Biscay: a whole Spanish convoy was taken; and a sixty-four was afterwards called the Prince William, from having been captured in his presence. Another action soon followed: battle was given to a Spanish squadron; a running fight took place, which was kept up during the whole of the ensuing night; in the morning, six surrendered.

The next action at which His Royal Highness was present, was the capture of the Protheé, a French sixty-four. He then continued in the channel, of all services the most dangerous and harassing, till 1781, when the Prince George was attached to the fleet which, under Admiral Digby, was despatched to the relief of Gibraltar. They succeeded in landing the provisions and gunpowder under a most tremendous cannonade; the enemy having collected a formidable flotilla of gunboats, carrying twenty-four and eighteen pounders. But the ships of the line, which anchored in the bay, protected the transports. His Royal Highness then proceeded to the coast of America, and there, preferring a cruise to the inactivity of a stationary employment, at his own request he was removed to the Warwick, commanded by Viscount Keith. Prince William was with that officer when he took l'Aigle, la Sophie, and the Terrier sloop of war.

By his Royal Father's commands, he joined the late Lord Hood, then in quest of the French fleet, commanded by the Marquis de Vaudreuil. On board the Barfleur, our youthful sailor became first acquainted with Nelson, who was introduced to him by Lord Hood. The enemy's ships having securely anchored in the port of Boston, this voyage was a peaceable one. The attachment evinced to His Royal Highness was a foretaste of that which is now so deeply and universally felt. During his stay in Jamaica, the merchants, planters, &c. raised a corps of cavalry for the express purpose of attending his person; it was called Prince William-Henry's regiment. On the termination of hostilities, his Royal Highness visited Cape François and the Havannah, where he was received with all possible attention from the Spanish and French authorities. But, perhaps, one of the finest compliments ever paid, was offered to the royal midshipman by the governor of Louisiana. We cannot refrain from extracting the letters.

"*Cape François, April* 6, 1783.

"Sir,—The Spanish troops cantoned throughout the country have not, as the French, had the happiness to take up their arms to salute your Royal Highness, nor that of paying you those marks of respect and consideration which are your due: it is what they will ever regret.

"I have in confinement, at Louisiana, the principal person concerned in the revolt at Nachez, with some of his accomplices. They have forfeited their parole and oath of fidelity. A council of war, founded on equitable laws, has condemned them to death, and the execution of their sentence waits only my confirmation, as governor of the colony. They are all English. Will you be pleased, Sir, to accept their pardon and their lives, in the name of the Spanish army, and of my King? It is, I trust, the greatest present that can be offered to one Prince in the name of another. Mine is generous, and will approve my conduct.

"In case your Royal Highness deigns to interest yourself for these unfortunate men, I have the honor to send enclosed an order for their being delivered the moment any vessel arrives at Louisiana communicating your pleasure. We shall consider ourselves happy, if this can be agreeable to you. I have the honor to be, &c.

(Signed) "B. D. GALVEZ."

To this letter H. R. H. sent the following answer, by Captain (now Sir Manley) Dixon, in the Tobago sloop of war.

"*Port Royal, Jamaica, April* 13, 1783.

"Sir,—I want words to express to your Excellency my just sense of your polite letter, of the delicate manner in which you caused it to be delivered, and your generous conduct towards the unfortunate. Their pardon, which you have been pleased to grant on my account, is the most agreeable present you could have offered me, and is strongly characteristic of the bravery and gallantry of the Spanish nation. This instance increases, if possible, my opinion of your Excellency's humanity, which has appeared on so many occasions in the course of the late war.

"Admiral Rowley is to despatch a vessel to Louisiana for the prisoners; I am convinced they will ever think of your Excel-

lency's clemency with gratitude; and I have sent a copy of your letter to the King my father, who will be fully sensible of your Excellency's attention to me.

"I request my compliments to Madame Galvez, and that you will be assured, that actions so noble as those of your Excellency will ever be remembered by,

(Signed) "WILLIAM HENRY."

In 1785, the regular period having been served as midshipman, and the usual examination past, Prince William was appointed third lieutenant of the Hebe frigate, commanded by Captain (now Sir Edward) Thornborough. The Hon. John Levison Gower soon after hoisted his broad pendant on board, and proceeded on a cruise round Great Britain. His Royal Highness was presented with addresses at every place where he touched; and we know of no British monarch who has seen so much of his native kingdom as our present Naval King. In 1786, the Prince was appointed first lieutenant of the Pegasus; and in the same year he received his captain's commission of that frigate. On His Royal Highness's appointment to this command, the captains then in harbour at Plymouth expressed their wish, by the Port Admiral, to be introduced to him in form. Prince William appointed the following day, when he held his levee at the Commissioner's house. The captains were all introduced, when he expressed great surprise, that his late brother officers, the lieutenants, had not waited on him also, and expressed his wish that they should the next day attend his levee. The lieutenants accordingly waited on the young Prince, who immediately, with a good taste only to be equalled by its good feeling, invited himself to dine with them; named a day previous to the one for which he stood engaged to the captains; adding, with a frank kindness, "And then, my boys, we'll have a day of it together." In the June following he sailed for Halifax, where he was received with enthusiasm. With that dislike to the chilling barriers of etiquette which has always characterised him, His Royal Highness desired that all of military observance, and all forms, should be laid aside: this could not repress the welcome the people seemed determined to give him. To this day, his kind and popular manners are matters of remembrance and affection.

Prince William-Henry next proceeded to the Leeward Island station, where he remained for some months under the command of the late Lord Nelson. A friendship most honorable to both had long subsisted between them, and an interesting correspondence had been kept up; but it was the present occasion that ripened and cemented it by mutual high appreciation.

"It was at this era," says the Prince, "that I particularly observed the greatness of Nelson's superior mind. The manner in which he enforced the spirit of the Navigation Act, first drew my attention to the commercial interests of my country. We visited the different islands together; and, as much as the manœuvres of fleets can be described off the headlands of islands, we fought over again the principal naval actions in the American war. Excepting the naval tuition which I had received on board the Prince George, when the present Rear-Admiral Keats was lieutenant of her, and for whom both of us equally entertained a sincere regard, my mind took its first decided naval turn from this familiar intercourse with Nelson."

The Prince entered most zealously into the various reforms which Nelson was carrying on in the dock-yard at Antigua, and among the contractors, prize agents, &c. One might be excused for calling this a good omen. What Lord Nelson's opinion of his naval coadjutor was, may be found in his own words: he says, in a letter to his friend Captain Locker—

"You must have heard, long before this reaches you, that Prince William is under my command. I shall endeavour to take care that he is not a loser by that circumstance. He has his foibles, as well as private men; but they are far overbalanced by his virtues. In his professional line he is superior to nearly two-thirds, I am sure, of the list; and in attention to orders, and respect to his superior officer, I hardly know his equal. This is what I have found him." In a subsequent letter he says, "H. R. H. keeps up strict discipline in his ship; and, without paying him any compliment, she is one of the finest ordered frigates I have seen."

His Royal Highness acted the part of father to Lady Nelson, on the occasion of her union with her heroic husband: he next made a tour of the islands; and the House of Assembly at Barbadoes passed a vote to present his Royal Highness with a gold-

tiality. His Royal Highness accordingly accepted the office of Lord High Admiral, which had been in abeyance for a hundred years; and it is only necessary for us to record, that, in the discharge of the duties of this high and responsible trust, he not only won golden opinions from all sorts of men, but in an especial manner improved the state of the naval service, and made a friend of every sailor belonging to it, from the admiral to the cabin-boy.

A political revolution led to His Royal Highness's retirement; but not before he had, in the Lord High Admiral, given to the country a symbol of what the King would be. In that august capacity he is now before us, with one great measure which must immortalize his reign. Upon that mighty question, it is not for us to dilate in a sketch like ours; but we may say, and in saying it fall far short of the truth, that no king ever sat upon a throne more unanimously environed by the enthusiastic love of his people, than William the Fourth at this moment. His British straightforwardness of character, his honesty of purpose, his firmness and decision—all enriched and embellished by that genuine kindness which flows from the heart—have rendered him the very idol of popularity.—*Esto perpetua!*

BIBLIOTHECA BODLEIANA

HIS ROYAL HIGHNESS PRINCE
AUGUSTUS-FREDERICK, DUKE OF SUSSEX &c K.G K.T-G.C.H.-P.R.S &c &c

HIS ROYAL HIGHNESS,

## PRINCE AUGUSTUS FREDERICK,

# DUKE OF SUSSEX,

EARL OF INVERNESS, BARON ARKLOW, K.G. K.T. G.C.H.
ETC. ETC. ETC. ETC.

WE have much pleasure in presenting the public with an admirable Likeness of this popular Prince, engraved from an enamel by J. Lee, after a Portrait painted by Mr. Phillips, the highly-esteemed and excellent Academician.

His Royal Highness, the sixth son of His late Majesty George III. and his Queen Charlotte, was born on the 27th of January, 1773. Like the other sons of this illustrious race, his education was carefully attended to; and, being destined to neither of the warlike professions, his mind was cultivated, in civil studies and polite literature, for a longer season than was allowed to several of his elder brethren. Richly stored with classical learning, and gifted with prepossessing talents, His Royal Highness sought the farther improvement of travel, at an early age. The unsettled state of the continent about this period rendered Italy the most eligible country to visit; and, at Rome, immediately after he had completed his twentieth year, this Prince married the Lady Augusta Murray, daughter of John, the fourth Earl of Dunmore. This marriage took place on the 4th of April, 1793; and the ceremony was again performed at St. George's Church, Hanover Square, on the 5th of December following. These nuptials, however, being declared to be contrary to the provisions of the Royal Marriage Act, the 12th of George III., chap. 2, were legally dissolved in August, 1794, but without impeaching the virtuous character of the lady who was so deeply concerned

in this decision.* The issue of this union were, a son, the present Colonel Sir Augustus Frederic D'Este, born the 13th of January, 1794; and a daughter, Miss D'Este, whose name is now frequently seen in the courtly records of the day, as an attendant and companion to our gracious Queen.

For a considerable time, the Prince took no share in public affairs; but, being created a Peer of the realm, by the titles prefixed to this Memoir, on the 7th of November, 1801, he was called upon to take his seat in the House of Lords, and avow his principles as a politician. He espoused the side of the Whigs, and, indeed, of that portion of them which held the most liberal opinions; and with this party he has acted warmly and consistently to the present hour. As a speaker in Parliament, His Royal Highness has not upon very many occasions addressed their Lordships; but, whenever any important occurrences have induced him to stand forward, he has distinguished himself by the force and clearness of his reasoning, the ability with which he maintained great constitutional principles, and the comprehensiveness of his general views. His delivery is fluent and impressive; and, without dwelling at length upon his arguments, they have always produced a powerful effect both upon his hearers and the country.

But it is not in the senate that we have to seek either the most frequent or the most beneficial efforts of His Royal Highness. Though the duties of his high and responsible station, as a Prince and a Peer, have not been neglected, the vast proportion of his life has been zealously and assiduously spent in promoting the cause of charity, the interests of literature, and the advancement of useful institutions in every quarter where a claim could be preferred to his patronage, his aid, and his example. In these respects, the civilized world cannot shew forth a princely instance at all approaching in desert to His Royal Highness; whose services to humanity at large, and to its local and national associations in particular, have justly gained for him the applause and honor of the benevolent and the good. The devotion of his time to meetings of every description where a charitable or patriotic object has been contemplated, has, indeed, entitled him to the

* In 1806 her Ladyship assumed, by Royal permission, the title of Countess de Ameland, which she bore to the recent period of her death.

utmost approbation of every class of his contemporaries, who have had opportunities of witnessing the wide and active sphere of his exertion. Whether to provide for the orphans of poor publicans—for the solace of the sick and the afflicted, in the hospitals of Jew or Christian—for the relief of the unfortunate artist and literary labourer, their widows and helpless children—for the encouragement of industry—for the distinction of talent, and the reward of ingenuity—in short, for the alleviation of misery wheresoever it existed, and the crowning of merit wheresoever it appeared—the one in the darkest recesses of wretchedness, the other in the humblest walks of society—the unwearied exertions of the Duke of Sussex have justly attracted to his head the blessings of tens of thousands; to his heart, the affectionate sympathies of all. This is not the language of inflated panegyric. We are free to say, in this free land, that there have been passages in the public course of His Royal Highness, which our individual praise could not attend; but we have witnessed so many of his able, earnest, and most efficient labours of love and charity, that we are sure neither political prejudices, however jaundiced, nor other motives, however parsimonious of commendation, could withhold from him the meed of gratitude and fame.

It is not the mere presidency at an anniversary dinner—the falling in with a custom almost peculiar to England, the taking the chair, as it is called, for this or that purpose—which in themselves command our applause; it is the sight of a Prince of the blood-royal, encumbered with burdens upon every moment of his time, or allured to other and brighter scenes of enjoyment, by all that wealth, power, and luxury can bring—it is the sight of such an individual ministering continually to the useful and the beneficent, which has secured to His Royal Highness so large a share of well-earned popularity. And we ought to estimate these matters, not merely by the means employed, but rather by the good done, and the pattern set. Herein is the virtue and its product.

The exalted and the noble have, in this simple way, much within their competency; nor is the sacrifice hard, by which they may accomplish the object. On the contrary, the path is not unpleasant, and, after a few hours passed in stimulating by eloquence, sympathy, or example, any assembly of sensible men to

an act of benevolence, the proudest and most aristocratic spirit in the kingdom might happily reflect on the golden opinions won, even if the better feeling of nature did not predominate—a feeling that, by a gracious act, the bed of sickness would be soothed, the pangs of death itself alleviated, the wounds of mental anguish healed, the energies of genius revived.

Were it possible to trace mixed causes distinctly to mixed effects, or individual cases of distress to the origin of their alleviation, the Duke of Sussex might, a hundred times a year, lay his head upon his pillow, not merely with an indefinite consciousness of having done well, but with a pure conviction of having, that day among the rest, diminished the sufferings, and cheered the hearts, of hundreds of his fellow-creatures. We invoke the lofty, the great, and the opulent, to imitate this illustrious example;—they will find that, in thus contributing to the good of others, they are pursuing the certain road to self-contentment in their own consciences, and to secure universal esteem and popularity.

In the chair at such meetings as those to which we have alluded, His Royal Highness is distinguished for the urbanity of his manner—the skill with which he seizes any circumstance of the passing moment, to promote the design in hand—the good-humour with which he enlivens the assembly—and the sterling sense of his addresses, whether directed to the passions or the reason of his auditors.

In private society, his condescension is equally to be admired; and those who have enjoyed the honor of associating with him in more limited circles, while they are attached by his affability and kindness, are also delighted by the extent of his information, and his superior knowledge of books and of the world.

By the possession of such qualities, His Royal Highness continually augments the number of his friends, and diminishes the aggregate of those who may have been adverse to him. An instance of this kind occurred, in relation to the recent election of President of the Royal Society. Here party spirit ran very high, and the dissension could scarcely be more inveterate: yet so graciously and judiciously has His Royal Highness conducted himself since, that he has vanquished the objections of his warmest opponents; and we have heard them acknowledge, within the brief space of a few weeks, that the affairs of the Society could

not have been placed under a more able head, its members brought into contact with a more gentleman-like President, or its interests confided to a more liberal and enlightened patron. If, therefore, conciliation has achieved so much already, we think we may fairly anticipate many advantages to this learned body, when the declared intentions of His Royal Highness are carried into full effect, and frequent meetings at Kensington Palace shall unite the Fellows more closely with each other, as well as with foreigners of distinction in letters and science, who visit this country.

For many years previous to becoming President of the Royal Society, His Royal Highness has been President of the kindred Institution for the Encouragement of Arts and Manufactures. In this, his influence has been largely felt. The general concerns of the Association have flourished under his vigilant superintendence; and on the annual distribution of premiums, the admirable way in which he has bestowed these awards, has added a lustre to the celebration, and deeply impressed the anxious or aspiring minds of the candidates. This is one of the most delightful sights which our mighty metropolis affords. The spacious King's Theatre is filled to the roof with spectators, most of them interested in the scene; and, in delivering the various medals and pecuniary rewards, the appropriate remarks of His Royal Highness show how well he can appreciate the merits of the invention or performance, and how much he can enhance the compliment which has been earned, by the manner of presenting it. It is gratifying to observe the great land-owner, who has increased the wealth of England by extensive planting, or the reclamation of thousands of waste acres—the humble mechanic, who has discovered a new principle, or perfected some part belonging to one of known utility—the ingenious seaman, whose experience has devised an improvement beneficial to our glorious navy—the skilful manfacturer, who has found out yet another source of national prosperity—and the youthful devotee to the fine arts, of either sex, whose genius has now attracted its earliest notice;—all in turn rendered tenfold more happy by the honours conferred upon them, in consequence of the discrimination with which they are treated, and the display of princely dignity and warm-heartedness in the umpire.

In enumerating the titles of the Duke of Sussex to the regard of his contemporaries, we must not omit to mention his Masonic supremacy. He is, and has long been, the Grand Master of England; an office of very considerable difficulty and responsibility. But it is not for us to attempt to unveil its mysteries; suffice it to say, that the address and diligence which the due discharge of its duties require, are amply exercised by the Grand Master; that, under his auspices, divisions are healed, and harmony prevails; and that, while in foreign lands the name of freemasonry is laden with often not unfounded suspicion, as a covert for intrigue and revolution, in our own more favoured soil it is a bond and union of social enjoyment and pervasive philanthropy.

We have spoken of His Royal Highness's love of learning, and of the countenance he has ever shown to literary men. These are the noblest traits of character, the surest foundation of present and lasting fame. We do not, therefore, wonder at or laud a person of elevated station, who adopts the obvious path to distinction and influence; we are rather surprised that any one of the class should miss a way so easy and so grateful. Not so the Duke of Sussex. His library, one of the most remarkable in the world for the stores of literature it contains, vouches for the profound nature of his researches; and the multitude of authors whom he has aided and encouraged, are a phalanx to sustain his high pretence to the fame of an English Mæcenas.

Beyond this trophy, we shall not extend our record.—That among his many public services, His Royal Highness has ardently exerted himself on behalf of the London University, the Mechanic's Institution, and other plans for the diffusion of education, the progress of knowledge, and the encouragement of industry, is only to say that his whole life has been invariably consistent—and his toils (for such they are) unremitting. In politics there must of necessity be those who have differed, and who differ, from him; but in the boundless scheme of benevolence and charity, we believe there is not a voice in the kingdom which would refuse to hail him—a Prince of the People!

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RIGHT HON^BLE JOHN PHILPOT CURRAN.

THE RIGHT HONORABLE

# JOHN PHILPOT CURRAN,

MASTER OF THE ROLLS IN IRELAND, ETC. ETC.

AMONG the many remarkable and distinguished men of the last and present generations, which Ireland has produced, it would be difficult to name one raised by pre-eminent talents to a higher degree of celebrity, or encircled with more brilliant fame, than the subject of this Memoir.

JOHN PHILPOT CURRAN was born July 24th, 1750, at Newmarket, a small town in the county of Cork; where his younger years were passed without any incident to demand our especial notice. It appears that he entered Trinity College, Dublin, in the capacity of a sizar, in 1769; and shortly afterwards obtained a scholarship. Here, though he prosecuted his studies with diligence and success, his advance was at first unmarked by any exhibition of superior ability: on the contrary, we are assured that the progress of his mental powers was slow, and signalized by no instance of precocious development.

In conformity to the wishes of his friends, he originally fixed his views on the Church; but very soon altered his destination, and decided, as it should seem fortunately, on adopting the legal profession. The consciousness of intellectual strength, which he could not but have felt, no doubt led to this change; and he gave himself up with ardour to a career far more congenial to the character of his mind. It is worthy of observation, that the influence of his clerical pursuits is distinctly to be traced in the eloquent effusions of his legal and political life; both in a religious solemnity of appeal, and a proneness to the use of scriptural imagery and quotation, in the application of which he was peculiarly happy.

Mr. Curran concluded his College course in 1773, and proceeded to London, where he entered himself a student of the Middle Temple. His situation at this time was dreary and unenviable; for he was solitary and friendless. Dependent for support on scanty and precarious supplies, he was sometimes reduced to difficulties, which even his philosophical temperament and national buoyancy of spirit were unprepared to encounter. Yet his letters about this date depict his circumstances with admirable humour and effect; and furnish the earliest evidence of the fertile fancy and original wit which afterwards constituted his prime characteristics. During his stay in the English capital, he sedulously applied to the studies connected with his profession. Experiencing a deficiency in many of the qualifications requisite for a public speaker, especially in the important points of enunciation and delivery, he succeeded, by judicious cultivation and incessant practice, in removing the natural disadvantages under which he laboured in these respects.

In 1775, Mr. Curran was called to the Irish bar, at which, stimulated alike by a sense of his endowments and an honorable ambition, as well as by the imperious necessity for improving his resources, he did not long remain unnoticed or undistinguished, but rather rose rapidly to eminence, and, in a few years, occupied a proud and prominent station. He speedily established a reputation for legal skill, for argumentative tact, and for a style of oratory at once fluent, forcible, and ornate. He was, besides, gifted in a superior degree with moral firmness and personal intrepidity—invaluable qualities, when the advocate was not unfrequently called upon to support his professional opinions at his own immediate peril, and when the courts of law exhibited daily scenes of violent and undignified altercation, not only at the bar, but between the bar and the bench itself. Of this the following dialogue may be cited as a specimen. It occurred in the course of an angry dispute between Judge Robinson and Mr. Curran, caused by the former having indulged in a sneer at the narrowness of the young lawyer's circumstances:—

*Mr. C.*—"My Lord, when the person who is invested with the dignity of the judgment-seat, lays it aside for a moment to enter into a disgraceful personal contest, it is in vain, when he has been worsted in the conflict, that he seeks to resume it; it is in

vain that he seeks to shelter himself behind an authority which he has abandoned."

*Judge R.*—"If you say another word, sir, I'll commit you" —

*Mr. C.*—"If your Lordship should do so, we shall both of us have the consolation of reflecting that I am not the worst thing your Lordship has committed."

But to return to our subject. From the commencement of his career, Mr. Curran had identified himself with the popular cause, the cause for which his earliest sympathies had been enlisted—and on entering the Irish House of Commons, in 1783, he at once took his seat on the opposition side. The composition of the Irish Parliament, at that period, formed a concentration of talent, and patriotic zeal, and energy, rarely if ever equalled, and certainly never surpassed, in any similar body. Ireland was indeed prolific of powerful minds; swayed by private interests or public spirit, by views of preferment or the thirst of fame, her intellectual gladiators were precipitated into the senate, ever the fittest and noblest arena for the efforts, the tests, and the victories of talent. Questions of great importance were nightly debated, and the whole country looked to the issue with impatience and anxiety. On the reports of these discussions, the characteristic features of the people were strongly imprinted;—the ungovernable impetuosity, the glowing imagination, the endless play of wit and repartee, were all truly Irish. And the same may be said, even of the furious denunciations and bitter personalities, habitually launched by the contending champions against each other.

Bearing so evidently the marks of an honest warmth and uncompromising firmness, the least excusable of these, extort, from the candid observer, but a very slow and reluctant censure. In such contests, Mr. Curran took a conspicuous part, though less as a leader than an auxiliary. Yet he never failed to amuse and enlighten his audience; and we have the testimony of Mr. Hardy, in his life of Lord Charlemont, that "he animated every debate with his powers"—that "he was copious, splendid, and full of life, and wit, and ardour."—Indeed, the remaining fragments of his parliamentary speeches are so replete with vigour and poignancy, and so felicitously sarcastic, that it is much to be regretted these extemporaneous effusions of his oratory have almost totally perished. His indifference to posthumous renown was, we believe,

the main obstacle to their perpetuation, and the cause of consequent public loss.

In 1787, Mr. Curran visited France, whence his letters convey an impressive picture of the general decay and misery which existed, though he does not appear to have caught any indication of the impending downfal of the monarchy. Shortly after his return, he participated in the memorable debates, in the Irish Parliament, which arose out of the mental affliction of the Sovereign, and the expediency of providing a substitute or a successor. Mr. Curran bore a prominent share in these deliberations, advocating, with much warmth, the rights of the Heir-apparent, and the independence of the national legislature. The result was one of the few triumphs of his (the Whig) party; the Prince of Wales being, after an obstinate opposition, recognized as Regent with unrestricted powers. It is well known that the restoration of His Majesty to health happily prevented the extraordinary collision, between England and Ireland, which this difference of decision must have engendered.

In 1790, in consequence of a misunderstanding with Major Hobart, the Irish Secretary, an angry correspondence ensued between that gentleman and Mr. Curran; followed by a duel, in which neither party was hurt. In the course of his career, Mr. Curran was engaged in numerous encounters of this nature; a practice more honoured in the breach than in the observance, though then of fatal frequency in Ireland. For the next four years, his public life offers little worth commemorating in our limited sketch, with the exception of a remarkable speech before the Privy Council, in a case involving the elective rights of the citizens of Dublin, and which, among the small number of his surviving orations, is the least mutilated, and conveys the best notion of the speaker's powers. In it will be found, perhaps, the finest example of the *argumentum ad absurdum* in the annals of ancient or modern oratory.

The political agitations of Ireland, which broke forth in 1794, exalted Mr. Curran to the height of his forensic fame. His defence of Hamilton Rowan (who is still alive, though his advocate is gathered to the dust) is one of the grandest monuments of his genius. In the progress of delivering his speech against this prosecution for a seditious libel, he was more than once interrupted

by enthusiastic plaudits; a strange and almost unprecedented occurrence in a law court, and singularly indicative, not only of the character of the counsel, but of the prevalent spirit of the times. At its conclusion, the popular feeling was manifested in a still more decided manner: it was truly a Demosthenic triumph. To account, in some measure, for this as a mere question of eloquence, we extract one among many of the splendid passages with which he won the imaginations of his auditors—a passage often quoted, but never to satiety:—

"I speak in the spirit of the British law, which makes liberty "commensurate with, and inseparable from, British soil; which "proclaims, even to the stranger and the sojourner, the moment "he sets his foot on British earth, that the ground on which he "treads is holy, and consecrated by the genius of universal eman-"cipation. No matter in what language his doom may have "been pronounced—no matter what complexion, incompatible "with freedom, an Indian or an African sun may have burnt upon "him—no matter in what disastrous battle his liberty may have "been cloven down—no matter with what solemnities he may "have been devoted on the altar of slavery—the first moment he "touches the sacred soil of Britain, the altar and the god sink "together in the dust: his soul walks abroad in her own majesty; "his body swells beyond the measure of his chains, that burst "from around him; and he stands redeemed, regenerated, and "disenthralled, by the irresistible genius of Universal Eman-"cipation."

On the appointment, in 1795, of Earl Fitzwilliam to the Viceroyalty of Ireland, Mr. Curran was about to be elevated to the office of Solicitor-General; but his expectation was frustrated by the hasty recall of that nobleman, which led to the speedy ebullition of the disaffection—impeded, if not counteracted, by the popularity of his government, and the countenance he gave to the leading men of the party opposed to the ministry at home.

As this is not a political memoir, we beg to refer such of our readers as may be interested on this point, to the alleged causes of the national ferment, as they are eloquently expounded in the Life of Curran, by his Son—a work as interesting from its variety, as it is admirable from the merits of its composition. Whether correct in its details and principles, is not for us to determine;

but we may state the result, which was, that the government determined to suppress the seditious spirit of the country by coercive measures.

The popular party, at the head of which was Grattan, continued to maintain an obstinate, though a fruitless, opposition. At length, in a debate which followed on an abortive motion made by Mr. Ponsonby, for reform and emancipation, and in which Mr. Curran took a distinguished part, the leading members of that side chose a final occasion to record their principles and convictions, to enter a parting protest against the acts of their rulers, and to announce their secession from Parliament, where, as they declared, they could be no longer useful. This memorable scene occurred on the 15th of May, 1797; and Mr. Curran concluded thus: "I agree that unanimity at this time is indispensable: the House seems pretty unanimous for force; I am sorry for it, for I bode the worst from it. I shall retire from a scene where I can do no good, and where I should certainly disturb that unanimity. I cannot, however, go without a parting entreaty, that men would reflect on the awful responsibility in which they stand to their country and to their consciences, before they set an example to the people of abandoning the law, and resorting to the terrible expedient of force."—Mr. Grattan followed: "Your system is perilous indeed: I speak without asperity; I speak without resentment; I speak, perhaps, my delusion, but it is my heartfelt conviction. I speak my apprehension for the immediate state of our liberty, and for the ultimate state of the empire. I hope I am mistaken; if so, I shall acknowledge my error with more satisfaction than is usual in the acknowledgment of error. We have offered you our measure—you will reject it: we deprecate yours—you will persevere. Having no hopes left to persuade or to dissuade, and having discharged our duty, we will trouble you no more; and after this day shall not attend the House of Commons."

Mr. Curran was among the number who retired from the representation.

The Rebellion ensued. During the disastrous scenes of that distracted epoch, we find him labouring unremittingly in the discharge of a melancholy, and, for the most part, of an unavailing duty—the defence of political delinquents. Every page

of the state trials of that time, (and especially where they refer to the well-known cases of Wolfe Tone, the two Shearers, and Oliver Boyd,) records his untiring and brilliant exertions; and to this portion of his life, his admirers must ever revert with wonder and delight. In the disheartening struggle against a severe law and an exasperated jury, his energy and resources were striking and unbounded. It is not surprising, therefore, that at a period of social convulsion, he had to encounter intimidation and obloquy; but when the storm of political passions had somewhat passed away, it is equally true that his principles, which had been assailed, and his character, which had been vilified, were made more amenable to the voice of reason, and estimated by a standard more allied to the calmness of justice. Throughout the whole, happily for his own tranquillity and credit, he had learnt to withstand violence, and contemn detraction. His assistance as an advocate was often tendered at the very moment of exigency; and his defensive speeches were, we believe, without exception, extemporaneous. The conjuncture was unfortunate for their preservation; but their *disjecta membra*, which have been handed down to us, powerfully attest the fire and grandeur of the entire original, and sustain the tradition of the extraordinary effects they produced.

Scarcely had the insurgents been subdued, and Ireland entered on the enjoyment of a season of comparative repose, when the partial rebellion of 1803, (in which the name of Emmet acquired so unhappy a celebrity,) threatened to inflict a renewal of contention and calamity upon the land. Mr. Curran had availed himself of the short peace with France, to revisit that country; whence this inauspicious event recalled him to the exercise of his legal duties.

On the formation of the Whig ministry in 1806, he came into office as Master of the Rolls in Ireland, and was appointed a member of the Privy Council. His parliamentary duties had previously expired, on the transfer of the national legislature; and he was not called upon to renew his senatorial labours. The remaining years of his life, in consequence, present but little of event to interest the reader. Deprived of opportunities of public display, he virtually ceased to be a public character. Nor was this the only effect of his promotion. From a natural rest-

lessness, cherished and augmented by a long course of professional excitement, his mind had become habituated to activity and exertion. The monotonous routine of the judicial avocations was not calculated to call its powers into play; his unsatisfied energies were condemned to stagnation, and his spirits, deprived of their accustomed stimulus, sank into dejection and despondency. The deplorable state of Ireland, and the melancholy result of all his patriotic aspirations, conspired in no slight degree to deepen and confirm this saddened mood, as is but too painfully perceptible in all the correspondence of his later years.

In 1810, Mr. Curran visited Scotland, "a country (as he said) which he had always valued for its intellectual and moral eminence," and which he had on a former occasion thus characterized—"a nation cast in the happy medium between the spiritless acquiescence of submissive poverty, and the sturdy credulity of pampered wealth—cool, and ardent—adventurous, and persevering—urging her eagle flight against the blaze of every science, with an eye that never winks, and a wing that never tires—crowned with the spoils of every art, and decked with the wreath of every muse." His letters also evince the unqualified gratification which his excursion afforded him, in the spirit and intelligence of the Scottish people. His remarks are no less complimentary to them than they might be useful in pointing out the means by which the condition of other countries, and particularly of Ireland, could be ameliorated.

The last occasion on which Mr. Curran figured in public, was at the election for Newry in 1812, when, at the request of a deputation, he became a candidate for their suffrages, but proved an unsuccessful one. On retiring from the contest, he addressed the electors in a speech, which, by its force and brilliancy, proved how little his powers had suffered from time and disease. In this, his last great effort, he recapitulated the history of Ireland, lamented her disunion and distractions, and felicitated his auditory on the return of calmer days and a milder system of government.

In the following year, 1813, his health received so severe an attack, that he meditated the resignation of his office; and, though he recovered sufficiently to resume his judicial functions for a short time, his constitution was seriously shaken, and he retired from the bench in the spring of 1814.

About this time he became acquainted with Lord Byron, and impressed that noble poet with the warmest admiration of his talents. "Curran," writes his Lordship, "Curran is the man who struck me most. Such imagination! there never was any thing like it, that ever I saw or heard of. His published speeches give you no idea of the man—none at all. He was a machine of imagination, as some one said Piron was an epigrammatic machine." And again—"he was wonderful even to me, who had seen many wonderful men."

Mr. Curran shortly after passed over to France, less with the expectation of repairing his shattered health, than to divert the melancholy that oppressed him. His constitution finally broke down in 1817: he was visited at intervals by paralytic symptoms; his spirits were deplorably reduced, and he complained of having a mountain of lead on his heart. On the 8th of October he was seized with apoplexy, and expired, at his lodgings in Brompton, about a mile from Hyde Park Corner, in the 68th year of his age.

The Print accompanying this Memoir, is taken after a portrait by the late President, and considered a happy likeness. Curran's exterior was neither remarkable nor prepossessing: his stature was low, his person insignificant, his countenance unattractive. The only feature emblematic of the man was the eye, which was dark, full, penetrating, and expressive, and in moments of excitement, flashed with intensity and animation.

Curran's title to fame rests on his reputation for wit and eloquence. Of the latter, as we have already had occasion to lament, but few monuments remain, and those few imperfect and corrupted; which misfortune is less attributable to unskilful reporting and agitated times, than to his own obstinate repugnance to supply and embellish—a task which he repudiated as tedious and irksome, but to which the published speeches of his distinguished contemporaries are materially indebted. Though belonging to what is termed the Irish school of oratory, his style had its very distinctive peculiarities. It possessed little of the deliberative solemnity of Grattan, or of the majestic copiousness of Burke: it sprung from an intellect of vast comprehension and originality, united with an ardent and susceptible soul. Thus he succeeded best in the vehement and impassioned: he directed his appeals to the feelings and emotions; his aim was rather to gain

over the sympathies, than to convince the reason, and secure the judgment, by sober argument or logical deduction. In conversation, all report unites to represent his wit and fluency as perfectly unexampled; as Johnson said of Burke, "his stream of mind was perpetual." To his conversational capabilities we have also the enthusiastic evidence of Byron—"I have heard that man speak more poetry than I have ever seen written, though I saw him but seldom;" and Horne Tooke drew the following advantageous comparison between him and one of his most celebrated countrymen: "Sheridan's wit is like steel highly polished, and sharpened for display and use; Curran's like a mine of virgin gold, incessantly crumbling away from its own richness."

His literary tastes were always dominant. In his later years, in order to beguile his inaction, and employ his mind, he projected several works, and among others a History of his own Times, which, however, never went beyond the exordium. His poetical attempts were pretty numerous, and more successful, though varying greatly in point of merit. He himself appears to have regarded them with complacency; and we have much satisfaction in selecting two of the best, as specimens with which to conclude this Memoir.

### ON MRS. BILLINGTON'S BIRTH-DAY.

The wreath of love and friendship twine,
And deck it round with flow'rets gay;
Paint the lip with rosy wine,
'Tis fair Eliza's natal day.

Old Time restrains his ruthless hand,
And learns one fav'rite form to spare:
Light o'er her tread, by his command,
The hours, nor print one footstep there.

In amorous sport the purple Spring
Salutes her cheek, in roses drest;
And Winter laughs, and loves to fling
A flake of snow upon her breast.

So may thy days, in happiest pace,
Divine Eliza, glide along—
Unclouded as thy angel face,
And sweet as thy celestial song.

## RIGHT HON. JOHN PHILPOT CURRAN.

### ON RETURNING A RING TO A LADY.

Thou emblem of faith, thou sweet pledge of a passion,
By heaven reserv'd for a happier than me,
On the hand of my fair go resume thy loved station,
There bask in the beam that is lavished on thee.—
And if some past scene thy remembrance recalling,
Her bosom should heave to the tear that is falling,
With the transport of love may no anguish combine,
But be her's all the joy, and the suff'ring all mine.

Yet say, to thy mistress ere yet I restore thee,
Say, why is thy charm so indiff'rent to me?
To her thou art dear; then should I not adore thee,
Can the heart that is hers be regardless of thee?
But the eyes of a lover, a friend, or a brother,
Can see nought in thee but the flame of another;
On me then thou'rt lost, since thou never canst prove
The emblem of faith, or the token of love.

But, ah! had the ringlet thou lov'st to surround,
Had it e'er kissed the rose on the cheek of my dear,
What ransom to buy thee could ever be found,
What force from my breast the possession could tear!
A mourner, a wand'rer, a sufferer, a stranger,
In sickness, in sadness, in pain, and in danger;
Next my heart thou shouldst dwell till its last sigh were o'er,
Then together we'd sink, and I'd lose thee no more.

Before closing this brief page, we should mention, that Curran married when young, and had several children. His eldest son, having been bred to the sea, has obtained the rank of a Captain in the Navy. A daughter is referred to, in several of the memoirs of the time; and a romantic interest is thrown over her life by the story of an attachment between her and Mr. Emmet, which has furnished material for narratives of fiction in several publications. We have heard that this lady (and, if we mistake not, Mr. Moore alludes to it) sang the ancient Irish melodies with the most exquisite pathos: and we have heard one of her father's compositions, in that ballad style, so beautiful and affecting as to prove the hereditary link which united both minds to the national feeling.

Mr. Curran's witty repartees, which have given a zest to many volumes, must be familiar to general readers, from the productions of Mr. Charles Phillips, Mr. Egan, Sir Jonah Barrington, and others. Indeed, so happily were the elements mixed up in him, that it was never easy to determine whether the most pointed humour, the most biting retort, or the most touching appeal to the heart, were the predominant feature in his addresses or conversation. He was equally master of the smile and the tear. Of the latter, his beautiful reflections on the Catacombs of Paris furnish a fine specimen—of the former, innumerable instances, which are on record, still serve to enliven the social table, though they could hardly be introduced with propriety into a farewell sketch like ours. Here, therefore, we must end.

CHARLES CORNWALLIS, MARQUIS CORNWALLIS

*Cornwallis*

THE MOST NOBLE CHARLES,

# MARQUIS CORNWALLIS, K.G.

ETC. ETC. ETC.

THIS distinguished military commander, the lustre of whose character shone among the most brilliant of a preceding generation, and the importance of whose services occupied a large share of public honor and respect, was the son of an ancient and noble family. Lineally descended from Thomas Cornwalleys, who was sheriff of London in 1378, and settled at Brome, one of his ancestors was raised to the peerage in 1627. His father Charles, the fifth baron, was, in 1753, created also Viscount Brome and Earl Cornwallis. He dying in 1762, was succeeded by the subject of this memoir, who, born 31st December, 1738, was consequently twenty-four years of age at the period of this event.

Destined from his infancy to the profession of a soldier, in which several of his progenitors had risen to high reputation, Charles entered the army at an early age; and his promotion was so rapid, that, when only twenty years old, we find him, as Lord Brome, holding a captain's commission in Colonel Crauford's regiment of light infantry. In 1761, he accompanied the celebrated Marquis of Granby to the continent, as a confidential Aid-de-camp, and fought by his side in the German campaign. Under him, and the other renowned generals of the day, he studied the art of war, and became acquainted with its practice in the field. He was soon appointed Lieut.-Colonel of the 12th regiment of foot, and elected member of parliament for the borough of Rye. This representation he, however, vacated on the death of his father; and took his seat, of course, as Earl Cornwallis, in the upper house. In 1765, he was nominated one of the Lords of the Bedchamber; and, as a farther mark of royal favour, an Aid-de-camp to his Majesty. Nevertheless, his political conduct was independent and uncourtly; for he frequently voted with the opposition, and, on one memorable occasion, stood in a minority of five, who dissented from the bill to secure the legislative power of Great Britain over the American colonies. In 1766, he was promoted to the Colonelcy of the 33d foot, which, during after

years, he commanded in the unfortunate struggle with America, and held till the day of his death. Previously to the breaking out of this contest, he had married Miss Jones, daughter of James Jones, Esq. by whom he had a son and a daughter; and of whom it is related, that she died of a broken heart, in consequence of the departure of her beloved husband for that scene, whither his duty called him, overbearing all her fond entreaties and influence.

In America, his Lordship acted as Major-General, under Sir William Howe, and proved himself to be an active and skilful officer. In November 1776, he landed with a detached corps on the Jersey shore; and, discovering that Fort Lee was abandoned, advanced into the country, and took possession of the province. The disastrous reverse of Trentown prevented his visiting England, as he proposed, at the end of the campaign; and in consequence of that event he returned from New York, to resume his military toils. In 1777, after some enterprising affairs, he evacuated the Jerseys, in obedience to General Howe's orders, and in July embarked with the Commander-in-chief on the Chesapeake expedition. In several of the subsequent actions, his Lordship took a prominent part. At the passage of the Brandy-Wine he was at the head of a considerable body of troops; and having succeeded in driving the enemy before him, he entered Philadelphia as a conqueror. From that time (24th September, 1777,) till 1779, when he embarked in the rank of Lieutenant-General with Sir Henry Clinton, for the siege of Charlestown, he had no opportunities for the display of his talents. On the surrender of Charlestown, he occupied South Carolina with a body of about 4,000 men; and in October fought a smart battle with General Gates, at the head of a superior force, animated by the recollection of the capture of Burgoyne. Here the British bayonet decided the fortune of the day: the enemy were beaten, and pursued many miles, leaving seven pieces of cannon, the greater portion of their baggage, and a thousand prisoners, in the hands of the victors.

Early in 1781, Lord Cornwallis having formed a junction with the American General Arnold, who had come over to the royalist side, endeavoured to bring his opponents, under the famous La Fayette, to action; but they retreated towards the back settlements with so much celerity, that the attempt was altogether

fruitless. It seems that Sir Henry Clinton, then apprehensive about New York, blamed the pursuit as imprudent; which led to a coolness, and subsequently to a public dispute, between him and Lord Cornwallis. Soon after this, as is well known, Lord Cornwallis was compelled to capitulate, with his force at York Town, to the combined American and French army, under Washington and Rochambeau.

Upon this disastrous event, Lord Cornwallis returned home; and, during the flagrant political warfare of 1782-3, he was deprived of the Lieutenancy of the Tower of London, to which he had been appointed several years before, and to which he was restored in 1784.

Some years of peace and repose ensued; but India now attracted a deep interest, from the cloud which hung over that vast peninsula, and the critical condition of the British empire there. A man fit to undertake the arduous charge being wanted, Earl Cornwallis was chosen to be Governor-General of Bengal. Scarcely had he reached India, when the celebrated war with Tippoo Saib commenced. At first the Madras government carried on the contest; but it was soon perceived that the Governor-General himself was required in the field, to oppose the immense and well-organized army of the Sultan; and accordingly his Lordship repaired to the scene of action on the 12th of December, 1790. A judicious feint, by Vellore, deceived Tippoo; and the Anglo-Indian army, marching rapidly to the Mugloo pass, penetrated to Bangalore, without experiencing any important opposition. Bangalore was invested, and fell, in the face of the Sultan's army drawn up on the heights. Lord Cornwallis then resolved to proceed against Seringapatam, the capital of Tippoo's dominions; within sight of which he arrived on the 13th of May, but it was found impossible to attempt its siege at this period. Our battering train was therefore destroyed, and the army retired to Bangalore. Early the next spring, the causes which had prevented the investment of Seringapatam having been removed, the British army once more appeared before that place, and forced the enemy to retreat from his strongly entrenched camp. Untoward events, however, over which our commander had no control, again intervened to retard its reduction; and Lord Cornwallis was content to dictate

terms to the Sultan, instead of utterly subduing him. Money and territory were the price of this treaty; and two of Tippoo's sons were confided to the care of Lord Cornwallis, as hostages for its punctual fulfilment.

The war thus honorably terminated, his Lordship proceeded to England; and on the 15th of August, 1792, was advanced to a Marquisate, under the title of Marquis Cornwallis. The illustrious Order of the Garter had been previously bestowed upon him: he was also admitted a Member of the Privy Council, and, in addition to his other high and efficient appointments, was nominated to the important office of Master-General of the Ordnance.

It might have been hoped, that a life so long devoted to services of the most trying kind, and to duties of the highest national responsibility, would now have been allowed a season of honored quiet. But the exigencies of the state, at no distant period, again needed the directing intelligence of such a man as Lord Cornwallis. The unhappy situation of Ireland, alluded to in another memoir in our present number, full of turbulence and disaffection within, and threatened by external invasion, demanded the care of an experienced statesman, the firmness of an accomplished soldier, and, above all, the humanity of a superior mind. All these were happily united in his Lordship, who, in 1799, as Lord-Lieutenant and Commander of the Forces, not only put down rebellion, and made prisoners of an invading enemy, but acquired an imperishable glory by the conciliatory wisdom and mercy of his measures. He restored the country to tranquillity, and reaped the universal gratitude and applause of the kingdom.

In 1804, Lord Cornwallis was a second time appointed Governor-General of India, whither he went; but he did not long enjoy the eminent distinction. He died in that station on the 5th of October, 1805, thus terminating a valuable life, which for more than half a century had been ardently devoted to the public service, in the most distant parts of the world, and often in trusts of the most momentous nature.

His Lordship was succeeded by his son, the second Marquis, on whose death, in 1823, the Marquisate became extinct, and the earldom reverted to his brother James.

EDWARD PELLEW, VISCOUNT EXMOUTH, G.C.B. &c. &c.

*Exmouth*

THE RIGHT HONORABLE

## EDWARD PELLEW, D.C.L.

# VISCOUNT AND BARON EXMOUTH,

A Baronet; Admiral of the White; Knight Grand Cross of the Bath; Knight of the Spanish Order of Charles III.; Knight Grand Cross of the Order of St. Ferdinand and Merit, of Naples, and of the Order of Wilhelm of the Netherlands; Knight of the Royal Sardinian Order of St. Maurice and St. Lazarus, and Knight of the Sardinian Order of Annunciation; President of the Liverpool Seaman's Friend Society, and Bethel Union; a Vice-President of the Navy Charitable; and of the Naval and Military Bible Societies.

THE chronicles of our country afford many a glorious record, but certainly the page devoted to her naval annals is the one to which an Englishman may refer with most unchequered satisfaction. Our maritime history, from its earliest victory to its last, presents a series of heroic actions, merit making its own way, and gallant exertions followed by success, such as are unrivalled by those of any other kingdom in the world. Were we to endeavour, by an individual example, to illustrate the general spirit of our navy, we know few that would furnish a better specimen than the subject of our present memoir.

LORD EXMOUTH has gallantly fought his way upward, and, both by a life of service and danger, crowned by useful as well as brilliant victories, arduously and honourably earned both name and rank.—EDWARD PELLEW was born 1757, at Dover, where the earlier years of his life were spent. His father, George Pellew, of Flushing, near Falmouth, was a Cornish gentleman, and in that county his son finished his education. He entered the navy before he was fourteen, and his first cruise was in the Juno, Capt. Stott, who was sent to take possession of the Falkland Islands. He next went with the same officer, in the Alarm, to the Mediterranean, where, in consequence of some dispute between his captain, himself, and another junior officer, he and the other midshipman were sent on

shore at Marseilles, to find their way home as they could. He next sailed in the Blonde frigate; then in the Carlton schooner, where he had his first opportunity of distinguishing himself; and his conduct in the battle on Lake Champlain, gave earnest of his future career.

On his return to England, after the convention of Saratoga, he was promoted to the rank of Lieutenant. From the Licorne he joined the Apollo frigate, Captain Pownall, then off the Flushing coast. In an engagement with one of the enemy's cruisers, his captain was killed by his side. The command thus devolving on Mr. Pellew, he continued the attack with unabated spirit, till the cruiser took refuge under the batteries of Ostend, then a neutral port, whose coasts our officers were strictly ordered to respect. On this occasion, the young Lieutenant was made Commander of the Hazard sloop. In 1782 he obtained his commission as Post-Captain, and from the Dictator, his first ship, was transferred to the Salisbury, off the coast of Newfoundland. We must pause, on this less active station, to record a double instance of daring humanity: twice did Captain Pellew save the life of a fellow-creature, by jumping overboard while at sea, and rescuing the unfortunate object. The last time deserves especial mention, for he was suffering under, and weakened by, severe illness.

The war now broke out with revolutionary France, and his action with the Cleopatra, when in command of the Nymphe, was one of the most desperate ever fought. The ships were engaged yard-arm and yard-arm throughout; the French cry of *Vive la Nation* was as distinct as the English shout of *Long live King George.* Captain Pellew's putting on his hat was the signal for battle. The whole war records no conflict more terrible; the rigging of each vessel was so entangled, that the crew of the Nymphe actually sprung from their own yards on to those of the Cleopatra, to cut down their opponents. A shot from the British frigate carried away the Frenchman's mizzen-mast, and another her wheel, thus rendering the ship quite ungovernable. The confusion occasioned by her falling on board, for a moment led Captain Pellew to imagine that the enemy were attempting to board him: the mistake was soon discovered; his crew threw themselves into the Cleopatra, and the French colours were hauled down.

Captain Pellew now received the honor of knighthood, and was soon after appointed to the command of the Arethusa. It is needless to enter into the details of his coast service, which was equally arduous and active; suffice it to say, that in 1795 the squadron he commanded had taken and destroyed fifteen out of five-and-twenty sail of coasters, while the remainder were driven for refuge among the rocks of the Penmarks.

We have again the pleasure of pausing among our more warlike details, to record an act of signal humanity and courage. A severe stress of weather had driven the Dutton East Indiaman into Plymouth. The drifting of the buoy, indicating the reef off Mount Batten, during the late storms, and of which the pilots were not aware, led to the ship's losing her rudder in the shoal. She grounded under the citadel, the sea breaking over her, and with one roll all her masts went overboard. The most able got safe to land, but the greater part of the seamen, the soldiers, and their wives, remained behind. Sir Edward Pellew was on shore, and immediately offered any reward to whoever would accompany him to the devoted vessel. A single rope was all their communication with the coast. At spring-tide destruction was inevitable, and the gale was every moment increasing. The danger was so great, and the hope of rendering assistance so slight, that out of the whole crowd of bystanders, only one individual, Mr. Edsell, the Port Admiral's signal-midshipman, was found bold enough to accompany him. They were fastened to the rope, and hauled on board. The risk of the undertaking was greatly increased, as they dared not make the rope quite fast to the shore, lest it should be broken by the rolling of the ship. At times the adventurers were buried in the water, and at others high above it. At length they reached the vessel; and, Captain Pellew's presence restoring order and courage, they contrived to send a hawser on shore—to this, travellers and hauling lines were affixed, and the whole crew were rescued from what had seemed inevitable death. Sir Edward and Mr. Edsell were the last who left the ship, which almost immediately went to pieces. The corporation of Plymouth testified their sense of his noble conduct by presenting him with their freedom.

Sir Edward Pellew was soon afterwards advanced to the dignity of a baronet, and appointed to the command of the

Indefatigable. It is mere repetition to enumerate every individual occasion on which he did honor to the colours he carried; but we may briefly observe, that from the channel service he went on the West India expedition with General Maitland, during which nothing decisive occurred. He next served on the expedition against Ferrol; and in 1802 the Impetueux, which he then commanded, was dismantled. About this time Sir Edward was nominated a Colonel of the Marines, and in the same year returned member for Barnstaple. In the House he distinguished himself by his warm and manly defence of Earl St. Vincent. On the renewal of the war, he was appointed to the Tonnant; promoted to the rank of Vice-Admiral; and, finally, named to the important office of commander-in-chief in India, a situation which he filled with his usual zeal and activity. On his departure for England, he received an address from the merchants, ship-owners, &c. of Bombay, expressing their acknowledgment of the protection he had afforded their trade. Sir Edward Pellew was next employed on the blockade of Flushing, and then appointed commander-in-chief in the Mediterranean during the remainder of the war. In 1814 he was raised to the peerage by the title of Baron Exmouth of Canonteign, in the county of Devon: immediately after, he became Admiral of the Blue; and in 1815 was made a K. C. B. On the return of Napoleon from Elba, his Lordship proceeded to his command in the Mediterranean; assisted in the restoration of Joachim, King of Naples; in reducing the rebellious Toulonese; and concluded treaties with Algiers, Tunis, and Tripoli, for the abolition of Christian slavery. On his return to England, he found that the Algerines had violated the treaty in the most flagrant manner. Government deeming it necessary to inflict signal chastisement on the refractory Dey and his nest of pirates, his Lordship embarked on board the Queen Charlotte for Algiers, where it was soon found that to intimidate, threats must be carried into execution.

A more striking proof that every body's business is nobody's, could not be found than in the fact, that such a state as Algiers had been permitted to exist by the European governments. Not only were their subjects yearly carried into slavery, but into slavery of the most barbarous kind: the captives were first stripped of all property, then loaded with chains—of a hundred

pounds weight for a grown man, sixty for one aged, and thirty for the more youthful: these fetters were never taken off, and the iron in a short time made black furrows in the flesh, hardened almost like bone. Every ten slaves were bound together, and at night they all slept in a stable. Their allowance of food, which was miserably scanty, consisted of eight or ten ounces of black bread, made of beans and barley, one handful of peas, and a small measure of oil, not equal to a large tea-spoonful; on Fridays they were forced to fast. Such was the pitiable condition to which Christians and Europeans were reduced, almost within sight of their native countries.—The Dey, in the first instance, greatly undervalued his formidable antagonists. When told of the approach of the British fleet by a Danish captain, who enlarged on the damage that would be done by their shells, he said," Let them come; when they send me their shells, I shall hang them up in my rooms like these melons."* The English consul was imprisoned, his wife and daughter made their escape in the disguise of midshipmen, while not only was all reparation refused, but the boat was fired upon which contained the flag of truce.

The plan of the attack was most daring, the Queen Charlotte sailed within the mole, and anchored about eighty yards from the principal batteries. A tremendous fire was now opened on both sides, till the Algerine fleet was entirely destroyed. The action was hotly contested; for the old gunner, Mr. Stair, who was seventy years of age, and had been in upwards of twenty engagements, said he had never known or heard of an action which had consumed so great a quantity of powder. The scene after the battle was terrific; the ships of the Algerines, and the storehouses within the mole, were wrapt in flames, the vessels drifting to all parts of the bay, while the whole coast was illuminated by the blaze. When, after the action, the Dutch Admiral, Van Cappellan, came on board, he warmly congratulated the British commander, and eulogized the gallant and judicious position of the Queen Charlotte, saying it had been the safety of at least five hundred men of his squadron. Lord Exmouth was slightly wounded in the leg and the cheek; his coat did not escape so well, it was cut to pieces by grape and musket balls. We remember hearing a

* The Algerines preserve their water melons, of which they have great quantities, from one year to another, by suspending them from the tops of their apartments.

young officer describe the appearance of the veteran during the battle. With a telescope in his hand, and a white handkerchief tied round his middle, he moved about with all the vigour and alacrity of youth; while his coat tails had been pierced with shot, till they seemed as if any one had taken a penknife and cut them into stripes. Salamé, the interpreter, gives an amusing account of the impression produced on him by the English Admiral's demeanour, when he returned from Algiers, after the fruitless attempt at negociation. "I was quite surprised to see how his Lordship was altered from the morning when I left him; for I knew his manner was in general very mild, and now he seemed to me all-*fightful*, as a fierce lion which had been chained in its cage, and then set at liberty; though he only observed, "Never mind, we shall see now." The Dey's lesson had been sufficiently severe; he made his submission, and liberated the captives. Upwards of a thousand slaves were set free, and the gratitude of these poor creatures is described as one of the most affecting spectacles ever witnessed. Christian slavery was henceforth to be abolished, a compact which, the sequel has shown, is but ill observed. Lord Exmouth's conduct and bravery were rewarded by the thanks of both Houses of Parliament, and he was raised to the rank of Viscount. After Sir Thomas Duckworth's demise, he was appointed to the chief command at Plymouth; but since the year 1821, he has retired from public service. His Lordship married Susan, daughter of James Frowde, Esq. of Knowle, Wiltshire; by her he has had five children: two sons are captains in the royal navy, one is a clergyman; and two daughters, one married to Vice-Admiral Sir L. W. Halsted, and another to Captain R. Harward, R. N.

Among the voluntary honors conferred by his countrymen, we must mention that the City of London presented him with a sword, on which occasion he dined with the Ironmonger's Company; a very appropriate compliment to the conqueror of Algiers, as they are the trustees of an estate of £2,000 per annum, bequeathed many years since by one of their members, a Mr. Betton, for the ransom of British captives, who may be enslaved by the Barbary states. Mr. Betton had himself been taken by these ruthless pirates. Twice the officers under his command have marked their esteem by presenting him with pieces of plate; first,

the flag officers and captains in the Mediterranean, and afterwards those of Algiers. The sum subscribed in the latter instance exceeding the cost of the plate, the surplus was handed over to that excellent institution, the Naval Charitable Society. The plate came to 1,400 guineas, and was made by Messrs. Rundell and Bridge. But of all the glory he has reaped, and all the tributes which have been accorded to him, Lord Exmouth will perhaps value most the fame which has been derived from his constant exertions to improve the morals, and promote the religious instruction, of British seamen, and the still voice of approbation of his own conscience. In his own person he has shown that the Christian and the Hero are compatible: and he has been indefatigable in his endeavours to impart the same character to his fellow sailors.

Such is a brief outline of Lord Exmouth's career; it is one that does equal credit to himself and to his country: to himself, for he has fought every step of his way; and to his country, that has awarded to arduous service, and daring courage, the justice of appreciation and recompense. We must conclude with an act of liberality. Madame Rovere, wife of one of the French deputies banished to Cayenne, was taken prisoner while on her voyage to join her husband, to effect which she had sold their whole property in France; she had with her about £3,000. Lord Exmouth returned her the money; and paid the sailors their share out of his own purse. Brave, humane, and generous, this fine old veteran is an example to his successors; truly with men like these may

> "England's navies put
> A girdle round the world."

Having referred to Salamé's interesting account of the Battle of Algiers, a few additional passages from that work cannot fail to prove acceptable.

"At a few minutes before three, the Algerines, from the eastern battery, fired the first shot at the Impregnable, which, with the Superb and the Albion, was astern of the other ships, to prevent them from coming in; then Lord Exmouth, having seen only the smoke of the gun before the sound reached him, said, with great alacrity, "That will do; fire, my fine fellows!" and I am sure, that before his Lordship had finished these words, our broadside was given, with great cheering, which was fired three times within five

or six minutes; and at the same instant the other ships did the same.—This first fire was so terrible, that they say more than five hundred persons were killed and wounded by it. And I believe this, because there was a great crowd of people in every part, many of whom, after the first discharge, I saw running away, under the walls, like dogs, walking upon their feet and hands.

"After the attack took place on both sides in this horrible manner, immediately the sky was darkened by the smoke, the sun completely eclipsed, and the horizon became dreary." . . . . .

"I observed, with great astonishment, that during all the time of the battle, not one seaman appeared tired, not one lamented the dreadful continuation of the fight; but, on the contrary, the longer it lasted, the more cheerfulness and pleasure were amongst them; notwithstanding, during the greater part of the battle, the firing was most tremendous on our side, particularly from this ship, (the Queen Charlotte,) the fire of which was kept up with equal fury, and never ceased, though his Lordship in several instances wished to cease firing for a short time, to make his observations, and it was with great difficulty that he could make the seamen stop for a few minutes.

"Several of the guns were so hot, that they could not use them again; some of them, being heated to such a degree, that when they fired them, they recoiled with their carriages, and fixed the wheels by making holes in the planks of the deck; and some of them were thrown out of their carriages, and so rendered quite useless.

"At eleven o'clock, P. M. his Lordship having observed the destruction of the whole Algerine navy, and the strongest parts of their batteries, with the city, made signal to the fleet to move out of the line of the batteries; and then, with a favourable breeze, we cut our cables, as well as the whole of the squadron, and made sail. when our firing ceased at about half past eleven."

ROBERT GRAY, D D. LORD BISHOP OF BRISTOL.

R Bristol

THE

# RIGHT REV. ROBERT GRAY, D.D.

## LORD BISHOP OF BRISTOL,

ETC. ETC. ETC.

AN accomplished scholar, whose youth was marked by a warm attachment to polite literature; a pious and excellent divine, whose life has been passed in the exercise of truly christian acts and feelings; enlightened and liberal; a true son of the church, without bigotry or austerity; a firm and consistent member of society, whose example, in all the various relations in which he has been placed in his progress to a mitre, might well be set forward for universal imitation;—we have great satisfaction in presenting a portrait of the Bishop of Bristol to the public—the first which has appeared of that highly esteemed prelate.

Mr. GRAY formed an early wish for the clerical profession. After finishing his preparatory education at Eton, he was entered at St. Mary Hall, Oxford, where, in due course, he took the degrees of B.A. M.A. B.D. and D.D.

On leaving the University, Mr. Gray enjoyed the advantage of foreign travel, and performed a tour through Germany, Switzerland, and Italy, in the years 1791 and 1792; of which he published an account in 1794, one volume octavo, with Reflections on the Manners, Literature, and Religion of those Countries. At this period he had been preferred to the Vicarage of Faringdon, Berks; and had previously illustrated his profound theological attainments, by giving to the world, "A Key to the Old Testament and Apocrypha; or, an Account of their several Books, their Contents, and Authors, and of the Times in which they were respectively written;" which went through many

editions;* and "Discourses on Various Subjects; illustrative of the Evidence, Influence, and Doctrines of Christianity," which was also very favourably received.

The date of the Tour will remind readers that it took place at a very interesting era, when, as the author says in his preface, the traveller beheld every where the track of armies, suspicion and mistrust, and the influence of evil principles in societies, where confidence and cheerfulness formerly prevailed; of these, his descriptions are just and vivid, and his work one which, notwithstanding the hundreds of publications respecting the same countries, that have since issued from the press, may be referred to with gratification, both for amusement and information. Its classical and literary allusions and quotations render it, indeed, a most pleasant companion.

Mr. Gray's next production —— published by Rivingtons, in 1796—was entitled, "Sermons on the Principles upon which the Reformation of the Church of England was established; preached at the Bampton Lecture in 1796." These sermons, eight in number, and forming an octavo volume of three hundred and thirty-three pages, are distinguished for moderation and liberality of principle, yet they are fervent and zealous in the support of gospel truth. "Avowed incredulity," the preacher tells us, in language as impressive as the sentiments are just,—

"Avowed incredulity may be satisfied with palpable and convincing evidence; the eager spirit, which even persecuteth, may be enlightened to discern its error; but those who have heard and acknowledged a voice from heaven, who have 'seen, and felt,' and 'handled of the word of life,' and yet are not animated by a desire to proclaim their Lord, and to express their veneration for his cause, follow him but to violate his service, to deny or to betray him. They join in the hosannas of the multitude without dignity, celebrate where their praises are not heard, and shrink and retire where their testimony would be acceptable.

"An abhorrence of this cold and inanimate service, which Christ hath declared he will discard, is consistent with the most perfect moderation. Fidelity of attachment followeth in the course which is prescribed to its

* We have the ninth edition now before us, of this invaluable work, which does for the Old, what Dr. Percy, the Bishop of Dromore, had previously done for the New Testament. As a class-book, it is in constant use at both our Universities; and the student of divinity finds it a treasure, and a guide to direct his studies, inform his mind, and regulate his opinions upon very important topics.

observance; true zeal for religion operates by the illustration of its character. Respecting 'the end of the commandment, which is charity out of a pure heart, and of a good conscience, and of a faith unfeigned,' it perceiveth that those who take the sword but perish by its wounds, and considereth all violence as inconsistent with the Spirit, and disserviceable to the cause of religion; as calculated but to provoke resistance, and confirm obstinacy. Even asperity in debate, and sharpness in controversy, which are the only weapons of intolerance in the present day, while they betray personal feelings rather than a regard to truth, never yet have promoted its advancement. Vain is it to address the judgment, while we irritate and offend the passions. Generally, as this is confessed, the indignation excited by controversy still mingles the bitterness of resentment with the refutation of argument. The acrimony which formerly appeared in coarse and virulent abuse, now glides, it is true, under a cautious decorum. Still, however, is it equally incompatible with the genuine temper of Christianity; and the deliberate malevolence, which infuses its fruit by imperceptible drops, is more uncharitable in its preparation, and more severe in its tendency, than was the full stream of invective formerly poured out; though it circulate through veins not easily to be traced, however discernible in the general colouring and complexion of the style.

"That deliberate misrepresentation should be exposed, and intentional falsehood rebuked with sharp and merited reproof, is certain; but the refutation of unintentional error, and the exposure of misguided ignorance, might be often more advantageously conducted, if less of personal pride and personal animosity appeared. The period will come, when the advocate of the faith will receive little praise, if it shall be found to have maintained its speculative doctrines by the violation of its moral laws. Truth is still too often disgraced by dictatorial petulance, and Christianity prejudiced in the eyes of many, by that overbearing pride which of late years has appeared in too many of its professors; in the effusions of disgusting vanity, and in the assumption of that imperious authority, by which the individual, considering himself as it were the chief pillar of literature or of religion, dealeth out his peremptory decrees with a contemptuous disregard of others, which no distinction of talents can excuse, no pre-eminence of learning justify.

"Labouring for truth, which is established by inquiry, and confirmed by discussion, remember we, that though it is eternal in its nature, and universal in its obligation, it can be advanced only by gentle measures and persuasive influence.

"As Christianity was first promulgated and spread abroad by humility, gentleness, exhortation, charity, so should it be promoted with temperate

and conciliatory measures. Conscious that where its communications are not revered, existence is without an object, and life destitute of interest; integrity precarious, and the hope of immortality unassured; seek we to diffuse the light which is mercifully imparted to us. Believing that the chief and essential principles of religion are established as the foundation of our Church, entreat we the Almighty, that as it is built on the faith, so it may be cemented by union, and strengthened by charity; that he who 'hath in all ages shewed forth his power and mercy in its protection,' will continue to defend it; that every danger which shall arise, like preceding storms, may roll away ineffective; that, as it hath prospered, it may still prosper with the welfare of the country; and that the Almighty God, who has built his Church upon the foundation of the apostles and prophets, Jesus Christ being himself the corner-stone, may grant that we also should be joined together in unity of Spirit by their doctrine, that we may be made a holy temple, acceptable unto him, through Jesus Christ our Lord."

Soon after this, Mr. Gray obtained a prebend in Chichester cathedral, the gift of Dr. Buckner; and about this time he received into his house the present Sir Thomas Clargess, at the request of the Bishop of Durham, to whom he was nephew. Shortly afterwards, he was presented, by the Bishop, to the rectory of Craike, in the county of Durham. In July, 1801, he preached the Visitation Sermon at Durham, which was immediately published from the University press at Oxford: it is a beautiful moral discourse; and in 1803, a sermon at St. Paul's, at the yearly meeting of the children educated in the Charity Schools. His next publication was—"A Letter on Toleration and the Establishment, addressed to the Right Hon. Spencer Perceval; a copy of which we have not been able to obtain. This was followed, in 1808, by a little work in two 18mo. volumes, (in all about three hundred and forty pages, and without the author's name,) on "The Theory of Dreams;" a delightful and very amusing inquiry, in which the most remarkable visions recorded in sacred and profane history are brought to bear upon the investigation of our mental powers and faculties.

The following year, Dr. Gray, who had now taken his degree of doctor in divinity, and held the living of Bishop Wearmouth, with prebends in Chichester and Durham, the latter having been conferred upon him by the Bishop of that diocese, published a

Sermon upon the Anniversary of the Accession of George the Third, and his entrance into the fiftieth year of his reign. On the Assassination of Mr. Perceval, and on the Death of the Princess Charlotte, Dr. Gray also preached sermons at Bishop Wearmouth, all of which were deservedly committed to the press, for they are full of human feeling, mingled with christian application and consolation.*

About this time, the country, we may say the world, had to thank Dr. Gray for being instrumental to the introduction of one of the most valuable of humane discoveries and improvements —we allude to the celebrated Safety Lamp of Sir Humphry Davy. The origin of this invention has been disputed, but there is no doubt that it rests with Sir H. Davy; and Dr. Gray has the merit of having called that distinguished philosopher's attention to the possibility of devising means for preventing accidents from explosion in mines, and of promoting, by his influence, the experiments in the mines of Durham, for that purpose.

Having discharged the arduous parochial duties of Bishop Wearmouth for upwards of twenty years with indefatigable zeal, and having (in co-operation with other benevolent and well-disposed individuals) promoted the building of an Infirmary, and enlarged the means of religious instruction by erecting schools and chapels in that populous parish, Dr. Gray was selected by Lord Liverpool (than whom a more disinterested and virtuous patron of church preferments never existed) for the see of Bristol, to which he was consecrated in 1827, and which he has ever since adorned by continued exertions in the service of learning, charity, and true religion.

Among these services, we may mention his Lordship having been several years a member of the Council of the Royal Society of Literature—one of the Society for promoting Christian Knowledge—a promoter of the building of places of worship where most needed—and, as a peer in Parliament, distinguished for the

* In 1826 and 1827, the only other single sermons published by the Bishop, of which we are aware, were preached, the first on the occasion of the death of Bishop Barrington; and the last, on his own resignation of the rectory of the parish of Bishop Wearmouth: to which is annexed an address from the parishioners, expressive of their regret at his departure: but his Lordship has also printed an Address to Seceders, and other Tracts.

proper and judicious share he has taken in those discussions where the vital interests of the Protestant Church were concerned.

His Lordship married Miss Camplin, daughter of J. Camplin, Esq. of Bristol, by whom he has had a numerous family. Of several of these, including two married daughters, he has been bereaved; five sons and two daughters remain.

In our enumeration of the Bishop of Bristol's works, we have omitted a very important publication, namely, "The Connection between the Sacred Writings and the Literature of Jewish and Heathen Authors, particularly that of the Classical Ages, illustrated principally with a view to evidence in confirmation of the truth of Revealed Religion." This excellent treatise was published in 1819 in two vols. 8vo.; and whether for its classic summaries, or their application to the object contemplated, it is a book of inestimable value to the old or young. In its pages, the scholar will have all his studious recollections revived; the Christian, his faith strengthened; the youthful, his mind stored with the best kind of knowledge. It is at once a lasting monument of the learning and the piety of its author.

To this concise sketch we have nothing to add, except it may become us, from personal observation, to bear our testimony to the unaffected virtues of the Bishop of Bristol. It is his happy lot to be able to look back on a long and well-spent life of worth, whether as a man, a clergyman, or a dignitary of the church; and we sincerely hope he may be spared for many years, to do yet more good in his enlarged sphere, and be a pattern of what is becoming and beneficial in the high station to which he has been so deservedly exalted.

BIBLIOTHECA

Painted by Sir Thos. Lawrence P.R.A. Engraved by Henry Meyer

THOMAS GRAHAM, BARON LYNEDOCH, G.C.B.-K.T.S.

Lynedoch

GENERAL

# THOMAS LORD LYNEDOCH, G.C.B.

COLONEL OF THE FOURTEENTH FOOT, GOVERNOR OF DUMBARTON CASTLE, ETC. ETC. ETC.

THE gallant subject of the present sketch, born in 1750, is the third son of Thomas Graham, of Balgowan, in Perthshire, the representative of a family of high lineage and antiquity, and Lady Christian Hope, fourth daughter of Charles, first Earl of Hopetoun. The classical mind of his father, and the elegant attainments of his mother, directed to the education of their son, who by the death of both his elder brothers, had also become their heir, produced in him an aptitude for study, and qualities always estimable, which were early matured by a tour through Europe.

In 1774, at which time he had succeeded his father, he married the Hon. Mary Cathcart, one of the three accomplished daughters of the ninth Lord Cathcart, (whose other two daughters were married on the same day to the Duke of Atholl, and Lord Stormont,) in whose society he for a time experienced the utmost of human felicity.

In 1792, however, this happy union was terminated by the death of his lady, within a year of that of her sister, the Duchess of Atholl, and Mr. Graham was left to mourn a loss which to him nothing in this world ever could repair. His grief was so deep and lasting as greatly to injure his health, and he was directed to travel, with the view of alleviating the distress of his mind, and restoring the tone of his constitution, by change of scene, and witnessing variety of objects. But his course was sad and solitary, and his heart refused to be comforted. He passed like an unpurposed wanderer through France, then engaged in all the turmoil and excitement of revolution. Thence he proceeded to the Mediterranean; and in military society, at Gibraltar, first found the means of partially disengaging himself from the

melancholy spell under which he laboured; or rather, perhaps, we might more truly say, he rushed into the dangers of war, to seek that death in the field, to which alone his broken spirit could look for relief.

Lord Hood, about to sail for the south of France, was collecting all the intelligence he could command for the critical period, and could not but be proud and happy to receive Mr. Graham as a volunteer. He accordingly, at the commencement of the revolutionary war, 1793, landed with the British troops at Toulon, and served as extra Aid-de-Camp to the commanding General, Lord Mulgrave, whose particular thanks he obtained for his gallant and able services: he was foremost in attack, and on one occasion, at the head of a column, when a private fell, he supplied his place in the front rank.

On returning to this country, he raised the 1st Battalion of of the 90th Regiment, of which his commission as Lieutenant-Colonel-Commandant was dated the 10th of February, 1794. This corps formed a part of General the Earl of Moira's army, which was encamped at Netley Common: it passed the summer of 1795, at Isle Dieu, and soon afterwards was ordered to Gibraltar.

The 22d of July, 1795, the subject of our memoir obtained the rank of Colonel in the army.

The duties of Gibraltar being only such as a strong garrison demanded, Colonel Graham obtained permission to join the Austrian army, and he continued on that service during the memorable summer of 1796. He transmitted to this country the intelligence of the military operations and diplomatic measures adopted by the Continental Generals and Princes; and his despatches (as appears from the Annual Register, and the State Papers of the period) were of the highest consequence to Government, and evinced the great talents and characteristic energy of the writer.

Colonel Graham was afterwards attached to the Austrian army of Italy, and was shut up in Mantua with General Wurmser during the investment of that city. But as Mantua continued long in a state of siege, and a mere defensive warfare was not consonant with Colonel Graham's views, he resolved to depart from the garrison.

On the night of the 24th of December, 1796, he accordingly quitted the place, although opposed by almost insurmountable obstacles, in a deluge of rain, and with only one attendant. Mantua being situated on a lake formed by the Mincio, and the regular channels of communication with the main land being in the possession of the besiegers, it was only by embarking in a boat that Colonel Graham could effect his escape; and such was the impenetrable darkness of the night, that the vessel put on shore several times on the islands of the lake or river, before the point he wished to reach could be discerned. Having, after much difficulty, obtained a landing on a desirable spot, he travelled during the night on foot, wading through mire and swamps, and in momentary danger of losing his way, with the additional apprehension of falling ingloriously by a shot from some of the numerous pickets posted in every part; or of being stopped and detained as a British officer, in the uniform of his regiment. At day-break he sought security in concealment, and at night again resumed his journey. Having reached a river, he hired a boat; and here his life would in all probability have been sacrificed, had not Providence driven the sentinels from their posts by a heavy fall of rain, and thus opened a passage for him in comparative safety. At length he joined the army of the Archduke Charles.

Continental affairs having assumed a pacific aspect, Colonel Graham returned to his native country early in the year 1797, and in the autumn of the same year went out to his regiment at Gibraltar; whence he proceeded to the attack of Minorca with Sir Charles Stuart, who, on the reduction of that island, bestowed much commendation on the spirit and exertions of his brave and enterprising associate.

After the debarkation of the troops, innumerable difficulties opposed themselves to their operations. There is not in any part of Europe to be found a greater variety of natural obstacles to an invading army than in this island. Reports from deserters and others, contradictory in their purport, rendered General Stuart for a short time irresolute what course to pursue. He, however, resolved to proceed by a forced march to Mercadel, and, by possessing that essential post, to separate the enemy's force. To effect this object, Colonel Graham was sent with six hundred men; and by dint of the utmost effort arrived at Mercadel

a very few hours after the main body of the enemy had marched towards Candarello. Here he made a considerable number of prisoners, seized several small depôts of ammunition, &c., and established his corps in front of the village.

The reduction of Minorca being completed, Colonel Graham repaired to Sicily, where he employed himself in the service, and for the assistance, of its legitimate monarch; and such were his exertions, that he received repeated acknowledgments, and tributes of gratitude and esteem, from the King and Queen of Naples.

Not long after, the Colonel, with the local rank of Brigadier, besieged the island of Malta, having under his command the 30th and 89th regiments, and some corps embodied under his immediate direction. This island, the key of Egypt and the Levant, having been basely surrendered to the French in 1793, the British government resolved to wrest it from the hands of the enemy, to whom it was a maritime station of great importance, more particularly since Buonaparte's views upon India, through Egypt, had become manifest. Aware of the prodigious strength of its works, the General resorted to a blockade, as the most effectual as well as the most humane method, to reduce the place. The British force accordingly appeared before Malta in the month of September, 1798: the French garrison held out, and maintained possession till September, 1800, when, after a resistance of two years' duration, it surrendered.

Major-General Pigot having arrived with a reinforcement a short time previous to its capitulation, the honour of transmitting to the British government an account of the success of our arms devolved upon him; but in his despatch he bore ample testimony to the high merit and efficient operations of Brigadier-General Graham.

On the completion of this service, Brigadier-General Graham returned to England, and arrived just in time to learn the gratifying intelligence of his own regiment, the 90th, having covered itself with glory on the plains of Egypt. This fine corps formed the advanced guard of the first line on the 21st of March, 1801.

Desirous of rejoining his comrades, he again left England, and landed in Egypt; but that country being completely conquered, he soon quitted it, and travelled to Europe with Mr. Hutchinson, brother of the Commander-in-Chief, Lord Hutch-

inson, through Turkey. He made some stay at Constantinople; and, peace having in the mean time been concluded, a short residence at Paris.

From the years 1803 to 1805, he served with his regiment in Ireland; when it was ordered out to the West Indies, and he remained without active employment or promotion till the spring of 1808.

Sir John Moore being appointed to lead an armament to the shores of Sweden, and also entrusted with an important diplomatic mission to the ex-king of that country, Colonel Graham solicited and obtained permission to accompany him as Aid-de Camp. The expedition proceeded to Gottenburg, where the troops continued on board the transports, while Sir John Moore was endeavouring to make arrangements with the Court of Sweden; Colonel Graham took this opportunity of traversing the country in all directions.

The misunderstanding between the King of Sweden and Sir John Moore having put an end to his mission, that officer was immediately ordered to Spain, whither he was accompanied by Colonel Graham, who served during the whole of the campaign of 1808.

On his return to England, he was promoted to the rank of Major-General, and was shortly after appointed to command a division in the expedition to Walcheren. He was actively employed at the siege of Flushing, but, being attacked by the fever, he was obliged to come home.

The possession of Cadiz being about this time disputed by the Spanish Patriots and the French, this officer, with the brevet rank of Lieutenant-General, was sent to take the command of the British troops in that fortress. In February, 1811, he embarked in an expedition for the purpose of making a combined attack on the rear of the French army which was blockading Cadiz, and which led, in the March following, to the memorable battle of Barrosa, a brief account of which naturally belongs to the memoir of this distinguished officer.

The troops ordered on this service marched from Isla on the night of the 17th of February, and embarked the next morning at day-break in Cadiz Bay. In the evening of the 21st, the expedition sailed, and arrived off Tarifa on the following

day; but as the weather proved unfavourable for a landing at that place, it proceeded to Algesiras, where the force disembarked on the morning of the 23d. On the following day they marched to Tarifa, through a beautiful and romantic tract of country, without any other road than merely a mule path, which was found scarcely practicable for the advance of the cavalry: all the artillery, therefore, was sent onwards by water.

On the 27th, the Spanish troops under General Lapena arrived, from Cadiz, at Tarifa; they had been embarked in open vessels, even before the British, and were consequently much exposed to the inclemency of the weather during the whole period, and in very confined and crowded situations. However, they were in readiness to march on the next morning, thereby exemplifying that patience and submission, under great hardships and privations, which constitute the known military feature of the Spanish character.

The allied army marched on the 28th to Facinas, always *en bivouac*, and, on the night between the first and second of March, to the neighbourhood of Casa Vieja, by a long, fatiguing, and dark march, across a country much intersected with watercourses. On the morning of the 3d, a battalion of Walloon guards, and the regiment of Ciudad-Real, joined the reserve, (as the corps under Lieutenant-General Graham's command was styled;) the former was incorporated with the brigade of guards, the latter with Colonel Wheatley's brigade; they marched during the whole day, and halted in the vicinity of Vajar at night. In the evening of the 4th, the troops were again in motion, and continued to march till the morning of the 5th, when the van-guard proceeded to attack the enemy's position opposite the point of Santa Petri, and the reserve halted on the east side of the heights of Barrosa, (by some called Cerra del Puerca.) The attack of the van-guard on the enemy's lines succeeded in this operation; it was supported by half the Prince of Augloua's division, the other half remaining on the heights already mentioned; and, it should seem, that previous to the movement of the British to that point, which the Spanish commander thought it necessary to strengthen, General Lapena offered Lietenant-General Graham his option, whether the latter should move for that purpose with his corps, or continue posted on the heights: but the Lieutenant-

General declining to make an election, the former decided that the reserve should march, leaving two battalions to join the remainder of the Spanish forces, to preserve the position on the heights. In addition, however, to two battalions of Walloon and Ciudad-Real guards, Lieutenant-General Graham left Colonel Brown's battalion, composed of flank companies, which was posted at the Torre Barrosa. The Lieutenant-General, therefore, had every reason to suppose the General-in-Chief would remain on that position during the day.*

Lieutenant-General Graham's division having halted on the eastern slope of the Barrosa height for about two hours, was marched about twelve o'clock through a wood towards the Torre Bermeja, (cavalry patroles having previously been sent towards Chiclana without meeting with the French.) On the march, the Lieutenant-General received certain intelligence, that the enemy had appeared in force on the plain, and was advancing towards

* This will be seen by the following extract of a letter from Lieutenant-General Graham to the Right Honourable Henry Wellesley, dated Isla de Leon, March 24. 1811.

"When the British division began its march from the position of Barrosa to that of Bermeja, I left the General on the Barrosa height, nor did I know of his intention of quitting it; and when I ordered the division to countermarch in the wood, I did so to support troops left for its defence, and believing the General to be there in person. In this belief, I sent no report of the attack, which was made so near to the spot where the General was supposed to be: and, confident in the bravery of the British troops, I was not less so in the support I should receive from the Spanish army. The distance, however, to Bermeja is trifling; and no orders were given from head-quarters for the movement of any corps of the Spanish army to support the British division, to prevent its defeat in this unequal contest, or to profit by the success earned at so heavy an expense. The voluntary zeal of the two small battalions, (Walloon guards, and Ciudad Real,) which had been detached from my division, brought them alone back from the wood; but, notwithstanding their utmost efforts, they could only come up at the close of the action. Had the whole body of the Spanish cavalry, with the horse artillery, been rapidly sent by the sea-beach, to form in the plain, and to envelop the enemy's left; had the greatest part of the infantry been marched through the pine wood, in our rear, to bear on his right—what success might not have been expected from such decisive movements? The enemy must either have retired instantly, and without occasioning any serious loss to the British, or he would have exposed himself to absolute destruction: his cavalry greatly outnumbered, his artillery lost, his columns mixed and in confusion, a general dispersion would have been the inevitable consequence of a close pursuit. Our wearied men would have found spirits to go on, and would have trusted to finding refreshment at Chiclana.—This movement was lost. Within a quarter of an hour's ride of the scene of action, the General remained ignorant of what was passing, and nothing was done."

the height of Barrosa. Considering this position as the key to that of Santi Petri, he immediately countermarched, in order to support the troops left for its defence; and the alacrity with which this manuœvre was executed, served as a favourable omen. Before the British troops could get entirely disentangled from the wood, the Spanish troops on the Barrosa hill were seen retiring from, while the enemy's left wing was rapidly ascending it: at the same time his right wing stood on the plain, on the edge of the wood, within cannon-shot.

A retreat in the face of such an enemy, already within reach of the easy communication by the sea-bank, must have involved the whole of the allied army in all the danger of being attacked during the unavoidable confusion of the different corps arriving on the narrow edge of Bermeja, nearly at the same time. Lieutenant-General Graham, therefore, determined on an immediate attack. Major Duncan opened a powerful battery of ten guns on the centre. Brigadier-General Dilkes, with his brigade; Lieutenant-Colonel Benin's (of the 28th) flank battalion; Lieutenant-Colonel Norcott's two companies of the rifle corps; and Major Acheson, with a part of the 67th foot, (separated from the regiment in the wood,)—formed on the right. Colonel Wheatley's brigade, with three companies of Coldstream guards, under Lieutenant-Colonel Jackson, and Lieutenant-Colonel Bernard's flank battalion, formed on the left. The right wing proceeded to the attack of General Rufin's division on the hill, while Lieutenant-Colonel Bernard and Lieutenant-Colonel Bassche's detachment of the 20th Portuguese, were warmly engaged on the left with the enemy's tirailleurs. General Laval's division, notwithstanding the havoc made by Major Duncan's battery, continued to advance in very imposing masses, opening his fire of musketry, and was only checked by that of the left wing: the latter now advanced, firing, and a spirited charge made by the three companies of the guards, and the 87th regiment, supported by the remainder of the wing, decided the defeat of General Laval's division.

We shall now sketch the immediate operations relating to the right wing, consisting of the brigade under Brigadier-General Dilkes. At the time the troops were halted on the east side of the heights of Barrosa, Lieutenant-General Graham's orders were

conveyed for Brigadier-General Dilkes' brigade, as well as for that of Colonel Wheatley, to proceed to Santa Petri. The column accordingly began its march (left, in front, Colonel Wheatley's brigade leading) on the hill, and, descending the other side, entered a fir-wood, so thick as to be almost impervious to the guns and mounted officers. The enemy was now reported to have made his appearance in the plain the brigade had just quitted, and the Lieutenant-General's orders were shortly after received, for the column to retrace its steps. Before getting quite clear of the wood, Brigadier-General Dilkes formed his brigade, countermarched his divisions, and a deployment was shortly afterwards completed; the battalion, styled a detachment, composed of companies belonging to the Coldstream and 3d foot-guards, forming in second line to the 1st regiment.

During this movement, on application being made for a party to cover the guns, Brigadier-General Dilkes sent three companies of the first-mentioned battalion for that service, which were afterwards employed on the left during the action. The line now advanced obliquely to the right, towards a corps of the enemy which occupied the heights the British had so lately passed, and a heavy fire of artillery and musketry was kept up on both sides: but the line continuing their advance with distinguished gallantry, that part of the enemy's force immediately opposed to them was obliged to withdraw towards another corps upon its right.

The British still dashed on, bringing forward the right shoulder, and thereby threatening the enemy's left, who at length formed the flank *en masse*, continuing his retreat down the hill, and ascending another rising ground, halting occasionally, and keeping up a severe and destructive fire.

At one time he was observed to push forward two or three divisions from the *masse*, as was conceived, to charge the British line, but the well-directed fire of our troops, still advancing, obliged him to desist, and the British were too exhausted with their difficult march, &c. to return the compliment. Soon after our troops had begun to descend the hill, the enemy's cavalry were seen posted on the left, and it was expected that he would charge a weak part of the line; he having made a movement seemingly for that purpose. Major-General Dilkes and his aid-

de-camp were at this period dismounted, both their horses having been shot under them. The British cavalry now arrived on the field of action, and immediately charged the enemy, who, after a slight hesitation, advanced to the encounter, both parties meeting at a hand-gallop: thus mixed, dispersed, and re-formed, the enemy retired, and our hussars pursued the stragglers.

After the defeat of the enemy's cavalry, he continued to retreat obliquely to his right wing, until, some artillery being brought up, his complete defeat was decided, and the line received Lieutenant-General Graham's orders to halt.

In his despatch, Lieutenant-General Graham bore ample testimony to the gallantry and the distinguished conduct of the officers and corps engaged: the British guards* had then full share of commendation: they were under an officer who had served with him in former campaigns; who had been their companion at Lincelles, and other scenes of their glory.

The thanks of Parliament were voted to Lieutenant-General Graham and his brave force, on this victory; and in his answer, after stating that it would ill become him to disguise his feelings on the occasion, for he well knew the inestimable value of such thanks to a soldier, he adds the following elegant remark: "I have formerly often heard you, sir, eloquently and impressively deliver

* Cabal had, at this period, removed the Duke of York from the office of Commander-in-chief: but as a guardsman, he felt himself at liberty to address a letter of congratulation to the officers who had commanded the brigade of guards, in the welfare of which corps he ever took pride; and his letter is as honorable to himself, as to the brave and distinguished men, whose services on this occasion merited his eulogium.—In his letter, the Duke observed, "While I congratulate you and them on the successful result of an action in which their efforts were so conspicuous, and so deserving of the admiration with which all have viewed them, I cannot conceal my deep feelings of regret that it has been attended with so severe and painful a loss of officers and men, which upon this occasion, perhaps, makes a deeper impression upon me, as many of the latter were old soldiers, and faithful companions, whose meritorious exertions I have myself witnessed, and had cause to approve on former occasions. I have read with great satisfaction, in Lieutenant-General Graham's despatch, the high and well-earned encomium bestowed upon your conduct, and that of the officers and men engaged under your command; and, as a brother guardsman, (a title of which I shall ever be most proud,) and colonel of the corps, I trust I shall not be considered as exceeding the limits of my station, in requesting that you will yourself receive, and convey to the brigade under your orders, my sincere and cordial thanks for having so gloriously maintained, and indeed, if possible, raised, the high character of a corps, in whose success, collectively and individually, I shall never cease to take the warmest interest."

the thanks of the House to officers present, and never without an anxious wish that I might one day receive this most enviable mark of my country's regard: this honest ambition is now fully gratified, and I am more than ever bound to try to merit the good opinion of the House."

In the summer of 1811, Lieutenant-General Graham was relieved from his duty at Cadiz, and joined the army under Lord Wellington, of which he was appointed second in command. He was present at the siege of Ciudad Rodrigo; but having a complaint in his eyes, occasioned by the use of a spying-glass under a sun almost vertical, together with much writing by candle-light, he was obliged to revisit England. Early in 1813, however, he again repaired to the Peninsula; but was not engaged in any action of magnitude, till that of Vittoria, when he commanded the left wing of the British army. The eloquent speaker of the House of Commons, Mr. Abbott, in an address to another gallant officer, (Major-General Anson,) alluded to Lieutenant-General Graham's distinguished career at this period, by stating that his was "a name never to be mentioned in our military annals without the strongest expression of respect and admiration."

Lieutenant-General Graham was present in the different affairs that ensued, and commanded the army employed in the siege of the town and citadel of St. Sebastian: the former surrendered to him on the 9th of September, by capitulation, and the citadel was taken by storm on the 31st of the same month.

The left of the British army being directed to pass the Bidassoa river, the natural boundary of France and Spain, Lieutenant-General Graham was entrusted with that service; and, on the 7th of October, after an obstinate resistance from the enemy, he succeeded in establishing the British army on French ground.

In consequence of ill health, he now resigned his command to Lieutenant-General Sir John Hope, and once more returned to England.

In 1814 he was appointed commander of the forces in Holland, with the temporary rank of General: and the third of May, in the same year, after again receiving the thanks of Parliament, for his conduct in the Peninsula, he was raised to the Peerage, by the title of Baron Lynedoch, of Balgowan, in the county of Perth,

having previously received the first class of the distinguished military Order of the Bath.

Having thus gone over the early life, and the brilliant military career, of this great soldier, whose example (entering the service, as he did, at so late a period of life, and, it is probable, with no other wish but to find, through it, the way to a speedy and honorable grave) is unparalleled in the annals of England, glorious as they are,—we shall only touch very briefly on other points.

General Graham represented his native county for a considerable time in Parliament; and it was in his place in the House of Commons, that he received the most gratifying tribute which it is in the power of the representatives of the people to bestow. The romantic character of his first affection throws a peculiar interest upon the events of his later life, spent in the face of a thousand dangers, and the performance of those arduous duties which devolve on the warrior, in the toilsome march and sanguinary battle. In 1821 he was raised to the rank of General, and, in addition to other marks of royal consideration, the Governorship of Dumbarton Castle was conferred upon him. Among other plans connected with the welfare of the service, of which he is so proud an ornament, the United Service Club was formed and organized by this gallant nobleman, whose view of the excellence and utility of a military association, on an elegant and, at the same time, economical scale, was fully evinced in a correspondence that took place at the period, between his Lordship and Earl St. Vincent. His full-length Portrait, painted for his attached and grateful brethren in arms, is displayed over the mantel in one of the principal rooms.

Of late years, Lord Lynedoch has passed much of his time on the Continent, chiefly in Italy, where the climate is more congenial to his health, at the advanced period of life he has attained. Of his distinguished talent, every step recorded in this sketch affords ample proof; and we have only to add, that there never was an officer in the British service more universally respected and beloved.

BIBLIOTHECA BODLEIANA

Painted by J. Graham. Engraved by T. Woolnoth.

SIR WALTER SCOTT, BART.

LONDON, JOHN MURRAY, ALBEMARLE STREET. 1834.

# SIR WALTER SCOTT, BART.

ETC. ETC. ETC.

If ever there was a man, to whom the past and the present do, and the future will, owe an equal debt of gratitude, that man is Sir Walter Scott. It would baffle the calculating boy himself, to reckon the hours that have been, and that will be spent, in delight over his pages. If to have the applause of the many, the appreciation of a few; if to have made a name in his native land, which has been re-echoed where the English tongue was before an unfamiliar sound; if to have kept the school-boy from his play, and the man from his business; if to take his place in the carved oak library, and on the little shelf heaped with a choice of favourite books; if to have made his own country classical, as associations of the mind, only, can make a country; if all these do not give that fame which is an earthly immortality, we doubt its existence even for the author of "The Lay of the last Minstrel," and of "Waverley." We live in a careless and hurrying age; and, as in the action of that eternal rule, which has never yet had an exception, every good has its evil, and every evil its good; so, refinement hardens into indifference, and indulgence into selfishness. We want some other interest to balance our own; and in literary pursuits, and in mental pleasures, we find the best counteracting influence: and for how large a portion of these do we stand indebted to Sir Walter Scott! The Luther of literature—the publication of Waverley may be considered the Reformation of Romance.

Comparisons may be odious, but they are, nevertheless, just; and, unless we compare his works with their predecessors and compeers, we cannot appreciate the extraordinary power and originality of his mind. The sceptre of romance had passed into female hands, and they wielded it quite feebly enough to justify the Salic law: he is the founder of a new dynasty, both in poetry and in prose. The author of the Lay of the Last Minstrel was like the

young prince of The Fairy Tale—he broke the heavy sleep of beauty, and led her forth into life and love. Sir Walter's is a pleasant page in literary life, too often a record of pain and of sorrow. He had to encounter none of those difficulties which so crush the young spirit in its earlier and unaided efforts; he had to struggle with no dependence, that so breaks the mind which it bows; and poverty, that one word which says all that can be said of degradation and of bitterness, was to him a thing unknown. From the first, his path was smooth before him. Born in that most respectable class, of upper middle life, which, if not the happiest, has the most means of happiness within its reach, equally removed from the toil of constant labour, and the lassitude of unmotived indolence; fortunate in kind and affectionate friends; his entrance into life was easy and unembarrassed. With just enough of exertion necessary to give leisure the relish of employment, his existence, as a private individual, may be summed up in a few words; it has been passed in content and respectability. But his public career is universal property; and, as such, it is of univeral interest.

WALTER SCOTT was the eldest son of Walter Scott, Esq. W.S. Edinburgh; his mother was the daughter of David Rutherford, a distinguished member of the same profession: he was born on the 15th of August, 1771. We cannot but consider his early history as the most complete refutation of that showy but false doctrine, that early impressions and external influences make the poet. Among Scott's youthful companions, how many delighted in the legendary lore, and roamed through the beautiful scenery of their country? He especially alludes to one favourite companion, whose love of fictitious narrative equalled his own: but on none of these was a similar effect produced; the seed was sown, but the soil received it not. His own account of this period is too delightful and too characteristic to be omitted.

"I must refer to a very early period of my life,—were I to point out my first achievements as a tale-teller—but, I believe, some of my old school-fellows can still bear witness, that I had a distinguished character for that talent, at a time when the applause of my companions was my recompense for the disgraces and punishments which the future romance-writer incurred for being idle himself, and keeping others idle, during hours that should have been employed on our tasks. The chief enjoyment of my holidays was to escape with a chosen friend, who had the same taste with myself, and, alternately, to recite to each other such wild adventures as we were able to devise.

We told, each in turn, interminable tales of knight-errantry, and battles, and enchantments, which were continued from one day to another, as opportunity offered, without our ever thinking of bringing them to a conclusion. As we observed a strict secrecy on the subject of this intercourse, it acquired all the character of a concealed pleasure; and we used to select, for the scenes of our indulgence, long walks through the solitary and romantic environs of Arthur's Seat, Salisbury Craigs, Braid Hills, and similar places in the vicinity of Edinburgh; and the recollection of those holidays still forms an oasis in the pilgrimage which I have to look back upon."

"The boy was not father to the man," in both these instances; though Scott's childhood was a fitting percursor to his manhood. The peculiar bent of his mind was confirmed by the pursuits to which a severe illness gave rise. Books became the only resource of a youth debarred from more active amusement. Severe confinement, and abstinence, were the consequences of his breaking a blood-vessel; and the shelves of a circulating library at Edinburgh, filled with romances, novels, travels, &c., amused his solitary hours. He alludes to this miscellaneous species of reading in a more deprecatory tone than we humbly think is called for by the occasion. That particular sciences require particular studies, is, of course, not to be denied; but, for the future imaginative writer, we cannot think any other course would have been more beneficial. Almost all our great authors have been desultory readers, extracting nourishment from what might seem most unpromising food—

"Whereon the mind did grow to large increase."

Destined to the same profession as his father, his earlier years were given to the study of the law; when, as he himself says, "the success of a few ballads changed all the purpose and tenor of my life, and converted a painstaking lawyer into a follower of literature." His friendship with Mr. Lewis led to the publication of Glenfinlas, and the Eve of St. John; while his own research in, and taste for, the legendary lore of Scotland, occasioned that of the Border Minstrelsy. At length the Lay of the Last Minstrel appeared. A Jacobite phrase will best express the effect—"the heather was on fire," a new element seemed suddenly added to the world of poetry; the story was as new as the style. Then first might the poet exclaim, in Wordsworth's noble adaption of Michael Angelo's thought, there "My soul felt her destiny divine," and the genius was confessed in public, which in private had been denied.

Appreciation belongs to strangers, and the words of praise are ever spoken by strange lips. Scott says himself, "I made one or two faint attempts at verse—but some friend or other always advised me to put my verses in the fire, and, like Dorax in the play, I submitted, 'though with a swelling heart.'" He wanted, in this submission, that cool judgment, and shrewd penetration of men's motives, which are such features in his character. Our friends are ever the last to discover, and the first to deny, our merits; our success takes them by surprise, and that surprise usually cools down into envy; but much of this last and natural consequence, Sir Walter's frank kindliness has averted. Though not our own individual favourite in all his poems, we have yet a most ample share of praise to bestow on the "Last Minstrel." It was a *tableau vivante* of those days of chivalry and necromancy, when such was the disorder, that the forty knights at Branksome Castle, who

> "Drank the red wine thro' the helmet barr'd,"

were a protection as necessary as the order of the blue, that is, the police, are in the present day. What an idea of the restless tumult of the time does the borderer's ejaculation give, when, describing an inroad of the English, he says,

> "They burned my little lonely tower,
> It had not been burned for a year or more."

What a state of domestic quiet, when it is thought quite a long period, not to have your house burnt "for a year or more." Equally in keeping with the time, is the lady of Buccleugh not weeping her husband's death, till her infant boy vows vengeance for it:

> "Then fast her trickling tears 'gan seek
> To dew the infant's kindling cheek."

But there is one touch of natural feeling, which has always struck us as perfect. Sir William Deloraine has dug up the body of Michael Scott; but the old monk his companion, and the former friend of the wizzard, turns aside his head,

> "For he might not abide the sight to see,
> Of the man he had loved so brotherly."

The success of the Lay might well induce its publishers to give a thousand pounds for Marmion; and so little cause, had they

to repent of their bargain, that they supplied their author's cellar with, to use his own phrase, that "always acceptable present to a young Scottish housekeeper, namely, a hogshead of excellent claret." A publisher like Mr. Constable deserves to meet with a writer like Scott, gentlemanlike in his manners, kindly in his feelings, liberal in his dealings; a man like Constable is enough to redeem half the satire that the discontented have lavished on a body, who, as George Withers says, are "the wasps that prey on the honey of the poor Athenian bees." Marmion is a noble poem, such as a minstrel might have sung at the Field of the Cloth of Gold, when two kings were present to give the prize. Perhaps the trial scene of Constance, and the death of Marmion, are unequalled in our language.

The Lady of the Lake lost none of the popularity of its predecessors. Perhaps this poem may be characterized as the domestic life of chivalry; it brings before us its more private scenes, and its gentler affections, while pathos and action are blended together. How full of feeling are the few lines which paint Fitz-James's dream of

> "Friends, whose hearts were long estranged,
> They come, in dim procession led,
> The cold, the faithless, and the dead.
> As warm each hand, each brow as gay,
> As if they parted yesterday;
> And doubt distracts him at the view—
> O were his senses false or true?
> Dreamed he of death, or broken vow,
> Or is it all a vision now?"

Happy is he whose sleep has never been visited by such dreams; happy, if there does exist such a being. There is one of those fine touches of human feeling, after the curse pronounced by the hermit; the first two denunciations meet with ready reply from the fiery race who surround him, but the unearthly horror of the last appals them—

> ———"No echo gave again
> The murmur of the deep Amen."

His powers of description have met with due appreciation; but we doubt whether, amid the many passages that have received their meed of applause, a finer can be found than that which paints the advance of the Saxon warriors, together with the noble burst of warlike feeling with which it ends.

" There is no breeze upon the fern,
No ripple on the lake,
Upon her eyrie nods the erne,
The deer has sought the brake;
The small birds will not sing aloud,
The springing trout lies still,
So darkly glooms yon thunder-cloud,
That swathes, as with a purple shroud,
Benledi's distant hill.
Is it the thunder's solemn sound
That mutters deep and dread,
Or echoes from the groaning ground
The warrior's measured tread?
Is it the lightning's quivering glance
That o'er yon thicket streams,
Or do they flash on spear and lance
The sun's retiring beams?
I see the dagger crest of Mar,
I see the Moray's silver star
Wave o'er the flag of Alpine war,
That up the lake comes winding far!
To hero boune for battle strife
To bard of martial lay,
'Twere worth ten years of peaceful life,
One glance at their array!"

But we are forgetting the briefness of our space in the interest of our criticism, for these poems come back to our memory with all the freshness of the youth, of which they were the delight. We now come to what has always been our favourite. Rokeby, to say nothing of its interesting story, its fine descriptions, and its snatches of beautiful song; the nicely drawn contrasts of character would alone establish its claim to first-rate excellence. The daring villany of Bertram Risinghame is brought out into stronger relief by the cold cruelty of the cowardly Oswald, while Wilfrid and Edmond are exquisite in their mental likeness and moral difference. Both have the same wayward sensibility, the same acute feeling, the same gift of song; both are unhappy in their love, but the weakness of the one is turned to evil, that of the other to good. The Lord of the Isles was the last; but besides these avowed children, were two sent into the world incognito. The Bridal of Triermain, and Harold the Dauntless, both of which, we are free to confess, we like exceedingly; they are the fairy tales of poetry. But Sir Walter, with that shrewd eye to reality which

is one of his most striking qualities, was now about to abdicate that poetical throne he could no longer retain.

The temporary eclipse (for only temporary it has proved to have been) of Scott's poetical popularity, may be ascribed to three causes: first, to the change which had taken place in the author's own mind, for the rich warm colouring that imagination throws upon romance, would seem especially to belong to the earlier period of our existence; secondly, to the intense interest excited by Lord Byron's most engrossing writings; and, thirdly, to that desire of novelty which belongs to the reading world, as well as to every other. Scott's imitators did more to take off the gloss of novelty than any thing else. Yet, of the crowd that copied all they could copy, the remembrance of not even one remains; but at the time their little barrel-organ repetitions served to make the sweet music, they only echoed to debase—stale and common. A man's friends are bad enough, but his imitators are even worse: they call breaking the string, bending the bow of Ulysses. Really poetry should take out a patent for its protection. But before we proceed to the prose world into which we are now entering, we must quote what is characteristic of the author, and what we may call Sir Walter's profession of literary faith.

"It may be readily supposed that the attempts which I had made in literature had been unfavourable to my success at the bar. The goddess Themis is, at Edinburgh, and I suppose every where else, of a peculiarly jealous disposition. She will not readily consent to share her authority, and sternly demands from her votaries not only that real duty be carefully attended to and discharged, but that a certain air of business shall be observed even in the midst of total idleness. It is prudent, if not absolutely necessary, in a young barrister, to appear completely engrossed by his profession; however destitute of employment he may be, he ought to preserve, if possible, the appearance of full occupation. He should at least seem perpetually engaged among his law-papers, dusting them, as it were; and, as Ovid advises the fair,

Si nullus erit pulvis, tamen excute nullum.

"Perhaps such extremity of attention is more especially required, considering the great number of counsellors who are called to the bar, and how very small a proportion of them are finally disposed, or find encouragement, to follow the law as a profession. Hence the number of deserters is so great, that the least lingering look behind occasions a young novice to be set down as one of the intending fugitives. Certain it is, that the Scottish Themis was at this time peculiarly jealous of any flirtation with the Muses on the part of those who had ranged themselves under her banners. This was probably owing to her consciousness of the superior attractions of her rivals.

"Of late, however, she has relaxed in some instances in this particular; an eminent example of which, has been shewn in the case of my friend, Mr. Jeffrey, who, after long

conducting one of the most influential literary periodicals of the age, with unquestionable ability, has been, by the general consent of his brethren, recently elected to be their Dean of Faculty, or President, being the highest acknowledgment of his professional talents which they had it in their power to offer. But this is an incident much beyond the ideas of a period of thirty years' distance, when a barrister who really possessed any turn for lighter literature, was at as much pains to conceal it, as if it had in reality been something to be ashamed of; and I could mention more than one instance, in which literature and society have suffered loss, that jurisprudence might be enriched. Such, however, was not my case; for the reader will not wonder that my open interference with matters of light literature diminished my employment in the weightier matters of the law.

"Nor did the solicitors, upon whose choice the counsel takes rank in his profession, do me less than justice by regarding others among my contemporaries as fitter to discharge the duty due to their clients, than a young man who was taken up with running after ballads, whether Teutonic or national. My profession and I, therefore, came to stand nearly upon the footing on which honest Slender consoled himself with having established with Mistress Anne Page: 'There was no great love between us at the beginning, and it pleased Heaven to decrease it on farther acquaintance.' I became sensible that the time was come when I must either buckle myself resolutely to the 'toil by day, the lamp by night,' renouncing all the Delilahs of my imagination, or bid adieu to the profession of the law, and hold another course. I confess my own inclination revolted from the more severe choice, which might have been deemed by many the wiser alternative. As my transgressions had been numerous, my repentance must have been signalised by unusual sacrifices.

"I ought to have mentioned, that, since my fourteenth or fifteenth year, my health, originally delicate, had become extremely robust. From infancy I had laboured under the infirmity of a severe lameness, but, as I believe is usually the case with men of spirit who suffer under personal inconveniences of this nature, I had, since the improvement of my health, in defiance of this incapacitating circumstance, distinguished myself by the endurance of toil on foot or horseback, having often walked thirty miles a day, and rode upwards of a hundred, without stopping. In this manner I made many pleasant journeys through parts of the country then not very accessible, gaining more amusement and instruction than I have been able to acquire since I have travelled in a more commodious manner. I practised most sylvan sports, also, with some success, and with great delight. But these pleasures must have been all resigned, or used with great moderation, had I determined to regain my station at the bar.

"It was even doubtful whether I could, with perfect character as a jurisconsult, retain a situation in a volunteer corps of cavalry, which I then held. The threats of invasion were at this time instant and menacing; the call by Britain on her children was universal, and was answered by many, who, like myself, consulted rather their will than their ability to bear arms. My services, however, were found useful in assisting to maintain the discipline of the corps, being the point on which their constitution rendered them most amenable to military criticism. In other respects the squadron was a fine one, consisting of handsome men, well mounted and armed at their own expense. My attention to the corps took up a good deal of time; and while it occupied many of the happiest hours of my life, it furnished an additional reason for my reluctance again to encounter the severe course of study indispensable to success in the juridical profession.

"On the other hand, my father, whose feelings might have been hurt by my quitting the bar, had been for two or three years dead; so that I had no control to thwart my own inclination; and my income being equal to all the comforts, and some of the elegancies of life, I was not pressed to an irksome labour by necessity, that most powerful of motives: consequently, I was the more easily seduced to choose the employment which was most agreeable. This was yet the easier, that in 1800 I had obtained the preferment of Sheriff of Selkirkshire, about 300*l.* a year in value, and which was the more agreeable to me, as in that county I had several friends and relations. But I did not abandon the profession to which I had been educated, without certain prudential resolutions, which, at the risk of some egotism, I will here mention; not without the hope that they may be useful to young persons who may stand in circumstances similar to those in which I then stood.

"In the first place, upon considering the lives and fortunes of persons who had given themselves up to literature, or to the task of pleasing the public, it seemed to me that the circumstances which chiefly affected their happiness and character, were those from which Horace has bestowed upon authors the epithet of the irritable race. It requires no depth of philosophic reflection to perceive, that the petty warfare of Pope with the dunces of his period, could not have been carried on, without his suffering the most acute torture, such as a man must endure from musquitoes, by whose stings he suffers agony, although he can crush them in his grasp by myriads. Nor is it necessary to call to memory the many humiliating instances in which men of the greatest genius have, to avenge some pitiful quarrel, made themselves ridiculous during their lives, to become the still more degraded objects of pity in future times.

"Upon the whole, as I had no pretension to the genius of the distinguished persons who had fallen into such errors, I concluded there could be no occasion for imitating them in these mistakes, or what I considered as such; and, in adopting literary pursuits as the principal occupation of my future life, I resolved, if possible, to avoid those weaknesses of temper which seemed to have most easily beset my more celebrated predecessors.

"With this view, it was my first resolution to keep, as far as was in my power, abreast of society; continuing to maintain my place in general company, without yielding to the very natural temptation of narrowing myself to what is called literary society. By doing so, I imagined I should escape the besetting sin of listening to language which, from one motive or other, ascribes a very undue degree of consequence to literary pursuits; as if they were, indeed, the business, rather than the amusement of life. The opposite course can only be compared to the injudicious conduct of one who pampers himself with cordial and luscious draughts, until he is unable to endure wholesome bitters. Like Gil Blas, therefore, I resolved to stick by the society of my *commis*, instead of seeking that of a more literary cast; and to maintain my general interest in what was going on around me, reserving the man of letters for the desk and the library.

"My second resolution was a corollary from the first. I determined that, without shutting my ears to the voice of true criticism, I would pay no regard to that which assumes the form of satire. I therefore resolved to arm myself, with the triple brass of Horace, against all the roving warfare of satire, parody, and sarcasm; to laugh, if the jest was a good one; or, if otherwise, to let it hum and buz itself to sleep. It is to the observance of these rules (according to my best belief,) that, after a life of thirty years engaged in literary labours of various kinds, I attribute my never having been entan-

gled in any literary quarrel or controversy; and, which is a more pleasing result, that I have been distinguished by the personal friendship of my most approved contemporaries of all parties.

"I adopted, at the same time, another resolution, on which it may doubtless be remarked, that it was well for me that I had it in my power to do so, and that, therefore, it is a line of conduct which can be less generally applicable in other cases. Yet I fail not to record this part of my plan, convinced that, though it may not be in every one's power to adopt exactly the same resolution, he may nevertheless, by his own exertions, in some shape or other, attain the object on which it was founded; namely, to secure the means of subsistence, without relying exclusively on literary talents. In this respect, I determined that literature should be my staff, but not my crutch; and that the profits of my labour, however convenient otherwise, should not become necessary to my ordinary expenses. With this purpose, I resolved, if the interest of my friends could so far favour me, to retire upon any of the respectable offices of the law, in which persons of that profession are glad to take refuge, when they feel themselves, or are judged by others, incompetent to aspire to its higher offices and honours. Upon such an office an author might hope to retreat, without any perceptible alteration of circumstances, whenever the time should arrive that the public grew weary of his endeavours to please, or he himself should tire of the occupation of authorship. At this period of my life I possessed so many friends capable of assisting me in this object of ambition, that I could hardly overrate my own prospects of obtaining the moderate preferment to which I limited my wishes; and, in fact, I obtained, in no long period, the reversion of a situation which completely met them."

We have been tempted to this long extract, because it so completely embodies the man himself: the calm calculation, the clear plain sense, the shrewd eye to a due return; all invested with his peculiar grace of narration—all excepting his imagination, and that he reserved for his works. For so powerful a faculty as his imagination must be, it has been singularly under control; it has never excited his feelings, or ruled his actions; it was truly "like a star, and dwelt apart!" Perhaps the most accurate idea will be given of Scott, by saying that his, is the beau ideal of the Scotch character.

The first sketch of Waverley was drawn up, and it was advertised by Ballantyne, as "Waverley, or, 'Tis Fifty Years Since," afterwards altered to "Sixty," to suit the actual time of publication. The wisest man has his weakness, and here Sir Walter shewed his—he again submitted the MS. of about seven chapters to a friend; of course, the decision was unfavourable. The publication was abandoned, and the papers were mislaid. A chance search for some fishing-tackle brought them to light.

Two different circumstances had then turned their author's attention to prose; first his emulation had been stirred by the

success of Miss Edgeworth's Tales of Irish Life; and also his having been called upon to edite John Strutt's posthumous romance of Queenhoo Hall, whose want of success suggested to the judicious editor the necessity of a different plan: he observes, "By rendering his language too ancient, and displaying his antiquarian knowledge too liberally, the ingenious author had raised an obstacle to his own success." This hint has been forgotten by many of his followers: the majority of our present writers are the Dr. Meyricks of romance; they search, they compile, and they put the pieces of armour together, glaive and gauntlet, helm and hauberk, nothing is wanting but the life within. The truth is, it is so much easier to compile than to create.

At length Waverley appeared; and from that time to the present, Sir Walter Scott has floated on the full tide of popularity.

To give any thing like a detailed account of his various productions, is impossible within our limits. His works are a library of themselves. Among his contributions to the periodicals of the day was a noble tribute to the memory of Lord Byron. This article, which appeared in Blackwood, was as beautiful in style as it was in feeling, written in the generous spirit of a great mind doing justice to an equal;—but envy, like cunning, is the vice of petty natures. Of the secrecy observed about the writer of works so popular, we can only observe, that, at least, an author may be permitted to say, "I will do what I please with my own:" besides, Sir Walter was much too acute not to know the attraction of mystery. The confession at last was any thing but voluntary; it was the inevitable consequence of poor Constable's failure.

If we look but at the quantity which Scott has written, it would seem incredible; but when we also look at the quality, and remember the vast mass of material that he must have accumulated, it adds wonder to applause. People are very apt to talk of the luxury of literary pursuits—the pleasures of an author. The pleasure of literature is like the pleasure of any other business, to the professional writer; and those who talk of literary ease know nothing of the mere manual exertion of writing, the absolute bodily fatigue, to say nothing of the wear and tear of mind, whose powers are in continual requisition. Hardly earned are both the honors and profits of literature; and well does

Sir Walter deserve his share of both. Equally appreciated at home and abroad, never has author received more tokens of universal admiration. His works are translated into most known languages; and Mrs. Charles Gore mentions, in her Hungarian Tales, that in one of the inns, the head of "Valter Skote" is hung up as a sign. Abbotsford, the place in which he has taken so much pleasure and pride, is, as Halleck beautifully says of Robert Burns' grave, one of the

> ——"Shrines to no code or creed confined,
> The Delphian vales, the Palestines,
> The Meccas of the mind."

The rank of Baronet, with which our author has been honored, is the first instance of such a distinction being conferred on literary merit. His conversational powers are very great; perhaps his style of telling a story is unrivalled in its dramatic effect. His memory is very extraordinary, and dwells to this day with delight on its early tales of legendary lore. We heard a little anecdote of him, with which we cannot do better than conclude.

Walking with Wordsworth last summer, he was detailing his many literary plans. "Why, you are laying down work for a life," said his companion. "No, no, not for a life," rejoined Sir Walter, "but for twenty years; I have twenty years' mind and health in me yet." May these words be prophetical.

In an age like the present, so universal is the diffusion of civilization and of literature, that, in a brief while, she may exclaim—

> "Far as the winds can sweep, the waves can roam—
> Survey our empire, and behold our home."

What a futurity of fame is before such a man as Sir Walter Scott! May he long survive, to put forth fresh claims to its applause.*

* Of his private life, family, &c. we have said nothing; because every periodical in the country has been filled with their details; and they are familiar to every one.

BIBLIOTHECA REGIA

Painted by Sir Thos. Lawrence P.R.A. Engraved by T. Doughty.

WILLIAM CHARLES KEPPEL, EARL OF ALBEMARLE.

Albemarle

Fisher, Son & Co. London & Paris

THE RIGHT HONORABLE

## WILLIAM-CHARLES KEPPEL,

# EARL OF ALBEMARLE,

ETC. ETC. ETC.

THE noble EARL, whose Portrait, finely engraved after Lawrence, adorns this page, requires only the accompaniment of a short biographical notice, as he has not taken a very prominent part in the exalted political sphere with which his station connects him, in consequence of the party with whom he has acted having been excluded from power during the greater period of his mature life. On the late accession of Earl Grey's ministry to the government of the country, however, his Lordship was honored with the distinguished appointment of Master of the Horse; an appointment which affords him the high gratification of enjoying much personal intercourse with the Sovereign, in whose pleasant service he is engaged.

The family of Keppel is of Dutch extraction; the ancestor of the present Earl having accompanied William the Third to England in the memorable year 1688. It had long flourished as one of the most noble and powerful houses in Holland; and Arnold-Joost Van Keppel, the Lord of Voorst, was the most eminent of the companions of the Prince of Orange, in that expedition which changed the British dynasty, and established the Protestant constitution. In the beginning of 1695-6, he was raised to the peerage, under the titles of Baron Ashford of Ashford in Kent, Viscount Bury in the County Palatine of Lancaster, and Earl of Albemarle, which is derived, like the titles of several of our elder nobility, from a Norman possession. His Lordship was also invested with the garter; married the daughter of the Lord of Saint Gravemoer; and died in 1718, leaving an only son, a minor, to succeed.

William-Anne, the second Earl, married a daughter of the Ducal house of Richmond, by whom he had a numerous family. He espoused the army as a profession, and rose to the rank of General. He was, for a short period, ambassador to the court of France.

George, his successor, was likewise a General Officer, and a Knight of the Garter. In April, 1770, he married Anne, the youngest daughter of Sir John Miller, of Chichester; and died in little more than two years after, leaving an only son, the present Earl, born May 14, 1772.

His Lordship was only five months old when he lost his father; and not quite twenty, when he married Elizabeth, the fourth daughter of Lord de Clifford. By this lady, who died in 1817, he had ten children, among whom are Lord Bury, his heir-apparent, and Major Keppel, who has recently distinguished himself by the publication of his very interesting travels in Turkey, and other countries. This gallant officer, whose intelligence, and addiction to literary pursuits, are so honorable to his character, is, we learn, about to be united to the beautiful daughter of Sir Coutts Trotter. Anne, the second daughter of Lord Albemarle, is the wife of Mr. Coke, of Norfolk.

In 1822, the Earl himself married his second Countess, Charlotte-Susanna, daughter of the late Sir H. Hunloke.

His Lordship, like his celebrated son-in-law, is a warm promoter of agricultural and internal improvements; and his life, while others of the same rank have borne themselves more forward in the public arena of politics, has been not the less useful and beneficial to his country.

Painted by Sir Thos. Lawrence, P.R.A. Engraved by Jas. Thomson.

**LEOPOLD GEORGE CHRISTIAN FREDERICK, PRINCE OF SAXE COBURG,**

**ELECTED KING OF THE BELGIANS, 1831.**

Leopold

FISHER, SON & CO. LONDON 1831.

# LEOPOLD OF SAXE-COBURG,

## ELECTED KING OF THE BELGIANS 1831.

THE now royal subject of this Memoir is one of those extraordinary instances of singular fortune, which occur but rarely, even in the widely-spread annals of mankind; and seem to proclaim to us, with an authority not to be mistaken, that

> "..... There's a Divinity doth shape our ends,
> Rough-hew them how we will!"

The leading incidents of the life of PRINCE LEOPOLD have not only been remarkable in themselves, but still more remarkable in their coincidence with, and effects upon, the destiny of another exalted individual. We allude to the Prince of Orange, between whom, and two crowns, it has been the fate of his Royal Highness to step; while, as if to render his own career yet more wonderful, a third has been offered to his acceptance. In ancient and in superstitious times, the genius, or ascendant star, of the House of Coburg would have been recognized in these striking events—in our enlightened times, they cannot but excite admiration and wonder.

LEOPOLD GEORGE CHRISTIAN FREDERICK (the sketch of whose Life has been communicated to the National Portrait Gallery on the best authority) is the third and youngest son of Francis Duke of Saxe-Coburg-Saalfeld, and his Duchess, of the House of Reus-Ebersdorf. He was born on the 16th of December, 1790; and after having received his education under his paternal roof, he came first into public at Paris, in

the year 1808-1809, then the capital of Napoleon's court and empire. It was part of that extraordinary man's policy, to collect about his person, or his armies, the members of those sovereign families in Germany who owed him fealty as chief of the confederation of the Rhine; but whose well-founded attachment (to use their own forcible expression) to their *fatherland,* made it very necessary for him to keep an eye upon them. With no slight address, especially at his age, the Prince Leopold of Saxe-Coburg evaded the insidious proposal that was made him, to take service in the French armies, without incurring the danger which might have followed that refusal; and he returned to Coburg, at liberty to pursue his own inclinations; and prepared for military service, when it could advance the great objects which, above every thing, makes the profession of arms distinguished and honorable—the release of our country from foreign tyranny and thraldom, and the re-establishment of her liberty and independence.

It is needless to describe what must have been the feelings of a breast endued with so noble a desire, when, in 1812, the French Emperor marched, through the little territory of Saxe-Coburg, the countless host which he directed in the summer of that year against the Russian empire. The man who, at that period, would have dared to predicate the failure of the most extravagant scheme of Napoleon's ambition, would have been deemed little less than an enthusiast or a fool. Success was deemed certain, and the dismemberment of the empire of the Czars not at all an improbable result.

With the reigning family of Russia, the House of Saxe-Coburg was united by strong ties of friendship, as well as by marriage; and the anxiety which every patriotic heart in Germany felt, on public grounds, for a successful result to the tremendous conflict which was about to convulse the world, was increased at Coburg, by apprehension for the fate which might fall upon Alexander's family. The great army swept across the land; and months passed over with many a prayer for, but without a hope or an expectation of, its discomfiture: but when, amidst the dreariest winter that ever set in, in those latitudes, the travelling chariot of Napoleon returned alone, and the miserable remnant of the most splendid army that so mighty a leader

ever commanded, was seen "to drag its slow length along" towards the French frontier, the German people welcomed, with common ardour, the rising prospect of the emancipation of their country.

The Prince Leopold was among the first to start from an inactivity which was so irksome to him, and, long before the campaign had commenced, he was in the midst of the Russian army, leaving all that was most dear to him at risk, for the great cause of his "fatherland."

He accompanied the allied army to Silesia and Saxony; was engaged in the battles of Lutzen and Bautzen; and, on the expiration of the armistice, proceeded with the army to Bohemia, and thence to the Saxon frontier; where he particularly distinguished himself with the division of cavalry under his command. For his eminent services on those days, the Emperor Alexander invested him, on the field of battle of Nollendorf, with the Cross of Saint George, and the Emperor of Austria subsequently conferred on him the order of Maria Theresa.

He was at Leipsic, and throughout the whole of the campaigns which ended in the capture of Paris in 1814. Many of our countrymen formed their first acquaintance with the Prince when he was in the French capital, at this period "the gayest of the gay." Hence he passed over to England with the allied Sovereigns, in a natural anxiety to witness the land which had aided so greatly the great cause which had been so nobly consummated.

At this time the Prince Leopold was a young man, twenty-four years of age, remarkable for his good looks, and distinguished from the crowd of Princes with whom he was associated, for great amenity of manners, equanimity of temper, and every accomplishment of good society. The Princess Charlotte of Wales was, at that time, in her eighteenth year, and remarkable, above her years, for great insight into the characters of those with whom she associated. It is not, therefore, surprising that she should have been captivated with the qualities of Prince Leopold; nor is it necessary, at this time of day, to doubt the excellence of her judgment, in her preference of an individual, who made her, without any dispute, the happiest of women, during the

short period which she was permitted to call happy, in her short but eventful life. It is well known, that her hand had been destined for the Prince of Orange, by the policy of the British cabinet, as well as at the desire of her Royal Father; and the Princess had so far yielded to these wishes, as to consent to appear with him in public at the Queen's drawing-room, this year. She was not, however, of a disposition to be willingly made an instrument of others in a matter so near her heart; and when she found a man more suited to her mind, she at once broke off a forced attachment, and loved him alone with all the intensity of a woman's affection. The British people, unaccustomed to marriages of convenience, admired the spirit which influenced her conduct; and she felt encouraged, by their approbation, to carry her point with all the resolution she inherited from her Family. When, one day, her equerry, Colonel Addenbroke, returned from Kew to Cranbourne Lodge, in Windsor Park, where the Princess at that time resided, and told her the report of the day—that Her Royal Highness was to marry Prince Leopold—she at once evinced the settled determination of her breast, by the reply, "He is the only man I ever will marry."

After long and repeated endeavours to break her resolve, the Prince Regent determined to invite Prince Leopold to repair to England, and he was received at the Pavilion at Brighton in the month of February, 1816. He was now, for the first time, permitted to court the Princess Charlotte, and was acknowledged by the Government the future Husband of the Heiress of the British Empire. On the 2d of May they were married at Carlton House, by Dr. Sutton, Archbishop of Canterbury, amidst the warmest wishes of every individual in the kingdom. They passed the honey-moon at Oatlands, the seat of the Duke of York; and, in the course of their stay, were naturally induced to visit Claremont, then the property of Mr. Ellis, (now Lord Seaford,) and at that time on sale. They were pleased with the place, and at their desire it was purchased for them by the Crown, as their country residence. Most of their time was subsequently passed at this delightful country-seat, excepting when they were required to be in the capital, when they resided at Camelford House, which had been appropriated to them as their town residence. In the spring

of 1817, it was announced to the public, that an heir might be expected from this august and happy union. Alas! how little was it then anticipated, what would be the consequence of an event, the prospect of which filled the whole land with joy. An heir was born on the 6th of November, in that year, and, with its mother, was carried to the grave, amidst a deeper affliction and a sincerer grief than a whole nation was ever known to express for any human loss. It is not necessary to describe what *he* suffered, who, at one and the same moment, was bereft of every hope and friend—cast down from the highest pinnacle of earthly happiness and splendour, to be a lonely stranger in a foreign land. But the sympathy of the British people was as strong as their grief; and, although it was well known that his father-in-law, the Prince Regent, never cordially liked the Prince, yet he shared in the national commiseration, whilst he himself deeply mourned the loss of his only child, and at once admitted Prince Leopold into the British Royal Family, by a grant of the title of Royal Highness, and permission to bear the arms of Great Britain.

His Royal Highness passed the first months of his widowhood at the seat of Lady Caroline Damer, in Dorsetshire, which that lady kindly lent him; and he afterwards returned to Claremont, where he lived in the utmost privacy, surrounded by his own family and a few particular friends. The loss which the Royal Family had experienced in the blighted prospect of issue to the throne, and the improbability which remained to either the Regent or Duke of York of having a family, induced the younger Princes now to form matrimonial alliances; and the year 1818 accordingly witnessed the three marriages of the Dukes of Clarence, Cambridge, and Kent—the latter to the Princess of Leiningen, youngest sister of the Prince Leopold. His Royal Highness assisted himself at this latter marriage, which was solemnized at Kew, a few months before the death of Queen Charlotte. What he must have endured at the witness of such a ceremony in this early period of his grief, may have been somewhat assuaged by the meeting again with a sister whom he loved, and at her introduction into the same Royal Family as himself.

Upon the return of the Duke and Duchess of Kent to the Continent, he determined also to visit his family in Germany, and he passed the winter of 1818-19 at Coburg. He returned to

England again in the spring, in time to witness another tie to his British connexion, in the birth of a niece, of whom the Duchess of Kent was delivered on the 24th of May—a Princess, who is probably destined to ascend the throne of these realms. A new year had scarcely commenced, when he was summoned into Devonshire, where the Duke of Kent was already lying in imminent danger from a fever, caught after an ordinary cold, which terminated his life in the latter days of January. The Prince returned, bringing with him to Claremont his bereaved sister and her child, whom his Royal Highness at once declared should be as his own, and who, from that day forward, received her maintenance almost entirely from his private purse. In the summer of this year, his friends urged him to take a tour to the Highlands; for hitherto the Prince, although five years in England, had scarcely been beyond the houses of the several branches of the Royal Family. The kind hospitality of the nobility and principal gentry, who entertained his Royal Highness on his route, and the reception he met with in the cities and principal towns, where the municipal authorities addressed him in the most flattering terms, evinced the sincerity and depth of that sympathy which had been so loudly proclaimed in the early period of his sorrows. He returned to Claremont in the early part of November, highly pleased and gratified with his tour. He passed the winter there in his accustomed privacy; but in the spring of 1821 he established himself at Marlborough House, and began to see company in that style of splendid hospitality, which long continued to distinguish that residence in the annals of society and fashion. His table, spread with every luxury, received the eminent of the land, whether by hereditary station, political distinction, or scientific renown, without any of those party divisions which, it was the constant feeling of the Prince, ought never to find their way into palaces.

His Father-in-law was now upon the throne, and the question had already began to be mooted, which ended in the return of Queen Caroline to England, and to her trial before the House of Peers, upon charges of the most flagrant character. It was scarcely possible for the Prince to steer any course in this most disagreeable transaction, which could have satisfied parties, whose passions were so strongly excited at this epoch. He alone knew the Daughter's sentiments upon the conduct of both her parents;—

he alone could tell the course she would have wished him to have pursued, had she been living; and he adopted that course fearlessly, but with the clear foresight, that, by so doing, he would increase the prejudices of the King against him; and, of course, with that, the anger of the Court and the Ministry.

It would be idle to conceal, that the calumnies which were raised at this period, and the false impressions which so powerful a host of opponents could not fail to excite very generally in the public mind, did most sensibly affect one who was unaccustomed to the liberties which are taken by the press of England against private character; and who was alive to a keen sense of the value of character, more especially to a person in his situation in this country. It was difficult for him to rest easy under aspersions, which he felt to be as false as they were injurious. His friends, however, who knew the gullibility of John Bull, knew also the good sense which generally brings him in time to a sounder judgment, and persuaded him to endure in silence those witty but cutting effusions of the newspapers, which appeared at this period—nevertheless, they tended to make his solitude less tolerable, and he determined to solace his mind by foreign travel.

Immediately after the ceremony of George the Fourth's coronation, he passed over to the Continent. His absence, however, did not silence his calumniators; for it was asserted, that he went abroad from a niggardly propensity: and although a splendid establishment was maintained in England, upon the same style of expense as if he had been himself present, the good and credulous people were disturbed at hearing that foreigners were enjoying the fruits of their munificence to him. That the vulgar should have been deceived by the statements put forth on this subject, was natural; but, that those who know how little of a large income, comparatively, can be spent by the journeys of a single man with few attendants, should have shared in this alarm, and have retained it even to the eve of His Royal Highness's departure, in the face of every evidence to the contrary, is one among many proofs of the power of the press to work the most serious injury to private character, even in the face of facts and reason.

The Prince could not condescend to reply to the most ridi-

culous charges that were gravely made against him, for his gardener's disposal of his fruit and vegetables, or for the too common misconduct of servants in the absence of their master, which was rather a matter, if true, for his private annoyance, than for the public animadversion. An impression was, however, engendered against him by those reports, which was permitted to attach to the Prince for the remainder of his residence in this country, but which it may now be fairly considered to be rather a reflection upon those who were deceived, than upon him who was so long the victim of this deception. The Prince neither went abroad to save expense, nor to idle away his time; but, with an enlightened understanding, he converted a source of great amusement into a most useful inquiry into the government of the various countries, and into their internal resources and external relations. In every capital he lived on intimate terms with the sovereigns, and the leading men of the country; and it may be doubted whether any individual of Europe is better acquainted with the secret springs and interests which actuate the foreign relations of every cabinet, or whether any man knows more intimately the characters and abilities of the several European statesmen of the day. The personal knowledge thus acquired was reciprocal; and a man of his station, manners, and talent, could not fail to obtain, with the universal knowledge of his character, a very general respect and esteem.

Accordingly, when the consequences of the treaty of London, of 1826, rendered it necessary to select a sovereign for Greece, (who should not belong to either of the sovereign families who were parties to it,) the ambassadors, with one accord, turned their eyes upon Prince Leopold, as a man every way fitted to undertake the task of regenerating that unhappy country. His Royal Highness was persuaded to accept the offer that was made him; and it was, at the time, a subject of cavil, whether he was altogether justified in retracting his consent: yet it is but justice to remark, that he entered with too much good faith into transactions, where he was opposed, single-handed, to the practised finesse of some of the most experienced diplomatists of the day:—nor can it be denied, that when he discovered his position, he extricated himself from the toils which they had cast around him with great ability and success. That this was

so considered by the Powers themselves, may be inferred from the fact, that not a year had elapsed before the very same Powers cast their eyes upon His Royal Highness, to extricate Europe from the danger of convulsions and disorder, by the acceptance of the crown which the Belgian people were disposed to offer him. He had to steer a very difficult course of negociation, between the pretensions of a popular assembly, and the jealousy of states, who could not view, without alarm, another example of successful insurrection; but, with great tact and ability, he aided in the settlement of a basis on which he could accept the crown with the concurrence of all the Powers, and accordingly, on the 26th of June, 1831, he formally received, at Marlborough House, the Deputies of the Congress, who had been sent from Brussels to notify to him its decree in his favour, and accepted the proffered sceptre, upon the condition of the basis which had been agreed upon with the Powers. This basis consisted of eighteen articles, on which a treaty of peace was hereafter to be founded, defining the boundaries of the new state. To these articles the Congress assented on the 9th July, after an unexampled debate of ten days' continued argument; and on the Saturday following, the 17th of that month, the Prince quitted England, carrying with him the esteem and respect of every class of society.

His last act, upon quitting England, was to announce to the Ministry, his determination, as Sovereign of Belgium, to draw no portion of his parliamentary annuity. A degree of indecent haste had been shewn by the public, relative to his intentions in this respect; and this had even been reflected within the walls of the Upper House of Parliament. His claim to this grant (which, as far as His Royal Highness was concerned, was the *unsolicited* liberality of the country) was as undisputed and as firm as that of the public creditor: but, in truth, he had been always made to suffer for the sins of those who had been thus prodigal in their desire to obtain his early favour. The man, however, whom his enemies had declared to be the most avaricious and miserly of men, actually relinquished the certainty of the affluence, as well as the comfort, of a private station—before he knew what endowment would be made on a crown which he had accepted—upon public grounds alone.

Here, then, we close this rapid glance over a life which, for its duration, has been more than ordinarily eventful. The King of the Belgians is still in the maturity of his life, and in the full vigour of his faculties. He has undertaken a task which must be difficult and laborious, and which many people think is not capable of a successful result. He may however reflect, that he occupies a throne, the right to which is less capable of dispute than any one in history—for the hereditary sovereigns of the land renounced their claim, to Austria, or to France; and the right of conquest alone, and that not a conquest over Belgium, gave it to the kingdom of the Netherlands. He is one of the few sovereigns who, without even the birthright to the land of his rule, has obtained a crown without the sword having been drawn, or a drop of blood spilled, in the acquisition of it. If he should happily succeed, he will deserve the gratitude of four millions of subjects, and the applause of surrounding nations,—if he should fail, he will lay down a sceptre which he never sought, and return to that private station, the splendid prospects of which few could have had the virtue to have quitted, although the object were to retain the blessings of peace to Europe, and to consolidate the principle of constitutional government.

SIR THOMAS LAWRENCE.
(LATE PRESIDENT OF THE ROYAL ACADEMY)

Thos Lawrence

# SIR THOMAS LAWRENCE, KNT.

LATE PRESIDENT OF THE ROYAL ACADEMY;

PRINCIPAL PORTRAIT PAINTER TO HIS MAJESTY; LL. D. OF THE UNIVERSITY OF OXFORD; MEMBER OF THE FRENCH LEGION OF HONOR, AND OF THE ACADEMIES OF ROME, VENICE, FLORENCE, VIENNA, AND NEW YORK; FELLOW OF THE ROYAL SOCIETY; MEMBER OF THE DILLETANTI SOCIETY, ETC. ETC.

OUR present Memoir is at once a pleasant, and a painful task: it is pleasant to retrace success so unbroken, and fame so duly honored, as were those of Sir THOMAS LAWRENCE; but it is still more painful to record, that such success was ended even in its prime, and that such fame is now only a remembrance. The majority of these sketches have been devoted to living individuals, to ears yet open to the words of gratulation and of praise: impressed more strongly by this contrast, how impossible is it to refrain from wishing that the following pages were also given to the merits of a contemporary! Our great painter has been dead little more than two years:—how much of life and of beauty would, during that space, have owed a perpetuated existence to the hand now mouldering in the dust!

SIR THOMAS LAWRENCE was born at Bristol, in 1769: his family were of good extraction, but reduced in circumstances. Fortune and Nature are often at variance, and his parents finally settled in a situation for which both were singularly unfitted. His mother possessed all that refinement and delicacy which afterwards distinguished her son: his father was what is so expressly denominated "a character;" and the visitors of the Black Bear at Devizes, the inn which he kept, were surprised by a landlord equally conversant with, and enthusiastic about, the beauties of our great poets. That the precocious flower rarely comes to fruit, is as true as a general rule can be: the vanity

early gratified is early satiated; and the forced talent is exhausted before its maturity. Lawrence was, however, the exception; and the juvenile prodigy ripened into the extraordinary man. When but five years old, he caught a likeness accurately, and drew it with spirit. The sketch he then took of Lady Kenyon is still in existence. From the age of six to eight he was at school—the only regular instruction he ever received: but the education we give ourselves, is sometimes the best education in the world; and a mind of uncommon powers has within itself the stimulus of exertion—the more a spirit of this order is thrown on its own resources, the better. How early the desire of excellence, that nurse of genius, was developed in him, the following anecdote may show. When he was eight years old, he was taken to see Corsham House, the seat of the Methuens. Suddenly his companions missed the child; and, on going back through the rooms, found him lost in admiration before a picture of Rubens. "Alas! I shall never be able to paint like that!" was the exclamation of the disconsolate little artist, when obliged to leave the place. When he was but ten, he adventured on historical composition, and shewed judgment, at least, in his selection of subjects: they were—"Christ reproving Peter for denying him before Pilate;" "Reuben's Application to his Father, that Benjamin might accompany his Brethren into Egypt;" and, "Haman and Mordecai." His father's failure in business occasioned their removal to Bath, where he was placed as a pupil with Mr. Hoare, the crayon painter, whose exquisite taste and feeling deserved such a scholar. Young Lawrence's crayon portraits soon became in great request. Certainly, he could gain few hints in graceful costume from his sitters; the universal attire being a red jacket, and a hat and feather—a sort of masculine caricature, equally deficient in the becoming and the picturesque. His terms were half a guinea for each.*

It was during his stay at Bath that he received the great silver

* By way of contrast, we cannot do better than here insert a table of the President's prices towards the close of his career.

| | GUINEAS. |
|---|---|
| Three quarter (or head size) | 200 |
| Kitcat | 300 |
| Half-length | 400 |
| Bishop's half-length | 500 |
| Whole length | 600 |
| Extra whole length | 700 |

pallet from the Society of Arts; and the gratitude with which he subsequently alluded to this early encouragement, when he stood "with all his blushing honors thick about him," sufficiently shows the advantage and delight of such reward to the youthful candidate.*

It was also during Lawrence's stay at Bath, that Sir Henry Harpur expressed a wish to send him to Italy at his own expense, and offered a thousand pounds for that purpose. His father, however, refused; alleging, that "Thomas's genius stood in need of no such aid." It may be doubted, whether the real ground of the refusal was not rather the immediate benefit his family were deriving from his exertions. When he was about sixteen, he entertained an earnest desire to go upon the stage; an inclination which his boyish education was well calculated both to originate and foster: for he was early initiated into his father's passion for dramatic readings, much pains having been bestowed in cultivating this talent in the son. Bernard, to whom he applied as a judge of his capabilities, had concealed his own family in an adjoining room, with a view to dissuade him from his project; and he tells the story of his trial so amusingly, that we give it in his own words:—

"I knew young Lawrence's filial attachment, (which, among his acquaintance, was indeed proverbial,) and I suggested that the best plan would be, to achieve the desired object by a surprise. I appointed Lawrence, therefore, to come to my house the next morning about twelve, with some friends, and sent word to his son to meet me there half an hour after. I then went to Mr. Palmer, told him the circumstance, and requested his cooperation. He promised it most freely, and agreed to attend the rendezvous at the time appointed. By half-past twelve the

* As the circumstances attending this donation are both interesting and peculiar, we shall give the proceedings of the Society. "*Resolved*, That, as the drawing marked G. appears, by a date upon it, to have been executed in the year 1782, it cannot, according to the conditions, p. 197, be admitted as a candidate."—"Took into consideration the drawing of the Transfiguration marked G., and opened the paper containing the name of the candidate, according to the directions of the Society, and it appeared to the Committee that the candidate was T. Lawrence, aged 13, 1783, in Alfred-street, Bath. The Committee, having received satisfactory information that the production is entirely the work of the young man, *Resolved*, To recommend to the Society to give the greater silver pallet gilt, and five guineas, to Mr. T. Lawrence, as a token of the Society's approbation of his abilities."

next day, all the parties were assembled: old Lawrence and his friends in the back parlour; young Lawrence, Mr. Palmer, and myself, in the front. The manager was no sooner introduced, than, with great adroitness, he desired a specimen of young Lawrence's abilities, and he took his seat at one end of the room. I proposed the opening scene between Pruili and Jaffier. We accordingly commenced, (I Pruili, and he Jaffier,) and he proceeded very perfectly, till, in the well-known speech of "To me you owe her," he came to the lines

> "I brought her—gave her to your despairing arms;
> Indeed, you thanked; but—

Here Jaffier stammered, and became stationary. I held the book, but would not assist him; and he recommenced, and stopped—reiterated, and hemm'd—till his father, who had heard him with growing impatience, could contain his vexation no longer, but, pushing open the door, thrust in his head, and prompted him to the sentence; then added, "You play Jaffier, Tom! hang me, if they'd suffer you to murder a conspirator." With some difficulty he gave up his design; but the words, in which he did so, deserve to be recorded: he said, "that if he could have gone on the stage, he might have assisted his family much sooner than by his present employment."

In 1787 he came to London, and one of his first steps was to wait on Sir Joshua Reynolds. A youthful artist was there before him; and Lawrence's anxiety may be guessed, while he heard the faint cold praise of civility, which might so soon chill his own hopes. Sir Joshua took his painting, bestowed on it a long and attentive examination, but at length said kindly—"Stop, young man; I must have some talk with you. Well, I suppose you think this is very fine, and this colouring very natural,—hey? hey?" Many were the imperfections he then proceeded to point out; when presently he changed his tone, and enlarged on its merits: he then shook hands with him, and said he should always be glad to see him; and from that time he was ever a welcome visitor. Mr. Lawrence then became a student at the Royal Academy, and that very year exhibited seven pictures. Three years afterwards he achieved one of his great triumphs in art—his whole-length of "Miss Farren, which was hung as a pendant to "Mrs. Billington as St. Cecilia." Meeting

Mr. Burke in the Exhibition, he referred to his judgment, touching the objections of divers critics, that he had given Miss Farren a muff and fur cloak, though there was foliage on the trees in the back ground. "Never mind what they say, young gentleman," was Mr. Burke's answer;" in a picture, a painter's proprieties are best."

In 1791 Mr. Lawrence exhibited "Homer reciting his Poems to the Greeks," and in the same year was elected an Associate of the Royal Academy. This period of his life deserves most honorable mention: nothing could exceed his liberality and affection to his family, now wholly dependent on his exertions for support; though it is to be regretted that the consequence was lasting involvement—our early embarrassments cling to us to the end. After Sir Joshua Reynolds' death, the Dilettanti Society unanimously elected Mr. Lawrence his successor, as their painter. To accomplish this, they were obliged, in his favour, to rescind a regulation, which made it necessary for a member of their Society to have crossed the Alps. At the sale of M. de Calonne's celebrated collection, began that friendship between Mr. Angerstein and Mr. Lawrence, which lasted through life. Mr. Angerstein, having overheard the artist warmly expressing admiration of a portrait by Rembrandt, immediately purchased it for one hundred guineas, and, with a spirit and manner worthy the princely merchants of the house of Medici, presented the painting to him with the most flattering kindness.

His "Satan," which was exhibited in 1797, gave noble evidence of power in the historical branch of his art. Its first purchaser was the Duke of Norfolk; but, at the sale after his Grace's death, it was repurchased by the painter himself. The studies for this fine performance were chiefly made at night, the day being given to portraits. Mr. William Hamilton, R. A. was the constant companion of these vigils, while Mrs. Hamilton was employed in reading to them. The picture occupied six weeks, and Lawrence used often to refer to this period as the happiest in his life.

We cannot but here observe, that many of Lawrence's portraits are in reality historical compositions: witness the mind, the creative power, the imagination, in such pictures as "Kemble in Coriolanus," and in "Rolla;" or those of "Pitt"

and of "Canning," which imbody the *ideal* of their character. Lawrence seems to have been peculiarly happy in his friends, of whom one of the kindest and most attached was the Lord Charles Stewart, now Lord Londonderry. At a dinner given at Carlton House, the Regent reminded Lord Charles that he had promised to grant any favour, and asked what should that favour be. "That your Royal Highness will sit for your portrait for me," was the reply.—"Very well; who is your artist?"—"Please your Royal Highness, Lawrence is the only man.". The Prince indignantly refused to sit, and thus Lord Charles's kind attempt failed. The fact is, that Lawrence's name had been unpleasantly connected with that of the Princess, who, together with the Princess Charlotte, he had recently painted; and the performance of this task had led to his staying once or twice at Montague House, Blackheath, where the Princess then resided. In order to exonerate himself from the insinuations grounded on this apparent intimacy, Lawrence made a voluntary oath of innocency before the sitting magistrate at Hatton Garden. We doubt the discretion of this *affichement*: there is something very theatrical in this parade of "injured innocence;" and such accusations, when false, are best left to die away in silence and contempt. However, the Prince's prejudice was gradually removed; and when some kind friend told him that his private secretary, Colonel M'Mahon, was sitting secretly to Lawrence for his portrait, he took the opportunity of requesting that the picture might be for himself, and soon after sat to the artist for his own likeness. Lawrence's fine talents, and prepossessing manners, then made their own way. The Exhibition of 1815 fully established his rank as the first portrait painter of the day. His pictures were as various as they were admirably executed—the list alone will justify the assertion: The "Prince Regent," Prince Blucher," "Prince Platoff," the "Duke of Wellington," the "Marchioness of Thomond," and "Mrs. Wolfe"—all master-pieces of expression and beauty.

But the years 1818 and 1819 were the triumphs of the painter's existence. When the Congress assembled at Aix-la-Chapelle, Sir Thomas Lawrence (the dignity of Knighthood having been conferred on him in 1815) received a commission from the Prince Regent to proceed to Congress, and to the various continental

courts, for the purpose of painting the many distinguished persons, whom rank or circumstance had rendered illustrious. The gratification of being selected, could only be equalled by the way in which the selection was received. Nothing could exceed the courtesy every where offered to himself, excepting the admiration excited by his works. Nor can any thing be more interesting than the account given of the various occurrences of this period, in his letters. Sir Thomas Lawrence possessed the rare talent of letter-writing in great perfection: in his descriptions he *paints* with words—there is so much mind in his observations, so much nature in his feelings, and he relates all that concerns himself with such entire simplicity and modesty. In reading his correspondence, we feel as if we were his friends, and took part in his success. We must make one brief quotation—his description of Heydleberg—it is very characteristic: "I tell you, without method, all the pleasant or singular things that occur; and this, indeed, is a moment of fatigue, when want of order may be pardoned. I have slept out of my carriage but one night since I left Aix-la-Chapelle, and this is now the eighth. Garrick and Colman ought to have one day's taste of the lower regions, for giving to a ludicrous character, in the Clandestine Marriage, the name of Mrs. Heydleberg. Of all the grandly romantic spots, by nature, art, and interesting circumstances, that I ever saw, or that I think can exist, Heydleberg is the first. On the heights overlooking the university, stands a castle! a dream, a relic of Ariosto, left by him to be once seen by Lord Byron or Sir Walter Scott, both, in this case, having a right to the grand vision:—

'Towers and battlements he sees,
Bosom'd deep in tufted trees,'

excite no image half so magnificent. It is all ruins, but ruins of so gorgeous a nature, and then so various—a mass of rocks then instantly contrasting with another mass, encrusted with embellishments of architecture, and with sculpture between each window, of which there stand tiers on tiers, of dukes, lords, and knights, in richest armour, with all the highly-wrought grotesque accompaniments of the thirteenth and fourteenth centuries. Then again come the massive square walls, of seemingly impregnable defence, with vast round towers, and more intricate structures for offensive warfare; and round them all, outermost walls of amplest

extent, and still existing remains of hanging gardens of Babylon, over a keep of tremendous depth, and of a fallen tower, that discovers the small stairs of a more tremendous depth below. The nearer approach to the town from a fine bridge, with statues, uniting at a small distance with the magnificent forms I have mentioned, (all of which overhang the town on a great height,) is equally picturesque, though of another character. Then the students meeting you in every street, in dresses like those of Andrea del Sarto, and the Florentines of Michael Angelo's time, all of them with porte-feuilles under their arms, seem to bring forward, in day-light vision, another, and the most interesting age that painters can languish to know."

Sir Thomas Lawrence's tour extended to Rome and Naples, at every place receiving, as we have mentioned, the most gratifying proofs of admiration, while his letters bear eloquent testimony to his own enthusiasm for, and delight in, the glorious works of art, and the lovely country by which he was surrounded. During his absence, the death of Mr. West occurred, and Lawrence was unanimously elected to succeed him. He returned to England after an absence of eighteen months, bringing with him eight whole-length portraits for our King. It was on this occasion that George the Fourth bestowed the gold chain and medal; bearing the Likeness of his Majesty, and the inscription—"From His Majesty George the Fourth, to the President of the Royal Academy."

In 1823, Sir Thomas Lawrence received a commission from his Majesty to paint the "King of France," and the "Dauphin;" upon finishing which, Charles X. presented him with some of the finest specimens of Sevres China. In 1829, he was presented with the freedom of Bristol, his native city; he was also elected Honorary Member of the Philosophical and Literary Society of the Bristol Institution. But, alas! his career was drawing to a close, and the sorrow of his loss was made more poignant by its suddenness. On Wednesday, January 6th, he wrote to his sister, Mrs. Bloxam, regretting he could not be with her, as he had hoped; but, to use his own words, "you must be content to see me to a late, simple dinner, on Friday." On that day he was a corpse.—His death was ascertained, by a post mortem examination, to have been caused by an extensive ossification of the vessels of the heart.

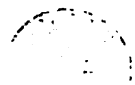
Thus perished, in the prime of his genius, a man whose memory will be held an honor to his country, so long as one feeling of appreciation remains for the liberal arts.

Since the death of this accomplished painter, a collection of his works was made, and, through the liberality of the directors of the British Institution, exhibited at their gallery in Pall Mall, for the benefit of his surviving relations. During the time it was open, it was so attractive, that above three thousand pounds were cleared by the admissions, and paid over to those for whose sake it was designed. There have also been several sales of the works of art, chiefly drawings, so sedulously, and at so much cost, collected by the late President: these also realized a considerable amount; but we fear that, with all, there has been but a small residue to divide among the heirs, notwithstanding the large emoluments which, during the latter years of his life, rewarded the labours of the Artist. Once involved, it requires a hard effort to regain the level and easy way, whence ascent to fortune is to be achieved: Sir Thomas Lawrence was, perhaps, careless of money, and, though far from expensive in his habits, the harassing charges of law continued to rivet the fetters of youthful improvidence, and bind him in the thraldom of debt—alike injurious to his pursuits, to his peace of mind, and to his independent bearing among those high personages with whom his genius raised him to associate.

We have alluded but slightly to his private life—the public having little right to trench upon individual feeling: in no instance were the details of the life before us obtruded upon its notice; and in no instance do any of his private circumstances throw sufficient light on the professional course, to justify their publication. For example, with regard to his alleged engagement with Miss Siddons, much that is both painful and needless has been brought forward: if he erred, surely in the grave it may be forgiven; if he was wronged, in the grave let it be forgotten.

In his person, Sir Thomas Lawrence was very handsome; and his manners were peculiarly pleasing: his literary tastes were cultivated by extensive reading; and his discourses at the Academy were as beautiful in composition as they were in taste. We have had occasion, in the earlier part of his memoir, to advert to his liberality and affection towards his family: these

remained the same to the last. For weeks after his decease, the newspapers teemed with anecdotes of his kindness and generosity; and to his credit be it said, he was ever ready to appreciate and extol all rising excellence in his own art. He left behind him a superb collection, whose dispersion is indeed a national loss. He died equally beloved and regretted; and when the recollections he has left shall perish with the friends by whom they are now treasured, Sir Thomas Lawrence may trust his memory to the History he has illustrated, and the Beauty he has immortalized.



ADMIRAL RICHARD HOWE, EARL HOWE.

Howe

## ADMIRAL RICHARD HOWE,

# EARL HOWE,

BARON OF LANGAR, K.G., ETC. ETC.

THE celebrated subject of this memoir was the second son of Emanuel Scrope, the second Viscount Howe of the Irish peerage; and was born in the parish of St. George's, Hanover-square, on the 8th of March, 1725-6, O. S., i. e. March 19th, 1726, according to the amended computation. When his father was appointed governor of Barbadoes, in 1732, he was sent to Westminster School; and was thence removed to Eton about 1735, his widowed mother having about that period returned to England. At the age of fourteen he left Eton, and entered the naval service of his country.

His first voyage was to the South Seas, in the Severn, of fifty guns, the Honorable Captain Edward Legge; which vessel was driven by a tempest into Rio Janeiro, whence she found her way back to Europe, instead of proceeding with her consorts, the rest of Commodore Anson's squadron.

Mr. Howe next served in the Burford, Captain Lushington; and was in the attack on La Guitta, a town on the coast of Curaçoa, in February, 1743, when the captain was killed, and the crew suffered considerable loss. He was soon after appointed acting lieutenant, and returned with the ship to England; but the commission not being confirmed by the Admiralty, he went again to the West Indies, and was made Lieutenant of a sloop of war. In this situation he performed a gallant exploit, cutting out and recapturing with his boats an English merchantman, which had been taken by a French privateer, under the guns of a Dutch settlement.

In the autumn of 1745, Lieutenant Howe was raised to the rank of Commander, in the Baltimore sloop of war; and fought a desperate action with two French frigates off the coast of Scotland,

whither they were bound with troops and ammunition. The brave Commander of the Baltimore was so severely wounded by a musket-ball in the head, as to be carried off the deck for dead; and for his reward he was advanced to the rank of Post Captain in the Triton frigate, April 10th, 1746. From the Triton he changed to the Rippon, of 60 guns; and from the Rippon, as First Captain, to the Cornwall of 80, commanded by his early patron and friend Admiral Knowles, with whom he returned from the Jamaica station to England, in 1748.

To this, a period of inactivity succeeded; but in March, 1751, Captain Howe was appointed to La Glorie of 44 guns, and the command of his Majesty's ships on the coast of Guinea. Here he brought the Dutch Governor of Elmina Castle to reason; and took the then usual round by the West Indies home. In 1752, he commissioned the Dolphin frigate, in which command nothing occurred, except a characteristic and judicious negociation with the authorities at Sallee; and in 1755 he was transferred to the Dunkirk of 60. In her he took the French Alcide of 64 guns, after an action of half an hour; and also destroyed the enemy's fortifications on the Isle of Caucey, near St. Maloes. In 1757, cruising in the Channel, he was very successful in capturing three strong privateers; and during this service was elected Member of Parliament for the borough of Dartmouth, which he continued to represent for twenty-five years, when the British peerage was so justly and honorably conferred upon him.

In the Magnanime 74, he distinguished himself by attacking the only fort on the Island of Aix, and forcing the garrison to surrender; which service recommended him so highly to Mr. Pitt, that he was appointed to the Essex in June, 1758, and sailed as Commodore of a squadron of ships of war, and above a hundred transports with troops and artillery, to operate a diversion all along the French coast. In a second expedition of the same kind, Prince Edward,* (afterwards Duke of York,) sailed in the

* The inherent gallantry of the present Royal Family of England is illustrated by an anecdote of this young Prince. Captain Howe asked him what station he would choose? "To be always where you are," was the reply. It is also told, that when the Duke of Newcastle remonstrated with George II. on the perils to which his grandson was exposed, his Majesty replied, "How can the boy be trained to the sea service without being inured to its dangers."

Essex, and was present when the town of Cherbourg was taken, and the basin and all the neighbouring forts destroyed.

On returning to England, he learnt the death of his elder brother, George Augustus, a spirited and promising soldier, who was killed at the siege of Ticonderoga, on the 5th of July; by which event Richard became Viscount Howe.

In November, 1759, the Magnanime, commanded by him, made one of Hawke's fleet, in the memorable victory over De Conflans; and was conspicuous in the battle for its conflict with the Formidable of 84 guns, and afterwards with the Hero, when driven by the loss of her foreyard to leeward. Lord Howe was consequently presented by Admiral Hawke to the King, and was thanked by his Majesty " for so many repetitions of signal service to his country," and appointed to the lucrative post of Colonel of the Chatham Marines, created on purpose, March 22d, 1760.

A new reign commenced, but still the naval skill and valour of Lord Howe were duly estimated; and he was employed in distinguished commands till the close of the war. In 1763, he was appointed a Commissioner of the Admiralty, and, two years after, Treasurer of the Navy, which office he filled with great diligence and punctuality. On the retirement of the Duke of Grafton, however, from the ministry, 1770, Lord Howe resigned, not only this situation, but his Colonelcy of Marines. Sir Edward Hawke promoted him to be Rear-Admiral of the Blue, and Commander-in-Chief in the Mediterranean; but the probability of a rupture with Spain subsiding, no fleet was despatched to that quarter. In 1773 he presented a petition from the Captains of the Navy to the House of Commons, and enforced its prayer so effectually, as to procure an addition to their pay when out of commission. In 1775, he was made Rear-Admiral of the White; in 1776, Vice-Admiral of the Blue,* preparatory to his assuming the command of the British fleet in America, with the powers of a negociator, in union with his younger brother, Sir William Howe, (then Commander-in-Chief of the British land forces in that part of the world,) to treat with the Americans. Lord Howe sailed in the Eagle of 64 guns, and on the 23d of July, 1777, was off Sandy Hook, at the head of a very numerous fleet of men-of-war and

* In January, 1778, Vice-Admiral of the White; and, in March ensuing, Vice-Admiral of the Red.

transports, on board of which was a large body of troops, destined for the reduction of Philadelphia. Dependent upon the operations of the army, the fleet during about two years performed no prominent service, and great dissatisfaction was expressed at home on this account; but whether owing to political incapacity in the administration, or to other causes, it is not within our province to inquire. Suffice it to say, that when the French Admiral D'Estaing suddenly and unexpectedly appeared in the American seas with a far superior force, Lord Howe displayed infinite talent and resolution in baffling and defeating all his objects. In September, 1778, his Lordship resigned the command; and having declined to act in the new commission for treating, in which Lord Carlisle virtually superseded him and his brother, he sailed for England, and enjoyed a respite of several years from professional employment.

The conduct of the American war, in which the family of Howe bore so prominent a share, is a subject out of our pale to discuss. Party feelings have so tinged that part of our history, that, though hundreds of volumes have been written upon it, many years must yet elapse ere a more unprejudiced posterity can do justice to the questions it involves. The adverse spirit of politics, it is evident, not only embarrassed the English ministers at home, but produced very important effects upon the military operations abroad. And it is no less clear, that, amongst those who clamoured most loudly on the failure of any of these operations, were to be found the same parties, whose intrigues and affected contempt for the Americans, had, in no slight degree, contributed to the results they condemned. Brigadier-General George Augustus Howe, killed, as we have related, in action, alone escaped the censures so readily applied to his brothers, William and Richard, both of whom outlived the war and its comments; the latter especially, to serve his country in the proudest hours of her glory. To him we return.

Had we been narrating his more private and domestic history, we should have stated, that on the 16th of February, 1758, he married Mary, one of the two daughters and co-heiresses of Chiverton Hartop, Esq. of Welby, Leicestershire, by whom he had three daughters: Sophia Charlotte, born February, 1762; Mary Juliana, April, 1765; and Louisa Catherine, December, 1767.

With this family he passed the time in ease and happiness, till, in 1782, a change of ministry led to his being again brought into public attention, by being made Admiral of the Blue, and a Viscount of Great Britain, by the title of Baron Howe of Langar, in the county of Nottingham.

In May he sailed, with twelve line of battle ships, in quest of the Dutch fleet; but it sought refuge in the Texel, and the chase was fruitless. In July a second expedition was equally unsuccessful; but in September he left Spithead with thirty-four sail of the line, and proceeded to the ever-memorable relief of Gibraltar, which he effected in the face of the combined fleets of France and Spain, consisting of forty-six sail of the line. After accomplishing the main object of his mission in the most masterly style, his Lordship offered the enemy battle—which they might from their situation have accepted, but which he could not enforce. For his skill and courage on this important occasion, his Lordship received the thanks of both Houses of Parliament; and the Common Council of London ordered a picture of the Siege and Relief of Gibraltar to be painted for their chamber, which was done by Mr. Copley, the father of the ex-chancellor.

So long and intimately versed in maritime affairs, Lord Howe was, on the 28th of January, 1783, appointed to preside at the Board of Admiralty; where he immediately began a system of reform in every department of the navy. In this, however, he was enabled to advance but a very short way, when, in three months, another change of party shifted him from his high station. Within eight months more, so unstable were our councils at that time, he was reinstated, and held the office for four years, discharging its duties in a very effectual manner.

In 1787, Lord Howe was promoted to be Admiral of the White, at which period some difference arose respecting the superannuation of a number of captains, and other naval matters; the result of which was, his Lordship's resignation at the Admiralty, in 1788. Nevertheless, in the same year, his Majesty graciously raised him to an Earldom, entailing the Barony of Langar upon his female descendants.

At the age of sixty-three, it might well be imagined that the sailor's race of glory was run, and that the repose of an honored age was now the only laurel left for his gray hairs. But *Dis*

*aliter visum*, may his biographer well say:—In 1790 he sailed to demand from Spain reparation for the Nootka Sound aggression; which reparation, so demanded, was not denied; and on the death of Lord Rodney, in 1792, he was named his successor, as Vice-Admiral of England. The ensuing year he took the command of the Western squadron, with extraordinary powers, and, hoisting the union flag at the main, he began his cruise off Brest. Sailing backwards and forwards, sometimes in Torbay, and at other times on the coast of France, it was not till May 21st, 1794, that his Lordship obtained tidings of the French fleet being off Ushant. The Audacious, Captain Parker, fell in with Le Revolutionaire, and compelled her to strike; but she was rescued by five of her consorts, and towed into port. The presence of the two forces, however, brought on a general battle, which commenced on the 29th of May, and was only rendered indecisive by a breach of orders in one of the English captains. A fog came on in the evening, and lasted till the 1st of June, by which time the French had been reinforced to twenty-nine sail of the line, by the junction of those ships which had saved Le Revolutionaire. But the result was splendid, and opened the path to that illustrious series of victories, which, during the last war, elevated the fame of our navy, and raised our national character for valour, even above the most brilliant epochs of former ages. One French ship was sunk, and six taken: the rest, in a miserably shattered condition, found safety in flight. On the return of Earl Howe to Portsmouth, it seemed as if the country anticipated all the consequences which were to follow this first triumph. Exultation was at its height, and illuminations blazed in every part of the kingdom. Their Majesties and the Princesses went to Portsmouth, and dined with the Admiral on board the Queen Charlotte; and the King presented him with a sword of great price, with a golden chain, to which hung a medal designed to commemorate the event.

For the remainder of the winter and the ensuing spring, Earl Howe made short cruises, and, in May 1795, resigned his command of the Channel fleet. A year after, by the death of Admiral Forbes, he became Admiral of the Fleet, and was also nominated his successor as General of Marines. In April, 1797, he finally resigned the command of the Western squadron; and thus termi-

nated a professional and official life of considerably more than half a century, in a manner so consistent and dignified, as to be worthy of its whole course of usefulness and glory. Nor were his services yet done: on the breaking out of the mutiny at Spithead, by his influence over the seamen, and the exertions he made to set their cause in its true light, he chiefly contributed to the passing of the act in their favour, with which, and plenary powers, he, though unable to walk from gout, proceeded to the fleet, met the delegates, and settled the differences which so deeply menaced the stability of the empire. The Garter was conferred upon him a few weeks after.

This was the last of his public honors. For two years more, the veteran lingered on, a martyr to gout and rheumatism; like one of the old Greenwich pensioners—his comrades in many a toil and peril—reduced to crutches and quiet. He died on the 5th of August, 1799, aged seventy-four years, and within a few days of six months; and was buried in the family vault of Langar.

His Lordship was succeeded in his Irish titles by his brother, Sir William Howe; the barony of Langar falling to his female heir, Sophia Charlotte, the eldest daughter, married to Penn Ashton Curzon, Esq. in 1787. Mr. Curzon died in 1797, but his eldest son, by Baroness Howe, Richard William Penn, succeeded his grandfather on the male side, as Viscount and Baron Curzon, in 1820, and was created Earl Howe in July, 1821. His mother, by a second marriage, became the wife of Sir Jonathan Wathen Waller, Baronet. Louisa Catherine, Lord Howe's youngest and only surviving daughter, married the Earl of Altamont, and became the mother of the present Marquis of Sligo.

In his parliamentary speeches, both as a member of the House of Commons and House of Lords, Lord Howe was nervous and pointed. The principal occasions on which he spoke were, the peace of 1783—the question on the superannuation of Captains in 1788—and the mutiny already mentioned, when he was in his seventy-second year. In domestic and social life he had nothing of the sailor, but was unassuming and tranquil. He was also temperate, religious without pretence, just, and endued with unflinching fortitude. As a naval tactician, his merits have always been highly esteemed by the best judges; and of his

services to his country, only one opinion can descend to the latest posterity. In our most glorious era, he was, indeed, among the eminent of those

" Who for their country's rights in battle bled;"

and we may, in the original language of the same classic author, add,

" Quique sui memores alios fecere merendo."

NICHOLAS VANSITTART, BARON BEXLEY

*Bexley*

THE RIGHT HON. NICHOLAS VANSITTART,

# BARON BEXLEY,

ETC. ETC. ETC.

THIS family, which has been ennobled in the person of Lord Bexley, is, as the name indicates, of foreign extraction; but it has been settled in England, chiefly in a mercantile station, for above a century and a half. Henry Vansittart, the father of the peer, was Governor of Bengal, and one of the committee of three, appointed, by the Directors of the East India Company, supervisors of their affairs in the East: he was lost, 1770, in the Aurora frigate, when on his passage to resume his administration. Of this gentleman, Nicholas was the youngest son, by Amelia, daughter of Nicholas Morse, Esq., Governor of Madras. At the period of his father's unfortunate death, he was four years old, having been born on the 29th of April, 1766.

His early education was conducted at Cheam school, Surrey, whence he was in due time removed to Christ Church, Oxford; where he entered in 1784, and was made a student, on the presentation of Dean Jackson. In 1792, having kept his terms in Lincoln's Inn, he was called to the bar; and a few years later, viz. at the general election of 1796, was elected to represent the borough of Hastings in Parliament.

MR. VANSITTART entered public life as a financier. The disposition of his mind, the bent of his studies, and the official duties he performed in the Treasury, all prepared him to take a prominent part in this political line; the most laborious and

difficult which can exercise the faculties of a statesman, in our complex system, both of foreign and domestic policy. In the House of Commons, he distinguished himself upon questions of commerce, revenue, and general business; in which his practical knowledge and details caused him to be listened to with as great attention, as if he had spoken on subjects which afforded more room for a display of oratory and genius.

So favourable an opinion was entertained of his abilities in this way, that he was appointed, in 1801, on a special mission as Minister Plenipotentiary to the court of Denmark, when that power had been induced to join the northern league against our maritime interests and trade. The sudden death of the autocrat Paul, the instrument, if not the originator, of this design, dissolved the dangerous confederacy, and relieved England from the evils it threatened.

In April of the same year, Mr. Vansittart was appointed one of the Secretaries of the Treasury, and continued to occupy an important place in all discussions and arrangements of finance. With a wider field for the employment of his talents, and with unwearied diligence and application, he discharged the functions of his office in a manner to satisfy the highest expectations that had been formed of him, and to execute important concerns, which, at that period, required far more than ordinary skill and resources. On Mr. Pitt's resuming the reins of government, however, in 1804, he retired with the Addington party; though not without a tribute being paid to him, as one of the best financiers of the day, by the first authority on such a subject, by Mr. Pitt himself.

On the following year, when Mr. Addington acceded to the Pitt ministry, Mr. Vansittart also returned to place, and was sent to Ireland as Chief Secretary. His occupation of this place lasted only about eight months; for on Mr. Addington's second resignation, he also again threw up office.

Another change soon ensued. The death of Mr. Pitt opened the door of power to the Whigs: and in 1806, they, upon taking

office, strengthened themselves by inducing Mr. Addington (now Lord Sidmouth) to accept the custody of the Privy Seal, which he did on condition, that his firm friend and adherent should be re-appointed Secretary to the Treasury. We will but briefly follow the transactions immediately subsequent; on the fall of the administration, the Tories, with the Duke of Portland as their leader, superseded them. At his Grace's death, Mr. Perceval, the Chancellor of the Exchequer, became Premier, uniting to that post the control of the Treasury; and when he fell beneath the blow of the assassin, and was succeeded by Lord Liverpool, the new Minister was contented to be First Lord of the Treasury, assigning the Chancellorship of the Exchequer to Mr. Vansittart.

We ought, perhaps, to have noticed, in chronological order, that one resolution, and thirty-eight resolutions, had, previously to this epoch, marked the life of our subject.

In July, 1806, Mr. Vansittart married Catherine Isabella, the second daughter of Lord Auckland; who died without issue in 1810.

It was in 1809, when the question of our national resources had assumed that vital and paramount consequence, which seemed to absorb the consideration even of the mighty warlike struggle in which we were engaged, that he brought forward his thirty-eight financial resolutions, which were passed by the House of Commons without alteration or division. This was a triumph of principle, as well as of intelligence; for it may be recollected, that at this period the most sagacious men in the country had exercised their ingenuity in devising plans, which should enable us to prosecute with vigour, to a successful issue, the appalling contest which had already imposed so many burdens, and yet called for such unexampled exertions and sacrifices.

We should be sorry, were it our province, in a sketch of this kind, to enter upon the merits, or to discuss the qualities, of any system of national expenditure, of supplies, and of ways and means. It is sufficient for us to say, that the early measures of the Chan-

cellor of the Exchequer of 1812 were hailed with acclamation. His expositions, more from their general soundness than from parliamentary skill in their unfolding, carried conviction along with them: it was felt and acknowledged, that he was a perfect master of the complicated elements of accounts, which it was his duty to render plain to the ordinary capacity of the country. As a speaker, therefore, though he contrasted with the extraordinary budgets of Pitt, he nevertheless succeeded in convincing parliament and the public of the soundness of his views, and the accuracy of his proposed measures. The time, certainly, disappointed no one; though the future, when the reckoning came to be paid, without consideration of the service done, and the safety achieved, found, as usual, its brood of impugners. It is confessed that the Chancellor, by his eminent ability, provided for the prodigious demands, which discomfited her enemies, and raised England to the pinnacle of prosperity and glory; that he could not also contrive to pay off the national debt, or lay the foundation for that great work, ought rather to be regretted as an impossibility, than imputed as a fault.

Mr. Vansittart held the seals of the Exchequer from 1812 to 1823, a period as trying to the finance of the country as ever Minister was called upon to cope with. During this time, his speeches in parliament were almost uniformly connected with his official responsibility; and he adopted several measures which have been much commented upon, in praise and in blame, as the politics of the commentators led them to judge. Among these, one of the most memorable has been signalized by the name of the Dead Weight—some contending that it increased the burdens of the country; others, that it lightened them. The whole seemed to depend upon calculation, in the manner of life annuities.

In 1823, Mr. Vansittart finally quitted office, and was, in consideration of his long and efficient services, raised to the peerage by the title of Baron Bexley. To the upper house he carried the same habits of application, and the same knowledge of the most important subjects connected with our internal affairs and foreign commercial relations, that had marked his course in the House of Commons, but enlarged by practice and experience. When he

has, therefore, taken part in their lordships' discussions, his opinions have always had their due weight; and it may safely be affirmed, that more honest, patriotic, and public-spirited sentiments never were uttered in either branch of the legislature, than those which have emanated from Lord Bexley. His measures have, as was a natural and certain consequence of his position, been questioned and blamed; his integrity, his purity of purpose, or his public and private virtue, never.

At the time his Lordship was created a peer, he exchanged the office of Chancellor of the Exchequer for that of Chancellor of the Duchy of Lancaster; the seals of which he held till the formation of the Duke of Wellington's administration, in 1828.

With this has (at least for the present) terminated his official career; a long course, of thirty-two years, from the period of his election for Hastings, and occupied in the faithful discharge of the most important ministerial functions. On looking back to it, we may repeat the grateful panegyric, that the breath even of calumny never whispered a syllable derogatory to the honesty and honor of this pure statesman.

In presenting a memoir of Lord Bexley to our readers, we cannot omit to notice the conspicuous station he has always occupied in the religious world. Wherever the interests of religion have been concerned, there has his Lordship been found their pious advocate and zealous friend. From the general meeting of the most extended character, to the parochial charity, his labours have been uniform; and no hours of his life have appeared to him to be so well spent, as those dedicated to the diffusion of Christianity, the inculcation of sound instruction among the lower orders, and the universal promulgation of the truth. The British and Foreign Bible Society is deeply indebted for his countenance and exertions, as one of its oldest and most influential vice-presidents; and the Church Missionary Society, the Prayer-book and Homily Society, and, in short, every institution, the views of which are consistent with Christian faith and practice, with human benevolence and divine doctrine, have been, and are, the especial

objects of his indefatigable charity and unwearied patronage. As a member of the Church of England, his warmest efforts have been made in her cause; but his bounty has equally flowed where conscientious Dissenters were seeking good and useful ends. In all these relations of life, a man more esteemed and valued than Lord Bexley does not exist; and while we, with the unanimous voice of an observant people, who have justly appreciated his conduct from early youth to honored age, offer him this earthly tribute, we feel that he has only looked for his exceeding great reward in the approbation of his own conscience, and the hopes of heaven.

BIBLIOTHECA·REGIA·MONACENSIS

LIEUT GEN.ᴸ SIR RALPH ABERCROMBY, K. B.

Ra. Abercrombie

LIEUTENANT-GENERAL

# SIR RALPH ABERCROMBY.

PERHAPS the subject of our present memoir is as favourable a specimen as could well be selected, of a British soldier: the younger son of an old Scotch family, he went early into the world to seek his fortune, and having fought, step by step, his way in the military profession, crowned an arduous life by an honorable death in the service of his country.

His first commission was in the Dragoon Guards, in 1756; and from that he obtained gradual promotion, till we find him in the rank of Lieutenant-General. GENERAL ABERCROMBY was first brought more immediately before the public by his gallant conduct when he commanded the advanced guard during the action on the heights of Cateau, and his ability and courage are twice mentioned with especial commendation, in the despatches of the Duke of York. This campaign in the Netherlands was one of most severe service. General Abercromby was wounded at Nimeguen; not so seriously, however, as to prevent his undertaking the most painful duty of commanding the retreat from Holland in the winter of 1794. The Guards, and the sick, were left under his charge; and the wretched roads, the incessant harassing of the enemy, the inclement weather, together with the utter impossibility of obtaining shelter for the troops, made the hardships of the disastrous march from Deventer to Oldensaal, such as the most consummate skill could scarcely alleviate, much less avert: but the judgment and kindness of the General were universally acknowledged.

He was next appointed to the command of an expedition to the West Indies, where the French were making great and successful exertions. Some unfortunate delays, however, occurred,

which retarded the sailing of the troops till after the equinox had set in, and several transports were lost in clearing the Channel; still, time was too important to be lost, and Abercromby and his staff arrived in the West Indies. The plan of operations was soon laid, and one conquest followed another. The attack on the Isle of St. Lucie was attended with peculiar difficulties, from the intricate nature of the country. A new road was made for the heavy cannon, and on the 26th of May, 1796, the garrison surrendered. St. Vincent was next subdued; and thence the Commander-in-Chief proceeded to Grenada, where Fedon, the famous insurgent chief, still held out. The talents and ferocity of this man made him one of those formidable opponents, to whom no terms, short of unconditional surrender, could be granted. The reduction of the whole island, in June, ended the dominion of the French.

GeneralAbercromby next turned his force against the Spanish island of Trinidad. The plan of action was as judicious as it was prompt: the attempt to land was made at day-break, and by two o'clock the whole Spanish fleet was on fire, with the exception of one ship, afterwards captured. The next day they were in possession of the whole colony. Throughout the campaign, the only unsuccessful attack was that on Porto Rico. During this expedition, the General was made Knight of the Bath, and presented to the Colonelcy of the Scots Greys: on his return, he was appointed Lieutenant-Governor of the Isle of Wight, and afterwards of the forts George and Augustus. In 1797 he was made Lieutenant-General, which he had hitherto held as local rank.

The disturbances in Ireland every day assuming a more serious form, Sir Ralph Abercromby was appointed commander-in-chief of the forces in that country. The licentious state of the army, and its relaxed discipline, forced from him his celebrated speech, "That their irregularity and insubordination had rendered them more formidable to their friends than to their enemies." He retained the command but a short period, it being deemed expedient to unite the civil and military authority in one person; thus confirming the truth of Sir Ralph's complaint. The Marquis Cornwallis was his successor. Sir Ralph was next nominated to the chief command in North Britain; and his gallant conduct at Helder Fort, and the subsequent invasion of Holland, sufficiently

evinced in what worthy hands authority was vested. We should also observe, that he acted in a civil as well as military capacity.

At the general election in 1774, he was elected member of the county for Kinross, and retained his seat till the next election in 1780.

But we now come to the most glorious period of his life, when he was appointed commander-in-chief in the Mediterranean, to the army whose final destination was Egypt. Perhaps there never was an expedition that excited so much expectation in the beholders, or so much enthusiasm in the actors. A character of romance had been flung over Napoleon's Oriental campaigns; and that army, to whom he addressed his memorable speech—"Soldiers, forty centuries are looking down upon you from those pyramids"—that hitherto invincible army, was still in the plains of Aboukir. In 1800, Sir Ralph Abercromby sailed from Malta; (we must here mention one circumstance, that, quite unsolicited by its officers, the forty-eighth regiment volunteered for Egypt; the gallant offer was, however, refused, from the weak state of the garrison;) and on the 8th of March, 1801, the British forces prepared to attempt a landing in the bay of Aboukir. A rocket from the Admiral's ship gave the signal; and, half an hour afterwards, the boats, having five thousand men, pulled in towards the shore, a distance of about five miles; and the silence was broken only by the sullen dip of the oars. At first not an enemy was to be seen; but as soon as the boats came within reach, a most tremendous fire was opened: fifteen pieces of artillery were on the hills, besides the guns of Aboukir castle. These completely swept the sea; and the falling of the balls and shot is compared by a contemporary writer to the falling of a violent hail-storm on the water.

Cooped up in a narrow space, their fire-locks between their knees, unable to move or return one shot of vengeance or defiance, seeing their companions momentarily falling around them—there wanted that excitement of exertion, which so often blinds the soldier to danger. Two boats were sunk; and their sinking was fatal, for each man had belts loaded with three days' provisions, and a cartouch-box with sixty rounds of ball-cartridge. It was nine o'clock when the rest reached land, and the French were ready to receive them at the bayonet's point. It was now that their commander reaped the advantage of his precautionary dis-

cipline. While anchored in the bay of Marmorice, he had caused the troops to practise all the manœuvres of landing, so that, disembarkation having become as familiar as possible, on reaching the shore they formed instantly into line. In the most daring manner they carried a hill which rose almost perpendicularly from the sea, and whose sand gave way under their feet. Before noon the landing was effected. Still their position was insecure; and it not being deemed expedient to land the camp stores, the commander-in-chief and the troops alike slept in huts made of the date-tree branches.

On the 21st of March, the decisive battle took place: it began by a feigned movement on the left of the British army, calculating that the right wing being thus left exposed to the attack of their cavalry, in which they were very strong—one impetuous charge, and the English would be driven into the lake of Aboukir. The action was hotly contested; but, owing to the steadiness with which the British infantry stood its ground, General Rogier's dashing manœuvre failed. The despatches of the time speak with merited encomium of the coolness with which the troops opened their ranks, thus avoiding the shock, and then, facing round, poured in the most destructive volleys. General Rogier was killed. The precise time when Sir Ralph Abercromby was wounded cannot be ascertained; for he kept the fact concealed, till weakness, through loss of blood, betrayed his state to those around him; but no persuasion could induce him to leave the field, till he himself saw the retreat of the enemy. But he was wounded early in the action, and to this the popular song refers—

> "Her roseate colours the dawn had not shed,
> O'er the field which stern slaughter had tinctured with red;
> 'Twas dark, save each flash at the hoarse cannon's sound,
> When the brave Abercromby received his death-wound:
> The standard of Britain, with victory crown'd,
> Waved over his head, as he sank on the ground—
> 'Take me hence, my brave comrades,' the veteran did cry,
> 'My duty's complete, and contented I die.'"

After witnessing the flight of the French, Sir Ralph attempted to get on horseback—his wound had been dressed on the field—but his strength utterly failed, and he was obliged to be carried in a litter to the boat which conveyed him on board the Foudroyant, where he received every care from his friend

Lord Keith. He had been wounded, and had a horse killed under him in the action which drove the French from the heights of Aboukir; but the last fatal ball struck him when in the very heart of the enemy, where he was personally engaged with an officer of dragoons, who fell by a shot from a corporal in the Guards. Sir Ralph retained the sword, which had passed between his arm and side the moment before its owner dropped. All hope of recovery was soon at an end; it was found impossible to dislodge the ball, which had entered the bone in the direction of the groin. Inflammation was followed by mortification; and he expired, after lingering seven days in a state of excruciating torture, which he bore with heroic fortitude.

If any thing could have "charmed the dull cold ear of death," it would have been the affectionate sorrow felt by the army wh ch served under him; for never was officer more beloved by his soldiers. Whatever were the dangers to be braved, he braved them too; and whatever were the hardships to be endured, he shared in them himself. Sir Ralph Abercromby fell in the 67th year of his age; but though an aged man himself, yet he left one still more aged to lament his loss—his father was alive, and about ninety years of age. His remains were conveyed to Malta, and buried there, with all military honors. His country, too, has shewed her sense of his services by those honors and rewards which, though too often bestowed on the unconscious dead, yet were once their stimulus to action, and are still an encouragement to the living. A monument was erected to his memory in St. Paul's, and over it still waves the once invincible standard of Napoleon. His widow was created a peeress, and a pension of £2000 a year, for her and three lives, was settled on the family. We cannot do better than conclude this memoir in the words with which his successor, General Hutchinson, records his death; it bears one of those frank and pathetic tributes which it so well becomes one brave man to pay to another. We copy the despatch verbatim:—

"We have sustained an irreparable loss in the person of our never sufficiently to be lamented Commander-in-Chief, Sir Ralph Abercromby, who was mortally wounded in the action, and died on the 28th of March. I believe he was wounded early, but he concealed his situation from those about him, and con-

tinued in the field, giving his orders with that coolness and perspicuity which ever marked his character, till long after the action was over, when he fainted through weakness and loss of blood. Were it permitted for a soldier to regret any one who has fallen in the service of his country, I might be excused for lamenting him more than any another person; but it is some consolation to those who tenderly loved him, that as his life was honorable, so was his death glorious. His memory will be recorded in the annals of his country—will be sacred to every British soldier—and embalmed in the recollection of a grateful posterity."

WILLIAM GIFFORD, ESQ.

# WILLIAM GIFFORD, ESQ.

THAT man is the creature of circumstance, is a sophism as dangerous as it is false; a phrase, the refuge of the indolent, and the excuse of the unsuccessful. We hold another creed, and believe a man is master of his destiny; and that life has no obstacle, energy may not vanquish, or industry overcome. It is not in circumstance that the difference lies, but in the mind itself; for the proof of our assertion we need only refer to the example of WILLIAM GIFFORD. Take his situation, as he himself so touchingly depicts it in his own memoir of his early life:—an orphan at the age of eleven—left in the helpless condition, a thoughtless parent so cruelly entails on the destitute child—weak in health; and without a resource, except the wretched pittance wrung by shame from extortion:—but no words can be equal to his own. His mother died within a twelvemonth of his father, who, after a thoughtless and roving life at sea, settled at home, for a brief and last period, as a house painter.

"I was not quite thirteen when this happened; my little brother was hardly two; and we had not a relation nor a friend in the world. Every thing that was left was seized by a person of the name of C——, for money advanced to my mother. It may be supposed that I could not dispute the justice of his claims; and as no one else interfered, he was suffered to do as he liked. My little brother was sent to the alms-house, whither his nurse followed him out of pure affection; and I was taken to the house of the person I have just mentioned, who was also my godfather. Respect for the opinion of the town, (which, whether correct or not, was, that he had repaid himself by the sale of my mother's effects,) induced him to send me again to school, where I was more diligent than before, and more successful. I grew fond of arithmetic, and my master began to distinguish me: but these golden days

were over in less than three months. C—— sickened at the expense; and, as the people were now indifferent to my fate, he looked round for an opportunity of ridding himself of a useless charge. He had previously attempted to engage me in the drudgery of husbandry. I drove the plough for one day, to gratify him—but I left it with a firm resolution to do so no more; and, in despite of his threats and promises, adhered to my determination. In this, I was guided no less by necessity than will. During my father's life, in attempting to clamber up a table, I had fallen backward, and drawn it after me: its edge fell upon my breast, and I never recovered the effects of the blow; of which I was made extremely sensible on any extraordinary exertion. Ploughing, therefore, was out of the question; and, as I have already said, I utterly refused to follow it.

His next step was to go on board a coaster; but this coarse and dangerous mode of life was also soon abandoned.

We hear much now a days of the empire of opinion; we know no more touching instance of its influence, than is told in the next passage—

"On Christmas day (1770) I was surprised by a message from my godfather, saying, that he had sent a man and horse to bring me to Ashburton; and desiring me to set out without delay. My master, as well as myself, supposed it was to spend the holydays there; and he, therefore, made no objection to my going. We were, however, both mistaken.

"Since I had lived at Brixham, I had broken off all connexion with Ashburton. I had no relation there but my poor brother, who was yet too young for any kind of correspondence; and the conduct of my godfather towards me did not entitle him to any portion of my gratitude, or kind remembrance. I lived, therefore, in a sort of sullen independence on all I had formerly known, and thought without regret of being abandoned by every one to my fate. But I had not been overlooked. The women of Brixham, who had travelled to Ashburton twice a week with fish, and who had known my parents, did not see me without kind concern, running about the beach in a ragged jacket and trowsers. They mentioned this to the people of Ashburton, and never without commiserating my change of condition. This tale, often repeated, awakened at length the pity of their auditors, and, as the next

step, their resentment against the man who had reduced me to such a state of wretchedness. In a large town, this would have had but little effect, but in a place like Ashburton, where every report speedily becomes the common property of all the inhabitants, it raised a murmur which my godfather found himself either unable or unwilling to withstand: he therefore determined, as I have just observed, to recall me; which he could easily do, as I wanted some months of fourteen, and consequently was not yet bound.

"All this, I learned on my arrival; and my heart, which had been cruelly shut up, now opened to kinder sentiments and fairer views."

Our young aspirant's "cherished dream of high ambition" was at that time limited to succeeding his schoolmaster; but even this was a "hope too high;" and after a year's schooling, his godfather told him, that he considered he had now fairly done his duty, and intended placing him apprentice with a cousin, a shoemaker, who had agreed to take him without a fee; and thither Gifford accordingly went. We must again use his own words—

"As I hated my new profession with a perfect hatred, I made no progress in it; and was consequently little regarded in the family, of which I sunk by degrees into the common drudge: this did not much disquiet me, for my spirits were now humbled. I did not, however, quite resign the hope of one day succeeding to Mr. Hugh Smerdon, and therefore secretly prosecuted my favourite study at every interval of leisure.

"These intervals were not very frequent; and when the use I made of them was found out, they were rendered still less so. I could not guess the motives for this at first; but at length I discovered that my master destined his youngest son for the situation to which I aspired.

"I possessed at this time but one book in the world: it was a treatise on algebra, given to me by a young woman, who had found it in a lodging-house. I considered it as a treasure; but it was a treasure locked up: for it supposed the reader to be well acquainted with simple equation, and I knew nothing of the matter. My master's son had purchased Fenning's Introduction: this was precisely what I wanted, but he carefully concealed it from me, and I was indebted to chance alone for stumbling upon

his hiding-place. I sat up for the greatest part of several nights successively, and, before he suspected that his treatise was discovered, had completely mastered it. I could now enter upon my own; and that carried me pretty far into the science.

" This was not done without difficulty. I had not a farthing on earth, nor a friend to give me one: pen, ink, and paper, therefore, (in despite of the flippant remark of Lord Orford,) were, for the most part, as completely out of my reach, as a crown and sceptre. There was indeed a resource; but the utmost caution and secrecy were necessary in applying to it. I beat out pieces of leather as smooth as possible, and wrought my problems on them with a blunted awl: for the rest, my memory was tenacious, and I could multiply and divide by it, to a great extent.

" Hitherto I had not so much as dreamt of poetry: indeed, I scarce knew it by name; and whatever may be said of the force of nature, I certainly never 'lisp'd in numbers.' I recollect the occasion of my first attempt: it is, like all the rest of my non-adventures, of so unimportant a nature, that I should blush to call the attention of the idlest reader to it, but for the reason alleged in the introductory paragraph. A person, whose name escapes me, had undertaken to paint a sign for an ale-house: it was to be a lion, but the unfortunate artist produced a dog. On this awkward affair, one of my acquaintance wrote a copy of what we called verse. I liked it, but fancied I could compose something more to the purpose: I tried, and, by the unanimous suffrage of my shop-mates, was allowed to have succeeded. Notwithstanding this encouragement, I thought no more of verse, till another occurrence, as trifling as the former, furnished me with a fresh subject: and so I went on, till I had got together about a dozen of them. Certainly nothing on earth was ever so deplorable: such as they were, however, they were talked of in my little circle, and I was sometimes invited to repeat them even out of it. I never committed a line to paper, for two reasons: first, because I had no paper; and secondly—perhaps I might be excused from going farther; but in truth I was afraid, for my master had already threatened me, for inadvertently hitching the name of one of his customers into a rhyme.

" The repetitions of which I speak were always attended with applause, and sometimes with favours more substantial: little

collections were now and then made, and I have received sixpence in an evening. To one who had long lived in the absolute want of money, such a resource seemed like a Peruvian mine. I furnished myself by degrees with paper, &c., and, what was of more importance, with books of geometry, and of the higher branches of algebra, which I cautiously concealed. Poetry, even at this time, was no amusement of mine: it was subservient to other purposes; and I only had recourse to it, when I wanted money for my mathematical pursuits.

"But the clouds were gathering fast. My master's anger was raised to a terrible pitch by my indifference to his concerns, and still more by the reports which were daily brought to him of my presumptuous attempts at versification. I was required to give up my papers; and when I refused, my garret was searched, my little hoard of books discovered and removed, and all future repetitions prohibited in the strictest manner.

"This was a very severe stroke, and I felt it most sensibly; it was followed by another, severer still—a stroke which crushed the hopes I had so long and so fondly cherished, and resigned me at once to despair. Mr. Hugh Smerdon, on whose succession I had calculated, died, and was succeeded by a person not much older than myself, and certainly not so well qualified for the situation.

"I look back to that part of my life which immediately followed this event, with little satisfaction; it was a period of gloom, and savage unsociability: by degrees I sunk into a kind of corporeal torpor; or, if roused into activity by the spirit of youth, wasted the exertion in splenetic and vexatious tricks, which alienated the few acquaintances compassion had yet left me. So I crept on in silent discontent; unfriended and unpitied; indignant at the present, careless of the future—an object at once of apprehension and dislike.

"From this state of abjectness I was raised by a young woman of my own class. She was a neighbour; and whenever I took my solitary walk, with my Wolfius in my pocket, she usually came to the door, and by a smile, or a short question put in the friendliest manner, endeavoured to solicit my attention. My heart had been long shut to kindness, but the sentiment was not dead in me: it revived at the first encouraging word; and the

gratitude I felt for it, was the first pleasing sensation I had ventured to entertain for many dreary months.

"Together with gratitude, hope, and other passions still more enlivening, took place of that uncomfortable gloominess which so lately possessed me: I returned to my companions, and, by every winning art in my power, strove to make them forget my former repulsive ways. In this, I was not unsuccessful; I recovered their good will, and by degrees grew to be somewhat of a favourite.

"My master still murmured; for the business of the shop went on no better than before: I comforted myself, however, with the reflection, that my apprenticeship was drawing to a conclusion, when I determined to renounce the employment for ever, and to open a private school.

"In this humble and obscure state, poor beyond the common lot, yet flattering my ambition with day-dreams which, perhaps, would never have been realized, I was found in the twentieth year of my age by Mr. William Cookesley, a name never to be pronounced by me without veneration. The lamentable doggerel which I have already mentioned, and which had passed from mouth to mouth among people of my own degree, had by some accident or other reached his ear, and given him a curiosity to inquire after the author.

"It was my good fortune to interest his benevolence. My little history was not untinctured with melancholy, and I laid it fairly before him: his first care was to console; his second, which he cherished to the last moment of his existence, was to relieve and support me."

It is encouraging to observe how much of good may be effected by even limited resources and a single individual. "A subscription for purchasing the remainder of the time of William Gifford, and for enabling him to improve himself in writing and English grammar," was set on foot by Mr. Cookesley; and by small contributions of from five to ten shillings, enough was collected to pay the six pounds for his indenture, and to maintain him while he sedulously attended the school of the Rev. W. Smerdon. The subscription at the end of the twelvemonth was again renewed, through the exertions of Mr. Cookesley; "and in two years and two months," to use his own expression, "from the day

of my emancipation, I was pronounced fit for the university." After all, education is for the many; the few educate themselves.

Through the interest of Mr. Taylor, the situation of Bible Lecturer at Exeter College was obtained; and this, with what assistance Mr. Cookesley could procure, was deemed adequate to his support. A subscription for the publication of his translation from Juvenal was proposed, and the cause of its delay is thus feelingly described by himself. After mentioning Mr. Cookesley's death, he says—

"After a few melancholy weeks, I resumed the translation; but found myself utterly incapable of proceeding. I had been so accustomed to connect Mr. Cookesley's name with every part of it, and I laboured with such delight in the hope of giving him pleasure, that now, when he appeared to have left me in the midst of my enterprise, and I was abandoned to my own efforts, I seemed to be engaged in a hopeless struggle, without motive or end: and his idea, which was perpetually recurring to me brought such bitter anguish with it, that I shut up the work with feelings bordering on distraction."

How would this early and true friend have rejoiced in Mr. Gifford's after prosperity. There is a beautiful allusion to his memory, in a note to the second edition of Juvenal; but we must preface it with Mr. Gifford's account of another friendship, which had a powerful influence on his future life. He was in the habits of correspondence with the Rev. W. Peters, whose letters were forwarded under cover to Lord Grosvenor—

"One day I inadvertently omitted the direction, and his Lordship, necessarily supposing it to be meant for himself, opened and read it. There was something in it which attracted his notice; and when he gave the letter to my friend, he had the curiosity to inquire about his correspondent at Oxford; and, upon the answer he received, the kindness to desire he might be brought to see him upon his coming to town: to this circumstance, purely accidental on all sides, and to this alone, I owe my introduction to that nobleman.

"On my first visit, he asked me what friends I had, and what were my prospects in life; and I told him that I had no friends, and no prospects of any kind. He said no more; but when I

called to take leave, previous to returning to college, I found that this simple exposure of my circumstances had sunk deep into his mind. At parting, he informed me that he charged himself with my present support and future establishment; and that till this last could be effected to my wish, I should come and reside with him. These were not words of course: they were more than fulfilled in every point. I did go, and reside with him; and I experienced a warm and cordial reception, a kind and affectionate esteem, that has known neither diminution nor interruption, from that hour to this, a period of twenty years!"

Hitherto Mr. Gifford's talents had only been appreciated by the few, and confined to the classical triumphs of a college; but in 1794 he fixed the attention of the public by the Baviad. We make no apology for again quoting himself; we do it on the strength of the old proverb, "Leave well alone."

"In 1785, a few English, of both sexes, whom chance had jumbled together at Florence, took a fancy to while away their time in scribbling high panegyrics on themselves, and complimentary canzonettas on two or three Italians, who understood too little of the language to be disgusted with them. In this there was not much harm; but as folly is progressive, they soon wrought themselves into an opinion that they really deserved the fine things which were mutually said and sung of each other. About the same period a daily paper, called 'The World,' was in fashion, and much read. This paper was equally lavish of its praise and abuse, and its conductors took upon themselves to direct the taste of the town, by prefixing a short panegyric to every trifle that appeared in their own columns. The first cargo of Della Cruscan poetry was given to the public through the medium of this paper. There was a specious brilliancy in these exotics, which dazzled the native grubs, who had scarce ever ventured beyond a sheep, and a crook, and a rose-tree grove; with an ostentatious display of 'blue hills,' and 'crashing torrents,' and 'petrifying suns.' From admiration to imitation is but a step. Honest Yenda tried his hand at a descriptive ode, and succeeded beyond his hopes; Anna Matilda followed; in a word,

——————— contagio labem
Hanc dedit in plures, sicut grex totus in agris
Unius scabie cadit, et porrigine porci.

"While the epidemic malady was spreading from fool to fool, Della Crusca came over, and immediately announced himself by a sonnet to Love. Anna Matilda answered it; and the 'two great luminaries of the age,' as Mr. Bell calls them, fell desperately in love with each other. From that period not a day passed without an amatory epistle, fraught with thunder, lightning, *et quicquid habent telorum armamentaria cœli.* The fever turned to frenzy: Laura-Maria, Carlos, Orlando, Adelaide, and a thousand other nameless names, caught the infection, and, from one end of the kingdom to another, all was nonsense and Della Crusca. Even then I waited with a patience which I can better account for than excuse, for some one (abler than myself) to step forth to correct this depravity of the public taste, and check the inundation of absurdity that was bursting upon us from a thousand springs. As no one appeared, and as the evil grew every day more alarming (for now bed-ridden old women, and girls at their sampler, began to rave), I determined, without much confidence of success, to try what could be effected by my feeble powers; and accordingly wrote the following poem."

The remedy was effectual; "they vanished, and did leave no trace behind," excepting a memory, "sacred to ridicule." The Mæviad followed, equal in intrinsic merit, but less successful in the "dealing destruction." The reason is obvious: the folly founded on affectation, "fling but a stone, the giant dies," always supposing the said stone to be flung from a hand like Gifford's; but the folly founded on habit, and backed on the one hand by indifference, and on the other by amusement, is less easily extirpated. The vanity of a small and absurd coterie, such as the Della Cruscans, required but to be made ridiculous, to be destroyed; but the Mæviad, directed at the bad taste of, or the trash produced at, the theatres, had only one arrow for a Hydra whose heads are many: provided people be entertained by the drolleries of O'Keefe, they cared little what high code of criticism, or what principles of art, might be violated.

Mr. Gifford's next work was an epistle to a man, who well deserved his keenest lash. As coarse in abuse, as he was profligate in calumny, with humour whose sharpness was produced by its acid, and whose talents do small credit to the taste of a time that strangely overrated them—Peter Pindar, alias Dr. Walcot, was as

fit an object as satire could well find. But the pain we inflict upon others is ever the one which we are most reluctant to endure ourselves; and Walcot vowed vengeance. Watching his opportunity, he followed Mr. Gifford into the shop of Mr. Wright, a bookseller, in Piccadilly, and aimed a blow with his cudgel at his head. A by-stander, who saw the cowardly attack, caught his arm, and the lampooner was duly turned out of the shop, and rolled in the mud.

Mr. Gifford's connexion with the Anti-Jacobin was, in the first instance, the result of accident. The sudden illness of Dr. Grant, who was the originally proposed editor, led to Mr. Gifford's nomination; it could not have been placed in more efficient hands. "War even to the knife" was declared against the French theories of revolution, the German school of sentiment, and cant of every kind. The Anti-Jacobin had the most brilliant success; and the press may refer to the influence exerted by that journal, as to one of its most signal triumphs. The publication of this journal ended in 1797. It is, however, as editor of the Quarterly Review that Mr. Gifford's name will be most familiar to the public: perhaps the large circulation, and great influence, possessed by that periodical, are the best proofs of the talent and industry with which it was conducted. His activity of mind must have been wonderful; for he also published editions of Massinger, and Ben Jonson, besides Ford, published in two volumes, after his death. To say nothing of the labour of such works, we must observe, that the prefaces affixed to each are perfect specimens of their style of compositions.

The latter part of his life was passed in all the comfort of pecuniary independence. He held from government, first, the paymastership of the band of gentlemen pensioners, and, at a later period, had been made a double commissioner of the lottery; however, it must be owned, that his literary labours were productive of more emolument than his political, for both these places were comparatively trifling.

The current of public opinion is now running strongly against those principles which it was the business of his life to advocate; but at least the honesty of belief must be conceded to the unimpeachable integrity of Mr. Gifford's character. His information was extraordinary; and he was the very reverse of a celebrated

writer, of whom it was said, "that though he could draw for thousands on his banker, he never had a shilling in his pocket." Mr. Gifford, on the contrary, had great powers of conversation; his memory was as ready in its applications as it was extensive in its resources: he told a story delightfully.

The preservation of an early friendship through every change of this hurrying and selfish life, says much for that kindness of heart which could keep itself "unspotted by the world." We must own we have always been inexpressibly touched by a passage alluding to a youthful friendship, in the preface to the edition of Jonson—

"With what feelings do I hear the words,—'THE DEAN OF WESTMINSTER!' Five and forty springs have now passed over my head, since I first found Dr. Ireland, some years my junior, in our little school, at his spelling-book. During this long period, our friendship has been without a cloud—my delight in youth, my pride and consolation in old age."

He suffered greatly from asthma during the last years of his life; writing even a note was often too great an exertion: sometimes he would take up a pen, and, after a vain attempt, fling it down, with the exclamation of "No: my work is done." He was reduced to a pitiable state of weakness before he died; and his pulse had ceased five hours before his death. Once he asked, "When will this be over?" and a brief time from this exclamation, and the mortal struggle *was* over. He died on the 31st of December, 1826; and was buried in Westminster Abbey, his own wish of interment in South Audley Chapel having yielded to the persuasions of his friend Dr. Ireland.

The will which he left behind was singularly characteristic of a man who made gratitude a principle: the bulk of his property was left to the Rev. Mr. Cookesley, son of his early benefactor; three thousand pounds to the relatives of a faithful servant; a sum of money, whose interest was to be annually distributed among the poor of Ashburton; and another sum to Easter College, for the foundation of two fellowships; besides tokens of regard to different friends. Mr. Gifford was truly what is called, a man of a strong mind: his unremitting industry was aided by a keen comprehension, and a retentive memory; and his uncommon natural powers were improved by great cultivation. His history

is a pleasant page in the book of life. We are apt to talk of the little encouragement given to genius; his talents, on the contrary, were discovered in a situation the most apparently hopeless; they met with the most kindly sympathy and the most deserved success: he died, after a long and useful life, equally respected and lamented, and its secret may be told in a few words: Mr. Gifford was a man of principle as well as of talent, and made extraordinary powers, not the excuse for any deviation from the laws of right, but a motive for their support; and we would point to his literary career as a model of honorable and useful exertion.

The editorship of the Anti-Jacobin introduced him to the friendship of Mr. Canning, which continued to the day of his death, with unabated esteem on both sides.

In the intercourse of private life, Mr. Gifford was extremely different from the severe and terrible critic. His manners were peculiarly simple and amiable. He was entertained with the news and gossip of the day; and it was only when subjects of higher importance were broached, that the vast extent of his information, and the energy of his genius, shone forth. Then indeed he was a giant in literature, in politics, in morals—an ornament and an honor to the age.

HIS HIGHNESS PRINCE GEORGE-FREDERICK-ALEXANDER-
CHARLES ERNEST-AUGUSTUS OF CUMBERLAND.

George

HIS HIGHNESS

# PRINCE GEORGE

## OF CUMBERLAND:

GEORGE-FREDERICK-ALEXANDER-CHARLES-ERNEST-AUGUSTUS.

WE are well pleased to engraft variety on these memoirs, by introducing the portrait of one so young as Prince George of Cumberland; whose birth, and the high expectations which await his futurity, render him already a very interesting object to the British nation. When we have looked upon the open countenance of this fine manly boy, as we have seen him in public places, we could not help fancying how much of the destinies of England might be bound up in his character and disposition, and we felt a wish to know something of both. Presuming that similar ideas, and a like desire, may have sprung up in the public mind, we trust we are not premature in our selection, nor likely to be blamed for our endeavour to gratify a very natural curiosity.

PRINCE GEORGE is the only child of his Royal Highness the Duke of Cumberland, and Frederica-Caroline-Sophia-Alexandrina, daughter of the Grand-Duke Charles of Mecklenberg Strelitz, (widow, first of Prince Frederick Louis of Prussia, and secondly of Frederick William, Prince of Salms-Braunfels,) whose marriage was solemnized on the 29th of May, 1815.

On the 27th of May, 1819, Prince George was born at Berlin; but, though of foreign birth by locality, his upbringing and education have always been purely English. From infancy he was committed to the charge of an English *bonne*, or nurse—an individual, we are assured, of most exemplary conduct and excellent understanding; and it is a good sign to know, that she is still attached to her charge with all but maternal solicitude and affection.

The days of mere childhood had hardly passed, when the young Prince displayed a precocity of intellect and talent, which still continues to mark his progress in years. Till about the age of seven, his instruction, such as befitted these tender years, requires no particular notice. At that period, the Rev. R. W. Jelf was selected, (we believe, by his late Majesty,) to undertake the important trust of his education, and proceeded to the Continent upon his mission. Of Mr. Jelf's learning and accomplishments to recommend him to such an office, it might be thought flattery were we to state all that we have heard; suffice it to say, that his reputation at Oxford, his manners as a gentleman, his piety as a divine, and his qualifications in every point of view, have the warmest testimony of the most competent and the most eminent authorities to which it is possible to defer. This choice, therefore, we consider to have been most fortunate for the Prince, for his family, and for the country. During five years he has seldom been many hours absent from his pupil; and we hail it as another good omen, that the preceptor and the student should throughout all that period have preserved at once the kindest and the fittest relationship towards each other.

We are assured, and for the purpose of this brief sketch we have not spared inquiry, that Prince George, in his appointed hours for daily study, is attentive, docile, and quick in apprehension, and, when his tasks are finished, peculiarly grateful for the information he has received, thanking his teacher for the boon, the value of which he has so soon learned to appreciate. This, no doubt, must endear him to Mr. Jelf; and if we are truly informed, their mutual regard is a pattern for domestic tuition. It is also highly creditable to the judgment of the august parents of this hopeful branch of our royal stem, that they never interfere with his course of education, except to approve of its manner and its fruits.

There is, of course, no events in the life of a youth of twelve years of age, though born in the highest sphere, and brought up under the roof of his father, in whose family the foremost rank is (thanks to Providence) united with the continued blessing of the greatest prosperity; and the chief incident we have to record, in the memoir of Prince George, is his coming to England about three years ago.

We have mentioned, that, even previous to this removal, the formation of his mind and habits had been altogether English. He spoke English from his earliest childhood; and he was always under the eye, and in the care, of English attendants. The patriotic wisdom and foresight of this proceeding cannot be too much commended. It has made him a Prince of England, and England alone to him a native land. And this is evident in his whole behaviour, which has not the least tinge of the Continent upon it, but is purely and entirely that of an intelligent and spirited English boy. We mean no narrow and prejudiced insinuation towards the youthful character in other countries; but as every nation has its peculiar customs and feelings, which are prized by the community at large, it is desirable that those destined to an influential station among them, should be familiar with their customs, and possessed of an identity with their feelings.

That to the precocity of talent we have noticed, Prince George has superadded industry and application, may be concluded, when we state, that, besides his native tongue, English, he speaks French fluently and accurately, is well acquainted with the German language, and far advanced in Latin. He has recently begun the Greek; and in all the other usual studies which comprehend a solid system of liberal education, he is more forward than the generality of even clever and distinguished scholars of the same standing. In this solid system we include history, geography, arithmetic, and other pursuits connected with the sciences and useful knowledge. In all these he is proficient; and in acquiring them he has ever displayed great aptitude and readiness. Indeed, his capacity is such, that there is no subject placed before him, however difficult, which he cannot master and overcome; no point requiring acuteness and comprehension, to which, if his energies are directed, he does not bring ample abilities, and succeed in its complete investigation, with rather extraordinary facility.

We have hitherto described the Prince in connection with his natural gifts and studies. It may belong also to the former to state, that his powers of conversation are uncommonly great. He is a most lively and agreeable companion; full of the gaiety of his happy age, and yet so observant as often to excite surprise by his striking remarks and comments.

In his manners he is kind and condescending to every person who approaches him; and is thus a universal favourite, without being spoiled. In all those more immediately around him, he has inspired the warmest attachment; they speak with one voice in terms of affection, which could only be elicited by a deserving individual: and, that he is, to employ a trite phrase, the idol of his parents, may readily be supposed.

These traits of character, and their effects, we have recorded with the most delightful satisfaction. We could have nothing to tell beyond what pertains to twelve years of age; but surely it is cheering to a British bosom to contemplate, in one so nearly allied to the British throne, so promising a union of good qualities and virtues. Our task is but brief, we have only the bud to paint; yet from the nature and noble appearance of that bud, we trust it is not too much to hope and to anticipate, that when its fruit has been gathered, some future historian may refer to this early and humble sketch, and declare, as of the Henrys, and Eugenes, and Ruperts, that it not only did not belie, but far excelled, its opening beauty, and matured into a glory and splendour which reflected a lustre upon the name of England.

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GEORGE HAMILTON-GORDON, EARL OF ABERDEEN, K T-F A.S. &c &c

Aberdeen

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## GEORGE HAMILTON GORDON,

# EARL OF ABERDEEN, K. T.

F. R. S. PRESIDENT OF THE ROYAL SOCIETY OF ANTIQUARIES.

GEORGE HAMILTON GORDON, Earl of Aberdeen, was born at Edinburgh, on the 28th of January, 1784. His lineage is of high antiquity and nobility; the lairds of Methlic and Haddo (now names in his lordship's Scottish titles) being distinguished in the early Scottish annals of the royal house of Stuart. Sir John Gordon of Haddo was created a Baronet of Nova Scotia, by Charles the First; and his second son, Sir George, Lord High Chancellor of Scotland, was raised to the Peerage of that country on the 30th of November, 1682, as Lord Haddo, Methlic, Tarves, and Kellie, Viscount Formantine, and Earl of Aberdeen. From him the present Earl is the fifth in family descent, but the fourth in descent of title, his father having died during the life-time of his grandfather George, the third Earl.

Harrow School, which has produced so many men celebrated in literature and in public life, was the seat of his Lordship's education; whence he proceeded to St. John's College, Cambridge, and completed his studies in a way to afford fair promise of what he has since become.

In 1801, he succeeded to the title; and soon after went upon an extensive journey, well prepared, by previous attainments, to reap every advantage which travel offers to the intelligent mind. His Lordship visited France, Italy, and Germany, the grand tour of former days; availing himself of all the means so happily in his power—youth, rank, fortune, and the solid foundation of classical and liberal acquirements—to augment his store of know-

ledge, and prepare himself for a distinguished course in that high sphere in which he was destined to move.

Not satisfied, however, with what Europe presented to his observation, but stimulated by that refined taste which has ever formed so prominent a trait in his character, the noble Lord enlarged his progress to the Levant, and in 1804 returned to his native land as deeply imbued with the lore and antiquities of Greece, as he was well informed upon the state of the continent.

Nor were his talents suffered long to remain inactive. At the general election of 1806 he was chosen one of the representative peers of Scotland; and again in 1807. The same honor was conferred upon him a third time in 1812, when his name was returned with the highest number of votes given upon the occasion. His Lordship had moved the Address to the Prince Regent's speech in the House of Lords in the preceding year, and even in performing that duty, where so much of routine prevails, displayed abilities which attracted public notice, and seemed well to entitle him to this prominent consideration among the Scottish peerage.

In 1812 his Lordship spoke several times upon the Roman Catholic and Irish questions; and in 1813 was appointed Ambassador at the court of Vienna, one of the most important stations which a British minister could be called upon to fill. He joined the Allied Army on the frontiers of Bohemia, and his despatches from time to time prove how competent he was to have the best interests of his country and of the civilized world entrusted to his charge.

Lord Aberdeen accompanied the Emperor of Austria throughout the campaign, and was one of the Plenipotentiaries who signed the treaty of Paris in 1814.

The statesman-like abilities with which the noble Lord conducted the momentous affairs connected with his mission, at a time when the fate of the world depended upon the political wisdom and exertion of those ministers who were the companions,

as it were, of the great military commanders of the age, wielding the force of empires as the former shaped the results, were conspicuous in the midst of an assemblage of the highest intellect and human power. They were acknowledged on all hands, and his own sovereign marked his sense of them by creating his Lordship a British Peer, immediately after the peace:—his patent, as Viscount Gordon of Aberdeen, bears date the 1st of June, 1814.

From this period to 1828, his Lordship continued to attend in his place as a Lord of Parliament, and take a share in the discussions which arose upon various subjects; without, however, assuming a very leading part. In January, 1828, he became a member of the cabinet of the Duke of Wellington, as Chancellor of the Duchy of Lancaster; and in the month of May, of the same year, was appointed Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs. He resigned this office in November, 1830.

Upon the politics of his Lordship, and of the party with which he is associated in so elevated a degree, it is not our business, in memoirs like these, to deliver a judgment. To hold the situations his Lordship has held, and not to be an object of censure, is impossible; and his Lordship belongs to a school which has never failed to receive its full proportion of blame and reproach. That his Lordship, individually, has not been spared, by those adverse to the system he supports and the opinions he maintains, cannot be matter of surprise, for he is one of the political characters of our day, of whom it may most truly be said, "he has never courted popularity."

We are not to determine whether this is a virtue or a fault—perhaps we should be inclined to think that both patriotism and prudence would sanction a middle course, since a wholesome popularity strengthens a man for acts of great national service—but we have mentioned it as a cause why Lord Aberdeen has not enjoyed more of the favouring voice of common applause. His proceedings have not been addressed to the multitude, nor are his accomplishments those which the many are best calculated to appreciate. Yet there is one point in his political life, which all

must commend and admire—his perfect consistency! Those who most differ from his views, are ready to do justice to his undeviating constancy and firmness in the pursuit of every object which he holds to be essential to the benefit of England; nor do they withhold an equally honourable tribute to his laborious discharge of the official duties to which his attention has been directed, and the superior talent which he has displayed in many a crisis of doubt and difficulty.

We are, nevertheless, glad to leave the debatable ground of politics, and to speak of Lord Aberdeen as a noble ornament of English literature. His namesake, Byron, in styling him "*Athenian* Aberdeen," paid him but a deserved compliment, though couched in his too usual tone of satire. The circle of the British peerage does not boast of a member more eminent for a cultivated taste, a love of the arts which exalt mankind, and an intimate acquaintance with learning and science, than the Earl of Aberdeen. In 1812, his Lordship was elected President of the Royal Society of Antiquaries; which distinction he has ever since held; the only desire of the Society being, that his other important avocations might permit him to appear more frequently at their head.* His Lordship possesses some admirable specimens of Grecian antiquities in his collection; and his work on Grecian architecture, to which we shall now refer, would be a sufficient diploma for a like election in the most enlightened country, in Europe.

The advertisement to the volume to which we have just alluded,† may almost be considered as an indication of the writer's moral and intellectual qualities. "The substance," he says, "of the following pages was prefixed, as an Introduction,

* Lord Aberdeen's habits are probably more retired, or more occupied with political business, than his literary contemporaries could wish. He is seldom induced to take a public part in transactions of the day; in which we yet know few men better calculated to shine. It was, comparatively, a slight occasion; but we recollect his Lordship presiding at a dinner, where a subscription was raised for a monument to the poet Burns; and, of the numerous meetings of a similar description which we have attended, we never saw one, to which the chairman communicated more of true feeling and social enjoyment.

† 12mo. pp. 217. Published by J. Murray, in 1822, and long out of print.

to Wilkins's translation of Vitruvius, published in January, 1812. The author has been frequently requested to print this inquiry in a more portable and commodious form; but in venturing to comply with the request, it is not without feeling diffident of its claim to further attention. Various additions and corrections have, however, been made, in the hope of rendering the whole less imperfect."

Upon this, we hope we may, without being guilty of presumption, observe, that it seems to explain a misunderstood part of his Lordship's character, in which *that* has been attributed to pride and reserve, which, in reality, sprang from a modesty worthy of true greatness of mind, and a diffidence, not required by, yet not incompatible with, the possession of rare endowments.

Looked at with due regard to its limited subject, the volume on Grecian Architecture, for the development of philosophical principles, and the exhibition of an exquisite taste, is not surpassed in the English language. The beautiful definition of associated ideas, with which it commences, is followed by inferences no less true, elegant, and conclusive. They must, indeed, be of some consequence, to overturn, as they entirely do, Burke's striking theory of the Sublime and Beautiful. The following is irresistible:

"Dissatisfied with looking merely to peculiar results arising from certain combinations of qualities, or fatigued, perhaps, by the minuteness of details, we have gone on abstracting, in the hope of discovering some general principles, to which every species of it may be referred, and some comprehensive rules, according to which every example of it may be classed—although, in reality, we are only generalizing effects, while we fancy that we are investigating efficient causes; and although it is highly probable that these hidden properties will continue to elude the test of the strictest analysis. It was this desire of generalizing which led Mr. Burke, and those who have followed him, to adopt notions contrary to the plainest dictates of reason and philosophy. It is not necessary at present to enter into a discussion of the question how far the beauty we perceive may be said to exist in the mind of the beholder, and not in the object itself: but,

admitting that certain definite properties of objects are calculated to excite corresponding sensations in the mind, it must still be evident, that to the art now under consideration, the principles laid down by this great man, either are not applicable at all, or they are so in a very slight degree; for it is not to their truth and accuracy in a limited sense, but to their universal and exclusive adoption, that we ought to object. According to the theory of Mr. Burke,* the essential requisites for the formation of the beautiful are, '*First*, to be comparatively small; *secondly*, to be smooth; *thirdly*, to have a variety in the direction of the parts; but, *fourthly*, to have those parts not angular, but melted, as it were, into each other; *fifthly*, to be of a delicate frame, without any remarkable appearance of strength; *sixthly*, to have its colours clear and bright, but not very strong and glaring; *seventhly*, or, if it should have any glaring colour, to have it diversified with others.' Now, it is impossible to deny that all or most of these characteristics are possessed by a great variety of objects, which every man of refined and cultivated taste must concur in pronouncing to be beautiful. Yet the enumeration is, after all, somewhat arbitrary, and perhaps it would not be difficult to vary or enlarge it by the addition of other peculiarities which might be supported with equal plausibility. But our attention at present is directed to the statement, so far only as it may be considered applicable to architecture; and I think a very little reflection will suffice to shew that these qualities, so far from being essential to architectural beauty, are really in some measure of an opposite description. Let us take, as an example, the most beautiful perhaps of the buildings of antiquity, raised and adorned by the most celebrated artists, and the whole finished under the inspection of the most accomplished statesman of Greece,—the temple of the Parthenon, at Athens. We shall find, that although it may be less than some few structures of the same description, it is impossible that it should ever, with propriety, be characterized as comparatively small—that it possesses no delicacy of frame, but that the appearance of strength is such as becomes the style in which it is built, and plainly denotes the permanence of its duration—that the direction of the parts is necessarily uniform, and the greater proportion of these, sharp and angular—that the

* Subl. and Beaut. pt. iii. sect. 18.

colour, although now somewhat softened by the effects of time and weather, was formerly the most bright and glaring which it is possible to imagine; viz. the dazzling whiteness of the marble of Pentelicus, no otherwise diversified than by the lights and shadows produced by the various masses which composed the whole edifice.

"Smoothness in this, as in other buildings, is indeed pleasing, but from a cause different from that which is assigned by Mr. Burke in his Essay on the Sublime and Beautiful; for the pleasure we receive in surveying the polished exterior of a building arises principally from the ideas which it gives us of the care and skill with which the work has been finished. The smoothness which is observable in any finely-laboured structure, may certainly impart an agreeable sensation; but it is different from that which is experienced in looking at the blue expanse of the heavens, softly laid on the smooth surface of a lake: it is yet more different from that which is felt when the eye regards the smooth and delicate skin of a beautiful female. When we admire smoothness in a building, we admire it as an effect, which we naturally associate with the causes that have produced it. In this instance, the secondary quality, considered separately and in itself, produces no sentiment of pleasure; it is agreeable, only as it is the result of skill and art. This is evident from our equal admiration of those parts of architecture which are covered with a profusion of minute and elaborate ornament, the general effect of which is an appearance only of roughness; and whose forms, when viewed in detail, being sharp and angular, cannot impart an agreeable sensation by any organic affection of the eye itself."

We might multiply quotations, to shew, that in the application of broad principles, in particular argument, and in philosophical analysis, this work is worthy of the great reputation of the noble author; but we must remember that ours is a biographical sketch, not a critical review.

We have but few words to add, of his Lordship's personal history. In July, 1805, he married Catherine Elizabeth, eldest surviving

daughter of John James, first Marquis of Abercorn. This lady died in 1812, leaving him one daughter, Alice, now an object of much parental care and solicitude. In 1815 his Lordship married, secondly, Harriet Viscountess Hamilton, (granddaughter of James Douglas, 15th Earl of Morton, and sister-in-law of his first lady,) by whom he has a family of several children, including Lord Haddo, born in September, 1816.

In speaking of the noble house of Aberdeen, we seem to be reminded of one line due to the memory of the lamented brave. Among the heroes who fell in the cause of their country at Waterloo, there was not an officer more generally beloved, or more sincerely regretted, than his Lordship's brother, Lieutenant-Colonel, the Hon. Sir Alexander Gordon. In the immortal despatch giving an account of that glorious triumph, the victorious Commander of the British army describes him as having "died of his wounds," who "was a most promising officer, and a serious loss to His Majesty's service."—Be assured he was a serious loss, whom a Wellington thus eulogized and deplored.

In his recent speeches in parliament, Lord Aberdeen, opposed to the foreign policy of the present ministers, has evinced that measure of talent and eloquence for which we have given him credit, and which shews that he is a leading personage in that august assembly. That he is likely to be eminently distinguished in the future annals of England, no one, who casts a retrospect over his past career, or looks at his present weight and influence, can for a moment doubt. That his every effort may tend to his own honor, and the prosperity of his country, we may safely wish, without being flatterer or partizan.

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LIEUT GEN.ᴸ SIR RUFANE SHAWE DONKIN, K.C.B. & G.C.H.

EDWD. ORME & CO. PUBLISHERS TO THE KING

LIEUTENANT-GENERAL

# SIR RUFANE SHAWE DONKIN,

K.C.B. G.C.H. AND F.R.S.

THIS gallant and distinguished officer, the only son of the late General Robert Donkin, was put into the army by his father at a very early age, as was permitted in those times, his father then commanding the 44th regiment, in which corps the subject of this sketch rose through the several steps till he became Major of it.

The first actual service seen by him was in the West Indies, under Sir Charles Grey, in 1794, as Captain of light infantry, in which capacity he was at the taking of Martinique, Guadaloupe, and St. Lucia; and, at the retaking of Guadaloupe by Victor Hugues, during the struggle with whom there was not only a good deal of severe fighting, particularly in the attack on Point à Pître, (one of five actions in the short space of a single week,) but the mortality amongst the troops, from the yellow fever, was most disastrous. Captain Donkin, at the close of 1794, having been conveyed dangerously ill to Martinique, owed his life to the kind protection of Sir Charles Grey, who, being an old American friend of his father's, took him on board the flag-ship, the Boyne, and conveyed him to England.

At the end of 1795, having been promoted to the Majority of the 44th, he returned to the West Indies with Sir R. Abercrombie's army, after having partaken, with others, in all the dangers of that gale, generally called "Christian's Gale," in which it is supposed nearly eight thousand men were lost. On landing at St. Lucia, Major Donkin was placed in the command of a small detached corps, one-half of the officers of which were killed or wounded on the morning of the 2d of May, while supporting and finally covering the retreat of his own regiment, the 44th, which had been repulsed by superior numbers acting in an impenetrable fortified position.

The same disease which had been so fatal to Sir Charles Grey's, continued its ravages in Sir Ralph Abercrombie's army; and Major Donkin having remained in St. Lucia till two field-officers, and nineteen others, with about eight hundred men of the 44th, had fallen under the climate, he was removed, in a state of insensibility, with the surviving field-officer of his corps, who died, to Martinique, from which island he was conveyed, a second time, to England, dangerously ill.

His health being re-established, he was placed by Sir C. Grey, his firm and constant friend, in the command of a small light corps, destined for a secret expedition, which proved to be against Ostend, where the troops having landed, in May, 1798, blew up the sluices, but were prevented by a gale of wind from re-embarking; and being attacked by General Championnet, at the head of about nine thousand men, the British force, to the amount of fifteen hundred, were made prisoners, after an action of two hours, in which Major Donkin was severely wounded.

His conduct in this affair is thus mentioned in the despatches sent by Generals Coote and Burrard.

"We maintained this very severe and unequal conflict for nearly two hours, in which extreme hot fire was interchanged; particularly on our left flank, which, as well as our right, was not completely turned. Wishing, however, to make one strong effort, Major-Gen. Coote ordered Major Donkin, of the 44th regiment, on the left, with a company of light infantry, to endeavour to turn that flank of the enemy which had made most impression upon us; and Colonel Campbell, with his own light company of the Guards, to effect the same purpose by a concealed and rapid march round the sand-hills. The uncommon exertions of these two invaluable officers, when the signal was made for them to advance, are above all praise: their companies, in the attempt, were much cut down; and Colonel Campbell and Major Donkin, with one subaltern, (Captain Duff,) were wounded."

In another despatch, written by General Burrard, the General again refers to the brilliant service of Major Donkin, "whose conduct, (he says,) if any thing could have protracted our fate, had been equal to the difficulty of effecting it." A higher tribute was never paid to the gallantry and skill of a British officer.

The King, on reading those despatches, immediately ordered Major Donkin to be appointed to the Lieutenant-Colonelcy of the 11th foot, the Lieutenant-Colonel of which had been killed in the action. We believe that this is the only instance known of an officer being actually promoted while a prisoner of war.

At the end of six months, Lieut.-Colonel Donkin quitted the citadel of Lille, having been exchanged, and, joining the 11th regiment, his ill fortune took him, in 1799, a third time to the West Indies, whence he was obliged, by illness, to sail for England in the same year. He resumed, however, the command of his regiment there in 1800, and remained with it for three years, when he was compelled by the climate to return, a fourth time, to his native land.

In 1805, he was appointed Assistant-Quarter-Master-General to the Kent and Sussex districts, at the time when Buonaparte was threatening England with invasion.

In 1807, through the kindness of his friend, Gen. Burrard, he was attached to the expedition which took Copenhagen. In 1808, he accompanied that commander to Portugal; after which he was appointed to a brigade in Sir Arthur Wellesley's army, which he commanded at Talavera—for which he got a medal, having previously served with that army in its advance through Portugal, and at the passage of the Douro.

The army having taken its winter-quarters on the frontiers of Portugal, Colonel Donkin was offered the high and honorable office of Quarter-Master-General in the Mediterranean, with the rank of Brigadier-General, which he accepted; not anticipating the glorious career upon which Sir Arthur Wellesley's army was so soon to enter. However, at that moment, service was going on in the Mediterranean, and Murat was foiled in all his attempts on Sicily at the head of thirty thousand men.

In 1811, Colonel Donkin was promoted to the rank of Major-General. In 1812, a force was ordered to the south of Spain from Sicily, which he accompanied as Quarter-Master-General. The events of that expedition, under the different Generals who successively commanded, are sufficiently known. The dislodgment of the enemy from the whole district of Alcoy was followed by the very gallant affair at Castalla, in which Marshal Sachet, at the head of sixteen thousand of the best

French troops in Spain, was repulsed by about four thousand five hundred British and Hanoverian troops, and a Spanish corps under Major-Gen. Whittingham. The French lost nearly three thousand men, having made three attacks on the British troops in position. Soon afterwards, this corps embarked for Tarragona. The events which occurred there are also well known; and at a court-martial which was consequently held on the commander, that officer observed to the court, that as some persons appeared to have supposed that Major-Gen. Donkin, from the situation he held as Quarter-Master-General, must have been aware, and approved, of the military measures which had been adopted, he, as commanding-general, expressly declared, that not only had he never consulted Major-Gen. Donkin, but that he had acted, in many cases, contrary to what he knew to be his opinion. This we have ascertained to be the plain truth; and farther, that the commanding general at Tarragona never exchanged three sentences with the Quarter-Master-General, on any military subject, during the operations before that place, beyond the daily issuing of any routine orders on the one side, which were always received without comment on the other.

Major-Gen. Donkin being freed from his attendance as a witness on this trial, was immediately placed on the staff in Essex, and, as soon as troops to form a brigade could be collected there, it was understood that he was to join the Duke of Wellington's army in the Netherlands; but, the battle of Waterloo having been fought, no augmentation of the British army became necessary.

Soon after the peace, which was consequent on that great victory, Major-Gen. Donkin was appointed on the staff of Bengal, and, in 1817, took the field in command of the right division of the army, under the Marquis of Hastings. Major-Gen. Donkin, having been ordered and authorized, by Lord Hastings, to plan and execute his own campaign in Mewar and Rajpootana, with a view to the destruction of the Pindarees, Meer Khan's, and Holkar's forces, and to keep an eye on the Peshwa; he entered on this service, which was by no means an easy one, either as regarded his supplies or the threatened junction of two or more of the armies by which he was surrounded; but at last, after several weeks' operations, he succeeded, by making a succession

of forced marches, in surprising the principal Pindaree force, consisting of about twenty thousand men, which were immediately dispersed, leaving one of their camps with the Begum, and all her attendants, who were captured. Lord Hastings, in his thanks to the army, in speaking of Sir R. Donkin's operations, distinguished them with the honorable title of "scientific."

The campaign closed soon after this, and Major-Gen. Donkin returned to the British territories in Upper India, having been nominated to the command of what is called the field-army, a force of nearly forty thousand men, and whose head-quarters were at Cawnpore. But here he was assailed by a calamity, which he appears never to have entirely recovered. This was the loss of his lady, who was the eldest daughter of Dr. Markham, Dean of York, whom he married in 1815, and who died of a fever, leaving him one only child, a son. This overwhelming affliction deprived him at once of all power, as well as of all wish, to undertake the duties of his high command; and he immediately resigned, and asked leave to go first to the Cape of Good Hope with his infant child, and thence to England, in case his health required it; but, after some stay at the Cape, his Royal Highness the Duke of York, by whom he had ever been befriended and supported, appointed him to command the troops in that colony, and obtained the approval of his Majesty's ministers, that the civil government of the Cape should accompany, as had been usual, the military command.

Major-Gen. Donkin, on this, assumed the civil and military direction of the affairs of the Cape of Good Hope; on his arrival at which colony, he found that he had been some time made a Knight Commander of the Bath—an honor for which the Duke of York had been pleased to recommend him before he went to India, and which he signified in a letter under his own hand.

The employment consequent on the government of the Cape, and the military command there, appear to have dissipated to a great degree the affliction under which Sir Rufane Donkin had landed in that colony. One of his duties was of a most interesting nature, that of placing five thousand British settlers in the lands allotted to them from home; and, having held the government of the Cape for two years, he had the satisfaction of retiring from it with the strongly expressed approbation of his Majesty

and his ministers; and he received before he embarked, and after he was out of office, two most complimentary but justly merited addresses, one from the chief justice and all the public authorities at Cape Town, and the other from the whole body of merchants. The expressions of regard and gratitude on the part of the new settlers were not less warm and forcible; and Sir R. Donkin returned to England in 1821, accompanied by the good wishes of the whole colony. While at the Cape, he had been promoted to the rank of Lieutenant-General.

Not very long after this, his late Majesty was pleased to confer on him the Grand Cross of the Royal Hanoverian Guelphic Order; and the official letter which accompanied it, stated, that this honor was conferred on him, in consequence of what his Majesty was graciously pleased to term his "distinguished services on several occasions with his late German legion." In 1825, his Majesty was farther pleased to appoint Sir Rufane Donkin to be Colonel of the 80th regiment.

It will be seen by a reference to the dates of his several commissions, as set forth in the official report of Sir Rufane Donkin's services, (to the draft of which, at the Herald's College, the writer of this sketch has had recourse,) that his promotion at one time was very rapid, he having, in a period of something less than five years, passed from the rank of Lieutenant to that of Lieutenant-Colonel, and this too without the aid of powerful connection or family interest, neither of which he ever possessed. He has been often heard to attribute his rise in the army to the humble but necessary quality of a close and persevering attention to his duties, which were noticed and rewarded, in a manner for which he ever declared himself most grateful, by his late Royal Highness the Duke of York.

Since his return to England, Sir Rufane Donkin has employed his time chiefly in literary pursuits, either at home or on the Continent; and our readers must be familiar with the distinction he has so laudably earned in this field, as well as in those fields where the military qualities of the soldier were more strictly required. He has indeed in this respect afforded an eminent example of what may be accomplished, under the most unfavourable circumstances, when the mind is really bent on the acquisition of knowledge, and the taste is cherished for that species of refine-

ment which elevates and adorns the life of man. Having been taken from Westminster before he was fourteen years old, to join his regiment; his education must necessarily have been incomplete and defective. He, however, amid all the seductions offered by the association with youthful comrades, to whom gaiety and pleasure were the elements of life, not only kept up the classical knowledge he had acquired at Westminster, but added to it by close application for many years, and particularly at one period, in France, when, having obtained leave of absence from his corps, he placed himself in the hands of a French gentleman of great learning, with whom he studied the classics and mathematics for above twelve months; a period sufficiently long for a young man to do a great deal, when he becomes a *voluntary* student. He placed himself afterwards in the hands of a learned member of the University of Cambridge, for a year and a half, while quartered in the Isle of Man, a place of great seclusion, where, and for twelve months after, he studied Greek with great diligence.

We understand, that Sir Rufane Donkin has contributed occasional articles of literary and military criticism to a periodical work much read in the army; but, as he has not put his name to any of these articles, we are unable to distinguish them.

While stationed at Canterbury in the year 1805, he published an edition of a work, then scarce, the "French General L'Espinassé's Treatise on the Use and Application of Artillery in Battle;" to which he prefixed a Preface or Dissertation in English, but without a name. This appears to have been his first attempt in print.

He lately put forth a "Dissertation on the Course and probable Termination of the Niger," the theory of which has by recent discoveries been proved to be erroneous: but the author has at least the consolation of not having advanced his theory dogmatically; and the classical attainments and learning he displayed in the ingenious support of his theory, were such as would reflect honor on a man whose whole life had been passed in literary pursuits and study.

His friends have heard him mention a dissertation he wrote at Syracuse in 1811, on the two sieges of that city by Nicias and Marcellus, as related by Thucydides and Livy; in both which

authors there are many difficulties, which, he used to say, could be removed only by a *military* man, reading the narratives *on the spot*, and in the *original languages*—and this was what he did when writing his dissertation. Whether or no this is prepared for the press, we cannot say; but we must readily allow, that nobody can read either Thucydides or Livy, and attempt to follow them, without being stopped at every half page by passages either irreconcileable or unintelligible, from topographical difficulties.

The last thing we have seen of Sir Rufane Donkin's, to which he has put his name, but which, though printed, is not published, is a Parallel between "Wellington and Marlborough." It is very short, but embraces the leading characteristics of those two great men, of whom the writer seems to think, that the hero of the 19th century had greater difficulties to contend with than the hero of the 18th; and in every respect he considers Waterloo as eclipsing any battle fought by Marlborough.

We have only to add, that Sir Rufane Donkin is a Fellow of the Royal Society, and of the Geological and Geographical Societies.

His family is from Northumberland; but as they have always borne the same arms as the Duncans, it is probable that they originally emigrated from Scotland, in some of those convulsions which agitated the borders a century or two ago.

In conclusion, we may again refer to the simple but brilliant record of his exploits and services at the Herald's College, (to which we have had access, and from which we have drawn our chief materials for this memoir,) where we find in few words that which would adorn any name: for when his Majesty conferred the high honor of Knight Commander of the Bath upon Sir Rufane Shawe Donkin, it had been won in nine campaigns, at three sieges, and in sixteen or seventeen actions, of more or less note, in three quarters of the globe.

THE R^T HON^BLE JOHN SCOTT EARL OF ELDON, D C L- F R S & F S A

Eldon

FISHER SON & C^o LONDON, 1831

JOHN SCOTT, FIRST EARL OF ELDON.

Eldon

THE RIGHT HONORABLE

JOHN SCOTT,

# EARL OF ELDON,

D.C.L. F.R.S. F.S.A., ETC.

IT is not for us to run over the common-places of congratulation and exultation, on the opportunity now afforded us, of placing the EARL OF ELDON in our National Gallery, among the foremost of the distinguished men of the age. Our free and happy country is rich in examples of those who, from the middle ranks of life, have raised themselves, by their talents and character, to the highest station and eminence; and Lord Eldon is but one of the greatest among the deservedly great, whom we, within the limited period of a single generation, have seen ennobled, not so much by the royal fiat, as by their own splendid deeds and endowments. His own brother, Lord Stowell, furnishes another brilliant instance of a similar advance to dignity and fame, by the possession of extraordinary abilities, and by their devotion to the public service, in the ordinary course of events. For, be it observed, that it is not to, perhaps we might say, the accident of some mighty victory, the eclat of some glorious exploit, or the force of extraneous circumstance, that such men owe their elevation; it is to their own inherent qualities, to their vast acquirements, and to their steady application of these through a life of toil, to the benefit of their fellow-citizens, that they are indebted for their just and unenvied superiority.

The EARL OF ELDON is presented to us in the compound character of a lawyer and judge, a politician and statesman. In both points of view, he has had an immense influence on the destinies of his country, and on the age in which he has flourished,

now ten years beyond the usual limit allotted to man; and in both he has commanded the admiration of the world. That such admiration should be unmixed with censure, his Lordship has been too conspicuous an object to expect; and sometimes, it may fairly be admitted, the hostility to the Minister in the cabinet, has been converted into cavils against the Chancellor in the judgment-seat. This is, however, a necessary consequence, to which every one so raised must submit; and the even mind may calmly look to posterity, to rectify what is amiss in contemporary estimation or opinion.

The parentage of the individuals whom we have named was respectable, their father being what is termed a coal-fitter, and engaged in various commercial concerns in and near Newcastle-upon-Tyne. John Scott was the third son, six years younger than William, and born in 1751. Both brothers were educated at the free grammar school of Newcastle, under its celebrated master, the Rev. Hugh Moises, to which Lord Eldon made a very grateful and feeling allusion in his recent speech on the reform bill, when he declared his intention to record, among the last of his remembrances, the advantages he had derived from that excellent institution. At the period to which we have referred, it seems to have been most judiciously conducted; and John Scott, in due time, followed his brother William to Oxford, so well prepared, as to become a second illustrious example of the fruits of a good system of education. He was entered of University College, and reaped much improvement from the instruction of his brother, who rose rapidly to the highest academic honours, and was D.C.L. and Camden Professor of History, before the age of thirty. John displayed talents of no inferior order; for, in 1771, he gained the Chancellor's prize for his essay "On the Advantages and Disadvantages of Travelling into Foreign Countries;" which, though the performance of a youth of twenty, is remarkable for its exact indication of the future Lord Chancellor of England.* The bent is the same as in his Chancery decisions—the same wide ground of inquiry, the same investigation of what has been handed down to us by the wisdom of our forefathers, the same balancing of both

* For this Essay, and many others of great interest, see "The Oxford English Prize Essays," lately published by Talboys, in four volumes.

sides, and the same impartiality of conclusion, which, though it must bear one way, does not shut out all the shades of difference, or merits, which may be involved in the other.

Soon after attaining this distinction, an event took place, which, by uniting him to a helpmate for ever, put fellowships and college provisions beyond his aim. Eloping with Miss Surtees, the daughter of a banker at Newcastle, to Scotland, they were married, as it has been reported, to the great displeasure of her family.

It is true, that this marriage was deemed imprudent; but a reconciliation having taken place among those who were interested in its consequences, John Scott, by the advice and assistance of his brother, now Lord Stowell, became a student of the law, entering at the Middle Temple in Hilary term, 28th January, 1773, and was called to the bar on the 9th of February, 1776, on taking his M.A. degree.

During a considerable part of the time, which elapsed between his entering at the Middle Temple, and his being called to the bar, he resided at New Inn Hall, in Oxford, of which Hall Sir Robert Chambers was principal, and, as his deputy, acted in reading the Vinerian Law Lectures, repairing to town, from time to time, to keep his terms.

He selected the northern circuit, but for several years with little success. He found reason to abandon the common law, and apply himself to the study and business of the Equity Courts; for which he had laid a solid foundation by his earlier practice as a draughtsman in Chancery. Lord Thurlow, then Chancellor, appreciated his abilities, and became his friend. Through his interest, and that of Lord Weymouth, he was returned to parliament for the borough of Weobly; and in 1783, when Lord Loughborough was First Lord Commissioner of the Great Seal, a patent of precedency was offered to him, unsolicited, which entitled him to most of the privileges of a King's Counsel. His conduct in parliament, at that period, rather retarded than promoted his rise to the most efficient legal and political appointments. In the House of Commons, he at once took his stand by Mr. Pitt; and, in the debate on the celebrated India Bill, directly opposed himself to Mr. Lee, the Attorney-General of the coalition ministry. His co-operation on this and other occasions was so valuable, that on Sir Archibald

In private society, his manners have ever rendered him an especial favourite. Good-humoured relaxation from the fatigues of business, and the unaffected enjoyment of social intercourse, whether in parties of his own caste, or in those where the brighter ornaments of civilized life were found, have, as in most truly great minds, been his marked characteristics. The gown and wig of the judge away, the liveliest lady of the courtly band has struggled for a place near the facetious and amusing Lord Chancellor.

In his public career, he has been acknowledged by all to be a man of unflinching integrity. When he accepted a seat for a close borough, he made the condition, that he should vote according to his conscience; and when Lord Erskine superseded him in the seals, his kindness of disposition was evinced by his anxious efforts to point out the right path to a successor, whose previous practice had left him little leisure to become acquainted with that of a court of equity. Lord Eldon may, therefore, take the balm to his heart, that if he has had political foes, he has never dishonoured himself, or done that which should make him a personal enemy.

His eldest son, who died in December, 1805, left an only son, by Henrietta Elizabeth, only daughter of Sir Matthew White Ridley, which son is consequently Lord Encombe, and heir-apparent to his venerable grandfather. Another son, and two daughters, both of whom are married, are the whole of his family.

BIBLIOTHECA·BODLEIANA

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THE RIGHT HON^BLE SIR ALEXANDER JOHNSTON, KN^T

PRESIDENT OF H.M. COUNCIL ON CEYLON

Alex^r Johnston

[illegible] & CO. LONDON 1831

# SIR ALEXANDER JOHNSTON, KNT.

ETC. ETC. ETC.

Late President of His Majesty's Council on Ceylon.

THE manner in which the name of SIR ALEXANDER JOHNSTON has been connected with many of the public measures adopted, and still adopting, to raise the character of the natives of India, and to extend to them the rights and privileges of British subjects—has interested us to trace the points which led him, at an early period of his life, to make himself acquainted with the habits and feelings of that vast portion of Asia, and, in consequence of the favourable result, to devote his energies so zealously and effectively to its cause. The improvement of British India is, indeed, a noble ambition; and when founded, as in this instance, upon a mature view of the capacity and intellect which fits the people to enjoy the blessings sought for them, a profound study of their history, and a just appreciation of every part of the question which bears upon their advance in the scale of constitutional government and civilization, the inquiry assumes a form of importance far above what can often be connected with individual biography.

The education of Sir Alexander Johnston in India, appears to have had so much influence upon his future conduct, with respect to that country, and the different classes of its inhabitants, that it is hardly possible, were it desirable, to give an account of the latter, without some allusion to the former; but we are rather disposed, by such a reference, to demonstrate the problem, at all times curious in the philosophy of human nature and the events of life, how the course of man, singly and aggregately, is determined by circumstances; and, to use the homely adage, observe, that

"As the twig is bent, the tree's inclined."

The father of Sir A. Johnston was the second son of Mr. Johnston, of Carnalloch, in the county of Dumfries; and his mother the only daughter of Francis, fifth Lord Napier, of Merchiston. In his infancy he was with his parents in France, and acquired the language of that country at Orleans previous to his fifth year, when he accompanied them to India, in the suite of Lord Macartney, going out Governor of Madras, and taking Mr. Johnston with him in a high political appointment.—Commodore Johnston commanded the fleet, and fought a smart action with Admiral Suffrein, in which the young subject of our memoir received a severe contusion on his right hand, which ever after deprived him, in some degree, of its free use. On arriving in India, Mr. Johnston's official duties led him to fix his abode at Madura, the capital of the ancient Regio Pandionis of Ptolemy, where he built a house, now the property of his son, on the ruins of a palace of one of the most celebrated Hindoo kings. Here he lived, surrounded by the territories of numerous native chiefs, called Poligars, who, though nominally under the sovereignty of the Nabob of Arcot, were in constant rebellion against, and almost independent of, his authority. Mountain fastnesses, extensive woods, and crowds of vassals, formed the securities of these bold men; who spent their time in hunting, shooting, and warlike sports, displaying all the characteristics, good and bad, of the feudal system in Europe. In the midst of such companionship, a plan for the regular education of Alexander was laid, when seven years of age; and it is remarkable, that among the friends of his family were found several individuals, then holding subaltern situations in the country, who contributed their assistance to this plan, and who themselves afterwards attained great distinctions.

The late Sir Thomas Munro undertook to superintend his instruction in Latin; the late General Leith, his instruction in Greek; the late Colonel M'Kenzie, his instruction in Mathematics; and Mr. Schwartz, then Protestant Missionary at Tanjore, his instruction in the Christian religion. Thus the anxiety of his parents to afford him a fitting education, triumphed over the unfavourable circumstances in which they were placed for the accomplishment of that object; and whenever he could go to the stations where his friendly preceptors were respectively

quartered, he prosecuted his studies with diligence and profit. Passing thus from place to place, must have furnished many opportunities for the plastic mind of boyhood to receive lasting impressions; but this advantage was still farther improved by another part of the plan adopted by his father.

In order to inure his son's constitution to the climate of India, and to give him great physical energy and activity of body, he made him leave off all study during four months of the year, and devote the whole of that time—under the direction of an old Rajpoot soldier, celebrated at Madura for his prowess in the native gymnastic exercises—to riding, hunting, and shooting, with the different Poligar chieftains in the neighbourhood, with whom he was accustomed to reside, dressing and eating as they did, partaking their hospitality, sharing their sports, and seldom seeing a European during these enviable holidays. Speaking no other language but the Tamul, the Telagoo, or the Hindostanee, this variety of acquirement must have been of prodigious service to him at later periods, and no doubt have taught him that mechanical facility in acquiring other tongues, of which we have seen so many proofs in his public career.

Five years were thus spent, and the student had become proficient in the various branches of education to which his attention had been devoted, and particularly in mathematics, in which his mother was also his teacher—a task peculiarly adapted to a descendant of the famous inventor of the logarithms, and who was then employed in preparing the most curious of the works of her ancestor for publication. But it was not in education alone that young Johnston was so fortunate in meeting instructors. From his early intercourse with Sir Thomas Munro originated the design, which he has since so perseveringly pursued, of elevating the character of the natives, by allowing them a share in the government of their country: from his early intercourse with General Leith, originated the idea of forming a Hindoo and Mahommedan code for the people of India: from his early intercourse with Colonel M'Kenzie, originated the direction of his researches into the ancient history and ancient tenures of land in that country, as the groundwork of a new system of government; and from his intercourse with Schwartz originated the plan of establishing missions in India, on the same principle as that upon

which Schwartz himself established his mission in Tanjore. We need not dwell on other benefits derived from his accompanying Colonel M'Kenzie on his engineer surveys: their fruit will, we trust, be gathered in geological maps, for the construction of which, the Royal Asiatic Society, of which he is so zealous and efficient a member, has been collecting materials.

Being too young to join the 19th dragoons when it took the field against Tippoo Saib, Sir Alexander was obliged to abandon his purpose of entering that regiment; and was sent to England to complete his studies. In 1792 his father and mother returned, and again carried their son with them to France, where he was a witness of many of the deplorable scenes which disgraced Paris in July, August, and September of that year. Sir Alexander now acting under the advice of Lord Macartney and other friends, was recommended to embrace the law as a profession, and was placed accordingly at the University of Gottingen, at that period justly celebrated for the ability of its professors in every branch of law; where he remained about three years. During the vacations, he visited most of the German courts, and made himself a perfect German scholar; also forming intimacies with youths of all nations, Germans, Russians, Livonians, Danes, Swedes, &c.; many of whom have since been greatly distinguished on the theatre of Europe.

On his return to England, Sir Alexander, who had been of Lincoln's Inn from the age of sixteen, entered upon a course of law as laid down for him by Lord Erskine, a relative of his mother's; and attended the office of the late Sir George Wood for two years, in order to make himself acquainted with the practical parts of the profession. About this time, however, he was again nearly enlisted in the military service, by a brilliant offer of Count de Boigne, a friend of his father's, to appoint him, in the first instance, Colonel Commandant in one of his regiments in Scindia's army, with the command of a division on the first vacancy; but this project was not carried into effect, in consequence of Buonaparte's persuading the Count to remain in France, and supply him with the information he required respecting India, instead of returning to that country.

Sir Alexander Johnston soon after married Miss Campbell, the only daughter of the late Lord William Campbell, second son

of John, fifth Duke of Argyle; and having also chosen the home circuit professionally, he went four circuits, while Sir W. Adam and Sir Samuel Shepherd, with whom he was intimate, were the leaders in its business.

Nearly about this time, one of those accidents occurred, which, as we have remarked, so often produce a decided influence upon our lives, by stimulating that strong desire which he had ever cherished, with a view to ameliorating the condition of the natives of India. His aunt, Lady Sarah Napier, (whose name is so conspicuous in Moore's Memoir of Lord Edward Fitzgerald,) wrote to him from Dublin, as her nearest relative in London, giving an account of all those unfortunate affairs which led to the apprehension and imprisonment of her nephew Lord Edward, and charging him with an immediate commission to see Mr. Fox on the subject. The result of this was, that he became acquainted with Mr. Fox, who subsequently treated him with great kindness, and frequently conversed with him about India; upon which occasions, Sir Alexander freely communicated his opinions touching the government of that empire, raising the character of the people, and attaching them to Britain. Of these ideas Mr. Fox cordially approved, and strenuously encouraged him to endeavour to carry them into execution.

Declining, therefore, offers of diplomatic appointments upon the Continent, for which his Gottingen studies and connexions so eminently qualified him, Sir Alexander, in consequence of a friend of his, the late Lord Guildford, being the governor of the island, accepted the office of Advocate-General, in the King's Court, about to be established at Ceylon; and, in 1802, proceeded with his lady and family to that island, stopping for two months at Madras, to acquire certain information which he desired to possess relative to the Hindoo and Mahommedan inhabitants of the peninsula of India, to see some of his old friends, and to establish a correspondence which might be useful to him in effecting the purposes he contemplated.

From 1802 to 1805 Sir Alexander devoted himself, while he was Advocate-General in Ceylon, to the acquiring of a most intimate knowledge of the religion, habits, manners, and laws of the islanders, as well as of every description of the people of India; in order that he might, as we have already noticed, be enabled, when a

favourable opportunity should occur, to introduce, in the first instance into Ceylon, and afterwards into the continent of India, such measures as he thought necessary for raising the moral and political character of the natives, and for giving them so ample a share in every department of the government, as might make it their interest, as well as their duty, to support the British authority in India.

In 1805, in consequence of a vacancy which had occurred in the situations, Sir Alexander was appointed, by the then governor of the island, the late Sir Thomas Maitland, Chief Justice, and first Member of His Majesty's Council on Ceylon; his reasons for appointing Sir Alexander to these situations, were given by him in his public letter, dated Columbo, October 19th, 1805, to the then Secretary of State for the Colonies; of which the following is a copy.

" But, independently of the natural claim of Mr. Johnston, he has this strong additional one, to my consideration—that I have acquired more knowledge of the habits, more insight into the manners of the natives, and more general information with regard to the island, from that gentleman, than from any, or all, of the civil servants in the colony: he has been most assiduous in every point, since my arrival; and I should consider the loss of his services as one of the most severe I could meet with. Your Lordship will see that Sir Edmund Carrington states, in his paper, the obligations he laid him under when framing it.

" It is my duty to say, that in the various measures I am now adopting, he has, and I am now confident will continue to give me the greatest satisfaction. I can have no right to recommend any one to fill a situation so high, to his Majesty or your Lordship's consideration, but I must say, if his standing at the bar qualify him to hold it, which I presume it does, that nothing would give me so much pleasure as to see him confirmed in the appointment to which I have nominated him, *pro tempore* as it at present stands, or under any modification that may be introduced. For filling any such appointment, the strongest recommendation that can be proposed, is his being fully master, not only of the laws and customs, but of the habits and prejudices, religious and political, of the people over whom he is to preside as the head of the law; and in this most important point, I will venture to say,

that if any one is his equal, no man can be his superior; and there is no circumstance which can, in my mind, militate, in the smallest degree, against the very superior claims he has a just right to set up, from his assiduity, from his talents, and from the deep knowledge he possesses of every thing, civil and judicial, appertaining to this island."

Sir A. Johnston, availing himself of the opportunity which his situation afforded him, of communicating to Sir Thomas Maitland the nature of the policy which he was desirous of having adopted, and finding that Sir Thomas was willing to assist him in the attainment of the political objects which he had in view, took such steps as were necessary to qualify himself for giving the Government in England the local information which they might require before they sanctioned his proceeding.

Sir Alexander, in 1806, made a complete circuit through every part of the British possessions in the island of Ceylon, and, with the concurrence of Sir Thomas Maitland in 1800, made a journey by land from Cape Comorin to Madras, and back again.

In 1809, Sir T. Maitland judged it to be expedient to send him officially to England, to arrange with his Majesty's ministers respecting the carrying into operation of those measures, many of which were in opposition to the policy hitherto pursued in India. His letters to Lord Castlereagh, Mr. Tierney, and Mr. Cooke, were of the most confidential description; and while the numerous defects in the existing judicial and political system were pointed out, the utmost confidence was expressed in the talents and ability of Sir Alexander Johnston to remedy these evils.

To Lord Castlereagh, Sir Thomas Maitland says, "Your Lordship will find in Mr. Johnston, not only a man perfectly versant in every thing going on in this island, who understands the thing more thoroughly than any other individual here, which I have frequently stated in my despatches to your Lordship, but you will also find him more acquainted, not only with the general principles that ought to guide our conduct in India, than any other man I know; but also in all the detail necessary to carry into effect those principles.

"I have, therefore, great satisfaction in referring your Lord-

ship to him, not only with regard to our small concerns here, but also in relation to what is going on on the Continent."

Accordingly, Sir Alexander, having laid all his plans before his Lordship, and having obtained his approbation for carrying them into effect on the island of Ceylon, returned back to that island with the appointment of President of His Majesty's Council on Ceylon, in addition to that of Chief Justice of the island. From 1811 to 1818, in pursuance to the line of policy which he had chalked out for all India, he introduced several measures of the greatest importance to the prosperity of the island, and to the moral and political improvement of the people.

First, He adopted several measures, the object of which was, to introduce amongst the natives of the country a general system of education, applicable to all the different inhabitants, to whatever caste or religious persuasion they might belong.

Secondly, He introduced measures for putting an end to all religious persecution, and for relieving different classes of people from all political disabilities arising out of their religious persuasion; and upon this principle passed the first act of emancipation which had ever passed, as to the Catholics, by any Protestant government in India; emancipating all the Catholics on Ceylon from the disabilities they had laboured under for one hundred and fifty years.

Thirdly, He promulgated and acted upon, for the first time ever done in India, the act making the trade in slaves felony; put an end completely to the slave trade; and induced all the proprietors of slaves on Ceylon to agree to a unanimous resolution, declaring that all children born of their slaves after the 12th of August, 1816, should be considered to be born free; and thereby finally put an end to the system of slavery which had prevailed on Ceylon for three hundred years, and set an example which has since been followed at Malacca, Sumatra, and St. Helena.

Fourthly, He introduced measures for taking off all the restrictions which had heretofore prevailed against the descendants of Europeans and native mothers, called half-castes, holding places of trust and importance under Government, and gave them the same privileges, and put them upon the same footing, as Europeans; the first time such a measure was ever adopted in any part of India.

Fifthly, He introduced various measures for taking off all the restrictions which had heretofore prevailed in Ceylon, as well as in India, against Europeans acquiring lands in perpetuity, and settling on the island; and for granting them, on the most liberal terms, to any respectable Europeans who would settle on them, and introduce European capital, industry, and arts and sciences, into the island. This was the first time such restrictions had been repealed in any British settlement in India.

Sixthly, He introduced trial by jury amongst all the natives of Ceylon; securing to them, the first time it was ever done to any native in India, by a charter under the great seal of England, the right of sitting upon juries, and that of being tried in all criminal cases by a jury of their own countrymen.

Seventhly, He took various measures for raising, in the estimation of the natives of the country, the respectability of the King's court, by putting an end to the system, according to which the officers of the courts were paid in part by fees, and by being permitted to derive an emolument upon the money of suitors' and intestates' estates; and by giving those officers fixed salaries, in lieu of all emoluments and fees; and by making them pay all fees and all moneys, belonging to suitors' and intestates' estates, into the King's treasury, the moment they received them; and by taking care that the officers of the court, so far from delaying business in consequence of this arrangement, got through the whole of their business upon the very day on which it ought, by the order of the court, to be completed.

Eighthly, He took various measures for diminishing the expense of the judicial system on Ceylon; amongst others, he proposed one plan, by which, alone, £10,000 a year might be saved in that system, without injury to the interests of any person who was employed under Government.

Ninthly, He took measures for framing, with the assistance of the natives themselves, a short and simple Hindoo, Mahommedan, and Buddhist code of laws, for the use of the natives of those respective persuasions.

In 1818, Sir Alexander, in consequence of Lady Johnston's dangerous state of health, was allowed by His late Majesty to return to England with her, upon leave of absence; and, soon after, his own health having, in consequence of his long resi-

dence in a tropical climate, become very bad, he was permitted by His Majesty, in consideration of his very long and very active services, to retire from office, upon the usual pension attached to his situation.

Since his return to England, Sir Alexander has occupied himself with the education of his family and with literary pursuits, and he has devoted much of his attention to the affairs of India: amongst others, to a plan for forming an efficient Court of Appeal, in England, for hearing appeals from all the different courts in India, and for getting rid of the immense arrears of appeal cases from that country, which have caused the greatest distress, inconvenience, and expense, to a great number of His Majesty's native subjects.

Sir Alexander has also devoted a good deal of his attention to preparing a short and simple code of laws, divested of all technicalities, for the use of the native inhabitants of the entire British territories in India, as well as a maritime code, founded upon all the maritime customs and usages which prevail amongst the different natives of India who navigate the Indian seas. For information on these points, we must refer to the various papers delivered by Sir Alexander to different members of the British government, and published in several popular works.

Sir Alexander is one of the original persons who formed the Royal Asiatic Society of Literature in London, and who, conceiving that its proceedings are calculated to make the people of England acquainted with the character and history of the people of India, and thereby make the former feel an interest in the improvement and welfare of the latter, takes a most active part in the different objects for which it was established, as appears by the reports, which he, as chairman of their committee of correspondence, annually makes to the members of the Society at their public anniversary, and which are published in their proceedings at their request. Sir Alexander, although much interested in every thing which relates to the domestic and foreign policy of Great Britain, and although he has often been requested to come into parliament, has invariably declined to adopt such a step—in consequence of his having too small a fortune to authorize his incurring the expense, considering the size of his family,

of bringing himself in; and his decided objection to coming in as a nominee of another person.

In addition to the flattering manner in which the public measures of Sir Alexander, with respect to India, have been repeatedly mentioned in the House of Commons by the present Lord Chancellor, and many of the most distinguished members of that House; 4000 of the most respectable natives of Bombay, speaking on behalf of sixty millions of their countrymen, have shewn him, in the petition which they have recently presented to the House, a most gratifying mark of their respect for his conduct in obtaining for them the right of sitting upon juries, and other privileges, the effect of which is the raising of their character in the estimation of the people of Great Britain.

Of his disinterestedness and public spirit, we are happy to be able to record an instance well worthy of imitation; and which, it is somewhat surprising, even his "doing good by stealth" should have so long prevented his finding to be "fame." The following letter appears to have been written on learning that Lord Camden had resigned the emoluments of his Tellership of the Exchequer.

"My Lord, "*Colombo, July 3d*, 1817.

"As I am informed by the English newspapers which are just now arrived here, that the different officers of the crown in England have, in consequence of the distress which prevails, devoted a considerable portion of their annual salaries to the relief of the country; I feel it to be a duty which I owe to my Sovereign, and to my Country, immediately to follow so high an example, and to request your Lordship to consider the salary of £1000 sterling a year, which I receive as judge of the vice-admiralty court of this island, as devoted to the same laudable purpose, from the first of next month; and disposable, as long as I hold the office, for the relief of the country, in such a manner as your Lordship may deem most advisable. I have given the necessary directions to have the amount regularly remitted from this place to the colonial office.—I have the honor to be, with the greatest respect, my Lord, your Lordship's most obedient, and most humble servant, "Alexander Johnston."

Thus was £1000 per annum given up to the distress of his country—a noble and patriotic sacrifice! We have no wish to add a panegyric in praise of such a man: this single act speaks the private individual; and his great and successful efforts on behalf of India, (efforts which have shewn the way to the amelioration and happiness of millions, and the glory and stability of the British empire,) leave us nothing more to say of the public character.

BIBLIOTHECA BODLEIANA

THOMAS MOORE, ESQ.

Thomas Moore.

# THOMAS MOORE, ESQ.

Is there any species of popularity that has not been enjoyed by the object of our present memoir? Lalla Rookh is to be found in every bookcase; from the carved oak library, where "The English Poets" are emblematically odoriferous in the lasting perfume of Russia leather, to the swinging shelf, where a few half or unbound volumes bear external evidence of being favourites. His Melodies are on every instrument, and their words haunt every lip. He has been duly appreciated by his booksellers, whose only rule of judgment is like that in Dr. Syntax—

"His works are charming, for they sell."

His position in society has realized the brilliancy of the minstrel's destiny of old—the caressed, and the flattered; one whose song brought its own welcome to the banquet,—a modern Blondel. So much for general popularity; while his own qualities have secured for himself the personal attachment of the most distinguished among his compatriots. Care, sorrow, sickness, and death, these are in the lot of every man, and Mr. Moore has had his share of these common calamities: still take the known outline of his life, it would seem that his path has been like his own poet lover, where

"Wit a diamond brought,
And cut his bright way through."

Auguries, like the beautiful mythology from which they spring, "live no longer in the faith of reason;" else what an omen of our poet's life would have been, in other days, drawn from his having been born in the month of May. It would be a belief worthy the days of Sophocles, (when it was supposed that the bees, which clustered on the infant's lip, left their sweetness behind,) to imagine, that the sunshine and flowers of his infancy had imbued the spirit they ushered into the world with their own brightness and fragrance. But this is too fanciful; and we can only lament, that we do not live in the days of "good Haroun Alraschid," when it would have been a fitting compliment to the poet who sang "The Light of the Harem," to say, that "he, the rose, and the nightingale, were born in a day."

Mr. MOORE was born in the year 1780, and was the only son of Mr. Garret Moore, a respectable tradesman in Dublin. His talents were of that kind which are most especially likely to wear the beauty of promise. Genius, when attended by vivacity, early develops itself. His childhood was passed under the care of Sheridan's early tutor, Mr. Whyte; and at the age of fourteen he was entered at Trinity College, Dublin. There is a very touching allusion, in an epistle to his sister, written from America, to those youthful hours, when—

"I heard, in home's beloved shade,
The din the world at distance made;
When ev'ry night my weary head,
Sunk on its own unthorned bed;
And, mild as ev'ning's matron hour,
Looks on the faintly shutting flow'r,
A mother saw our eyelids close,
And bless'd them into pure repose!
Then, haply, if a week, a day,
I linger'd from your arms away,
How long the little absence seem'd,
How bright the look of welcome beam'd,
As mute you heard, with eager smile,
My tales of all that past the while!"

The time of Mr. Moore's residence at college was one of great political excitement, and the young bard was deeply imbued with all the romance of liberty then afloat. We call it romance, for the extravagant theories which were dignified with the name of freedom, had little in common with those just and fixed principles which alone can give security to the subject, and stability to the government. Imagination flung its rich veil over Mr. Moore's patriotism, and poetry at once expressed and embalmed the griefs of Ireland. Of his earlier writings we are well content to say but little—their grace and their licentiousness are equally undeniable. He formed his first style in two schools, and both of them bad ones. The coarse voluptuousness of the classic lyrists, with their wonderful charm of language, and the witty profligacy of the French, with their epigrammatic keenness, he combined with a fluency of versification, and a richness of imagery, peculiar to himself. Still we must say, and we quote his own words to condemn them, that though

"Some flowers of Eden they might inherit,
The trail of the serpent was over them all."

But a clearer element, and a nobler field, was before Mr. Moore's muse; and as music erst drove away the evil spirit from the Jewish monarch, so music, as if beauty and melancholy were purifying spells, drove away the demon of licentiousness from his verse; and his Irish Melodies are truly the exquisite airs of his country translated into words. Perhaps the best excuse to be urged for his earlier productions is, his age: he was not twenty when his first work appeared.

In 1803, Mr. Moore obtained the situation of Registrar to the Admiralty at Bermuda; a post so little to his liking, that he was soon glad to compound with a deputy, who was to share equally in the emoluments. This person's dishonesty pressed heavily afterwards on his principal; and he had not only to put up with his own loss, but to make good the defalcations of his agent. London was, indeed, the only place for a man of Moore's talents; even the Summer Isles themselves lent inspiration, rather when "distance had lent enchantment to the view," than in the dulness of their reality. The truth is, the poet's mind may store up the beauties of nature; but when he wants the excitement which should embody, and the applause which should reward, he may use Milton's words, and say—

> "Crowded cities please me then,
> And the busy haunts of men."

To such, Mr. Moore now resorted; and to trace his succeeding years, is to trace one brilliant course of literary and social success. Previous to his embarkation for America, he had commenced his career as a party writer, by publishing a pamphlet, called "A Candid Appeal to Public Confidence; or, Considerations on the Dangers of the Present Crisis," (1803;) and "Corruption and Itolerance"—two poems: and for years his talents were exerted with all the keenness and variety that could be thrown into this guerilla warfare. With all that buoyancy of spirit, whose mischief is more than half mirth, an inexhaustible felicity of illustration, and a most daring personality of allusion, the popularity of Mr. Moore's epigrammatic and sarcastic vein was unbounded. "The Twopenny-Post Bag, by Thomas Brown the Younger," went through fourteen editions. Still, it is not on being epigrammatist-in-chief to the Whig party, that Mr. Moore's future fame will build a very sure foundation. We will here apply a quotation,

whose appositeness will be its excuse—"I do not know a surer proof of the malice of mankind, than the rank which is accorded to a satirist. Satire is a dwarf which stands on the shoulders of the giant Ill-nature; and the kingdom of verse, like that of Epirus, is often given, not to him who has the noblest genius, but 'the sharpest sword.'*" The very reality which gave such temporary effect to the sting and the sneer, will rather weaken their effect with posterity, which will care little for the abuse of people it has already forgotten. Personality is for the present, not for the future. Pope is remembered by his general, not by his individual, satire.

In 1807, the first number of the "Irish Melodies" appeared. If ever writer built up the Thebes of fame by music, that writer is Moore: he says very prettily, that "an air without words resembles one of those half creatures of Plato, which are described as wandering, in search of the remainder of themselves, through the world." Our limits will not permit that detailed criticism which alone could do justice to their nationality, (for patriotism is with Moore a passion, and has the melancholy and imagination ever attendant upon passion,) their melody of words, their pathos, and their exquisite imagery.

"Lalla Rookh" appeared in 1817. As original in design, as it was felicitous in execution and interesting in narrative, this noble poem embodies Moore's genius in its perfection. It was a fanciful idea of Horace Walpole's, that "a man's mind was in flower, like the aloe, at some certain period of his life:" Moore's certainly was in full bloom in his Lalla Rookh.

We have often heard complaints of his exuberance of simile, his excess of melody: it seems hard to object to fancy for its richness, to music for its sweetness; but we do confess *nous autres Anglais* are somewhat encroaching in our demands, and are perpetually passing over a poet's own peculiar merits, to ask why he has not those belonging to some other bard. But let any one recall the enthralling delight with which he first read Lalla Rookh, and the fascination with which its pages still rivet the attention when opened by chance; and let him also recollect, that the gratitude felt for pleasure, is what forms a poet's fame; and Mr. Moore's present popularity will be an ample pledge for

* The Disowned.

his future. The work which followed Lalla Rookh—The Fudge Family—was as complete a contrast to its predecessor as possible. The rich Oriental colouring of the one was "of the imagination all compact;" the other is the liveliest carricature of real life.

The succeeding year, 1818, was marked by a tribute which must have been one of the most gratifying homages ever paid to his genius. Mr. Moore visited Ireland, when a dinner was given in his honor, to which every distinguished Irishman in the vicinity crowded, and the enthusiastic burst of applause which followed his health, was a true pledge of the estimation in which he was held by his countrymen. The farewell dinner afterwards given him in Paris, though attended by all who could lay claim to either distinction or admiration, however gratifying to his pride, could scarcely have touched his feelings so exquisitely as the tribute offered in his native land. As there is a list of Mr. Moore's works at the end of this sketch, we shall content ourselves with only alluding to the wonderful rapidity with which he continued to pour forth his "flush and flow of song." But all poets now-a-days turn to prose, and Moore was little likely to be behindhand with the fashion. Quartos were produced with the same rapidity as songs; and octavos were like the knights of old, "ready, ay ready, for the field."

The Epicurean was a beautiful poem in reality, and the Life of Sheridan was warm with the colours of "the enchanter's poesie." There was not a little poetry about Captain Rock too; and it has flung a fair portion of its interest over the Life of Lord Edward Fitzgerald. The Memoirs of Lord Byron require a more detailed notice. It is a curious fact, that their friendship originated in a circumstance the least likely to have led to such a result. A virulent criticism from the pen of Mr. Jeffrey in the Edinburgh Review, provoked Mr. Moore into the injudicous step of sending his critic a challenge. We say injudicious, for the mere fact of an author placing his works before the tribunal of the public, renders them liable to every species of judgment, however harsh, unjust, or erroneous. These are not days when people support their opinions with their lives; and literary people, of all others, ought not to be called upon to do so.

On the arrival of the combatants at Chalk Farm, they were

## NATIONAL PORTRAITS.

Mr. Moore's genius was truly, though fancifully, characterized by Sheridan, who said, "There was no man who put so much of his heart in his fancy as Tom Moore; that his soul seemed as if it were a particle of fire separated from the sun, and was always fluttering to get back to that source of light and heat." Few persons possess that indefinable charm manner more entirely than Mr. Moore: full of anecdote and point, his conversation is yet chiefly remarkable for its softened and subdued tone; it gives so much room to others. With little or no voice, but exquisite taste and ear, his singing his own songs is delightful; it is a species of recitative, which seems inspired by the moment: you acknowledge, that only the poet himself knows, or can give, the true meaning of poetry.—Mr. Moore chiefly resides at Sloperton Cottage in Wiltshire. That his retirement may long be one of literary exertion, and society long be the stimulus of his livelier talents, must be the cordial and sincere wish of every one—whether among those who know and esteem himself, or of those who only know and admire his genius.

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## LIST OF MR. MOORE'S WORKS.

The Odes of Anacreon—A Candid Appeal to Public Confidence; or, Considerations on the Dangers of the Present Crisis—Corruption and Intolerance, two Poems—Poems under the assumed Name of Thomas Little—A Letter to the Roman Catholics of Dublin—The Twopenny-Post Bag, by Thomas Brown the Younger—M. P., or the Blue Stocking; a Comic Opera, acted at the Lyceum—A Selection of Irish Melodies—The Sceptic—Lalla Rookh—The Fudge Family in Paris—National Airs; Sacred Songs; Ballads, &c.—Tom Cribb's Memorial to Congress: Trifles Reprinted—The Loves of the Angels—Rhymes on the Road—Miscellaneous Poems by different Members of the Poco-curante Society—Fables for the Holy Alliance—Ballads, Songs, Miscellaneous Poems, &c.—Memoirs of Captain Rock—The Epicurean—The Life of the Hon. R. Brinsley Sheridan—Memoirs of Lord Byron—The Life of Lord Edward Fitzgerald.

BIBLIOTHECA BODLEIANA

WILLIAM CARNEGIE, EARL OF NORTHESK, G. C. B.

Northesk.

THE RIGHT HONORABLE

# WILLIAM, EARL OF NORTHESK,

REAR-ADMIRAL OF GREAT BRITAIN, ADMIRAL OF THE RED, KNIGHT GRAND CROSS OF THE BATH,

*&c. &c. &c.*

ONE of the heroes of Trafalgar, whose mortal career has terminated so recently, well deserves a niche in our temple of national portraiture.

The family of Carnegie, whence the EARL OF NORTHESK was descended, is of high antiquity; being originally derived from Hungary, about the end of the twelfth, or beginning of the thirteenth century. In the time of David II. they exchanged the name of Bolinhord, or Ballinhard, for that of Carnegie, on obtaining the possession of the lands of Carnegie, in the county of Forfar, in Scotland, where they have been settled for several hundred years. David, the eldest of four brothers, was raised to the Earldom of Northesk by Charles I. to whose cause he loyally adhered, and was heavily fined by Cromwell for his attachment. David, the fourth Earl, was equally conspicuous for his adherence to the Revolution and the House of Brunswick. George the First stood godfather to his second son, George, who, on the death of his elder brother, succeeded to the title as the sixth Earl. He was in the navy, and died Admiral of the White, aged 77, in January, 1792.

William, his successor, was a younger son of the Admiral, by his Lady, Anne Leslie, daughter of the Earl of Leven and Melville. He was born in 1758, and, at the age of eleven, entered upon a seafaring life, by embarking in the Albion, Captain the Hon. Samuel Barrington. He afterwards sailed in

the Southampton, Captain Macbride; and was in that vessel when it conveyed the unfortunate Queen of Denmark to Zell. He also served as a Midshipman in the Squirrel, whence he removed to the Nonsuch, with the appointment of an acting Lieutenant. In 1777, he was confirmed by Lord Howe, and appointed to the Apollo; and, subsequently, pursued his onward course in several important engagements. He was with Sir John Lockhart Ross, in the Royal George, at the capture of the Caracca fleet, off Cape Finisterre; at the taking of the Spanish squadron under Langara; and at the famous relief of Gibraltar. He was also with Lord Rodney in the West Indies; and promoted, by that gallant seaman, from the flag-ship, after the brilliant action of the 17th April, 1780, to the command of the Blast, fireship. His next vessel was the St. Eustatia, in which he was at the capture of the island of that name in 1781. On the 7th of April, 1782, he was posted, and, returning to England at the peace, paid off the Enterprise frigate; after which a considerable period ensued without his being employed in actual service at sea.

Family events, in some measure, contributed to this inaction. In 1788, by the death of his brother, he succeeded to the title of Lord Rosehill. In the same year, he married Mary, the only daughter of William Henry Ricketts, Esq. of Longwood, Hants, and niece of Lord St. Vincent; and, in 1792, he succeeded to the honors of his noble ancestors, as the seventh Earl of Northesk, on the demise of his father, January 22.

In the January following, his Lordship sailed to the West Indies, in the Beaulieu frigate. He returned in the Andromeda in December, and went upon half-pay; having also commanded the Heroine for a short period preceding, when the dispute occurred between England and Spain respecting Nootka Sound.

At the election of 1796, Lord Northesk was chosen one of the Sixteen Representative Peers of Scotland, but was taken from his parliamentary duties to join the North Sea fleet, under Lord Duncan, in the Monmouth, of 64 guns. In May, 1797, when the appalling mutiny among our sailors broke out, the Monmouth was brought into the Nore by her crew; and circumstances of extraordinary interest occurred, in which her commander took a conspicuous part.

## LORD NORTHESK.

Partially returning to a sense of their duty to their king and country, our gallant tars sought Lord Northesk as the medium of a reconciliation. On the 6th of June, two delegates of the Monmouth returned on board that ship from the Sandwich, where Parker and the ring-leaders of the mutiny held their councils, and requested his Lordship, then a prisoner in his cabin, to accompany them to their assembled associates. On reaching the Sandwich, he was ushered into the presence of President Parker, and about sixty other seamen, the delegates from other ships; when Parker demanded to know who the person was that attended him. Being answered, "An officer of the Monmouth, who accompanied his Lordship as secretary," he said, "Who knows him?—say, delegates of the Monmouth, what kind of man is he?" The delegates vouched for his being a worthy good man, and he was accordingly allowed to attend the conference. The president then proceeded to inform his Lordship, that the committee had unanimously agreed to a declaration of the terms, on which alone, without the slightest alteration, they would give up the ships; and that they had sent for his Lordship as one known to be the seamen's friend, to be charged with them to the King, pledging his honor to return on board with a positive and specific answer to them, from his Majesty, within fifty-four hours. Parker then read the letter to the King, which his Lordship undertook to deliver; though, from the unreasonableness of its demands, he stated that he could not flatter them with any expectation of success. In reply, he was told that nothing less would be accepted; and that if their conditions were complied with, they would immediately put to sea with the fleet.

Thus instructed, as ambassador from the mutineers, who gave him three cheers as he left the ship, his Lordship was put on board the Duke of York Margate packet, and despatched to London. From the Admiralty he attended Earl Spencer, then first lord, to take the commands of his Majesty; and the terms proposed were instantly rejected. Captain Knight, of the Montagu, whose surgeon had been tarred and feathered, and who had obtained Parker's leave to come on shore, was sent down, to announce this refusal of the Lords of the Admiralty: the result is known—the sailors soon after submitted, and Parker was executed. Lord Northesk himself resigned the command of the

Monmouth, and remained unemployed till the year 1800, when he was appointed to the Prince, of 98 guns; and formed one of the splendid Channel fleet, under the command of Earl St. Vincent. The peace of 1802 concluded this service; and, in the same year, his Lordship was again elected one of the Scottish Peers.

When the war broke out in 1803, his Lordship was commissioned to the Britannia, of 100 guns; and was honored with a visit on board at Portsmouth, by their Royal Highnesses the Dukes of York and Cambridge. For a while, during the threats of invasion, he was stationed off the Isle of Wight; and afterwards belonged to the Channel fleet, under Admiral Cornwallis. In May, 1804, Lord Northesk hoisted the flag of a Rear-Admiral in the Britannia; blockaded Brest till the following autumn; and was then detached, with the squadron of Sir Robert Calder, to Cadiz, to reinforce Admiral Collingwood.

The ever-memorable battle of Trafalgar crowned with glory a long succession of our naval victories; and in this battle his Lordship took a proud and prominent rank among its heroes. As the Britannia was a heavy sailer, Lord Nelson had previously directed that she should constantly take a position to windward of him; but, in the morning of the fight, he signalized that she should take such a station as was most convenient, without regard to the order of battle. His final instructions were conveyed verbally to her commander, to break through the enemy's line, astern of the fourteenth ship. This order was obeyed in the most masterly and gallant style; though the Britannia was severely galled, in bearing down, by a raking fire from several of the adverse vessels. She, nevertheless, passed bravely through the line, and, on hauling up, was the fourth ship of the van division; the Victory, Lord Nelson, having led the way, immediately followed by the Temeraire, commanded by Sir Eliab Harvey, and the Neptune.

In the tremendous conflict which ensued, the Britannia soon singled out and dismasted a French eighty-gun ship, which struck to her by waving a white handkerchief. She then engaged three of the enemy's van, who were manœuvring to double upon the Victory, at that time much disabled, and already warmly engaged with two opponents. "During the whole of this bloody contest," says one of the most observant chroniclers of the day, "Lord

Northesk gloriously emulated the conduct of his illustrious leader: nor was his conduct after the action less meritorious; while his skill and promptitude were equally conspicuous in the arduous task of securing the captured ships. And, when the order was given for destroying the prizes after removing from them the British seamen, his zeal in that truly dangerous service, in a tempestuous sea, and heavy gale of wind, was exceeded only by his exemplary humanity. Though urgent signals were made, and repeated, to expedite their destruction, his Lordship would, on no account, suffer L'Intrepide, the nearest of the captured ships to the Britannia, to be scuttled or burned, till his boats had rescued from the devoted prize, all her wounded men, and the whole of her surviving crew. In the hour of triumph, his benevolence and mercy were as illustrious, as his skill and bravery in the heat of battle."

Justly, therefore, was the insignia of the Bath conferred upon him, for his eminent services as third in command of the victorious fleet; and justly were the thanks of Parliament voted to him, for his gallant achievements on this immortal occasion. Among other marks of approbation, the freedom of the City of London, and of the Goldsmiths' Company, were also presented to him; a sword, of the value of a hundred guineas, from the City; an Admiral's medal, from the King, to be worn round the neck; and a vase, of the value of three hundred pounds, from the Patriotic Fund at Lloyd's.

Ill health compelled his Lordship to resign his command; and he returned home in the Dreadnought, attended by the Britannia, and three of the prizes. He arrived at Portsmouth on the 16th May, 1806. In April, 1808, when a promotion took place, Lord Northesk was raised to the rank of a Vice-Admiral; and, on the King's birth-day, 1814, he was made an Admiral. In the ensuing year, when the Order of the Bath was remodelled into three classes, his Lordship was placed in the first, as a Grand Cross.

The repose of advanced years, and an increase of honors, are all we have farther to record of this estimable nobleman. On the death of Admiral Sir William Young, in November, 1821, Admiral Sir James Saumarez became Vice-Admiral of Great Britain, and Lord Northesk succeeded him as Rear-Admiral. In May, 1827, his Lordship was appointed Commander-in-chief

at Plymouth, and remained there during the three years allotted for such service.

Lord Northesk had been for several years afflicted with asthma; from which, however, no immediate danger was apprehended. But his Lordship being attacked by an apparently slight access of indisposition on the 25th of May last, at his residence in Albemarle-street, it proved fatal on the 28th; on which day the noble Admiral had prepared to attend her Majesty's drawing-room, in celebration of the King's birth-day. His funeral took place on the 8th of June; and his remains were deposited beside those of his old companions in arms, the victors of Trafalgar, Nelson and Collingwood. Istead of the usual pall, his coffin was covered by the flag of England; and though the ceremony was private, it was upborne by Admirals King, Hotham, Walker, Rodd, Hardy, and Parker.

His Lordship is succeeded in his title and estate by William Hopetown, his second son, born in 1795; George, the eldest, and former Lord Rosehill, having been drowned in his 16th year, on board the Blenheim, in which he was a Midshipman, February 2d, 1807, when that vessel was lost, with Sir Thomas Trowbridge, and all her gallant crew. His Lordship's remaining family consists of two sons and four daughters.

By these he was eminently beloved; for we may truly conclude this brief sketch by saying, that he was as much distinguished for his virtues in private and domestic life, as he was eminent, in his professional character and public career, for all that could reflect lustre on the British sailor.

BIBLIOTHECA·BODLEIANA

HANNAH MORE.

H More

FISHER SON & Co LONDON 1841

# MRS. HANNAH MORE.

In order to do justice to the talents and utility of this clever and exemplary woman, we must consider the period in which her writings appeared. Female authorship was not of such common occurrence in those days, as it is in ours: the acquisition of knowledge was beset with tenfold difficulties, and the opinion of the time was anything but encouraging to feminine enterprise: the mind must have felt its vocation strongly, that attempted its fulfilment. The period, therefore, must be considered, in awarding the due meed of praise to the talents of Hannah More; and equally so must the time be estimated, with reference to their utility.

The French revolution was then exercising its worst influence; the license it at first gave to bloodshed and profligacy was fearful, and men forgot the advantages of liberty in the crimes which were committed in its name. The influence, too, of German translations was demoralizing to a degree, in their first introduction to this country: the noble works of a language, whose genius has been, and is of the highest order, were neglected for its second-rate productions, which made sentiment, morality, and strong feelings, the cause and excuse of every crime, to such an extent, that "German sentimentality" has passed into a proverb, and committed a singular act of injustice on the glorious body of its literature. Such was the time in which Hannah More wrote; and it may be curious to mention the statement, that her early love of letters was inspired by reading Pamela.

Taking religion as the only and guiding principle of action, her works all partook more or less of a serious character. Her earlier performances were poems of various kinds, indicating

more of a cultivated than an original talent. But of all literary changes, poetry has changed the most during late years. We have had such high standards on which to mould our judgments, that, perhaps, scarcely justice is done to merely graceful compositions. Still, whether as regards their intrinsic merits, or the effect they produced, it is in her prose writings that Mrs. Hannah More's claim to remembrance "in her land's language," is to be found.

Hannah More was born in 1744, of respectable parents, at Stapleton, in Gloucestershire. Her father was a schoolmaster, first of the charity-school at the Fish Ponds, Stapleton, and afterwards on his own account at Bristol. Her love of literary pursuits developed itself at an early age, and she soon became an object of interest and attention; so much so, that a subscription was made in Bristol, which enabled her and her sisters to open a boarding-school in that city, which met with the greatest success. We hear so much of the heartlessness of wealth, and the neglect of genius, that an instance to the contrary deserves especial notice. In this school she remained, till its returns, and the produce of her writings, enabled her to retire to a life of ease and independence. Prior to this, she had sent into the world three tragedies, "The Inflexible Captive," "Percy," and "The Fatal Falsehood." The two last were very successful in reputation. But Mrs. More's mind was gradually taking a more religious turn, and all her prose works belong to what has been termed the evangelical class. Previous to entering on their critical examination, we must quote an improvised ingenuity of Langhorne's.

One day they met on the beach of a watering-place where the lady was then staying, and the poet of the "Fables of Flora" immediately scratched, with his walking-stick, on the sands, the following inscription:—

"Along this shore,
Walked Hannah More,
Waves, let the record last:
Sooner shall ye,
Proud earth and sea,
Than what she writes, be past."

An equally flattering return was made to "Polished Langhorne," in the next published poetical collection.

"An Estimate of the Religion of the Fashionable World," was the writer's first prose work. Amid the many which rapidly followed, we would instance her "Tales for the Common People" as excellent. Plain, simple, adapted to the comprehension of those to whom they were addressed; encouraging by good example, and imbued with a strong spirit of religion, their distribution in the form of tracts must have been attended with a most beneficial result. Too much attention cannot be paid to the works which are placed in the hands of the ignorant: with them the faculty of comparison, which so much neutralizes evil in the better informed, has not been awakened. Many a book which is innocent, nay, advantageous, to a cultivated apprehension, may be, and often has been, injurious to those who are but beginners in knowledge. The ignorant are as children, and it were best for them to be treated as such. "Strong meat for men, and milk for babes," is marked with that profound acquaintance with human nature, which characterizes the inspiration of the sacred writings.

"Strictures on Female Education" excited great attention when it first appeared. The strictures were very just; yet still we must observe, that the subject is one of those on which it is far easier to point out the way, than to effect all that could be desired. Writers on this important topic keep too little in sight the fact, that, after all, circumstances are the great efficient discipline. If the soil be fit to receive information, it will acquire it; but otherwise, the information will be very much thrown away. To avoid the severity whose excess so crushes the youthful feeling which it revolts, or that excess of indulgence which hardens while it relaxes, seems to us the great secret of education. The worst fault that can be committed is, to give children an idea of their own consequence: the sooner they are taught their own insignificance, or nothingness, the more easily will that inevitable lesson be acquired. Over-indulgence is the atmosphere which generates the cholera morbus of selfishness—that entire destruction to all that is good or elevated in our nature.

Those not personally acquainted with Hannah More, are impressed with an idea that she must, of necessity, be a stern, severe woman, because she is a religious one. No feeling was ever so perfectly groundless; her manners are bland, and even playful, and few possess the happy art of securing childish

confidence and affection more than the author of Cœlebs. It might, perhaps, be this circumstance, in conjunction with a perfect conviction of her purity of principle and rectitude of conduct, which led Doctor Porteus so strenuously to wish that the care of Her Royal Highness the Princess Charlotte's education should be confided to Mrs. Hannah More. We have heard that the lady refused to undertake this important task, unless the *entire* direction of her studies was given to her charge; and as this was objected to by some of her royal relatives, Mrs. H. More declined the offer altogether. She afterwards threw her ideas on the subject into the form of a volume, and gave them to the world under the title of 'Hints to a Princess.'

Those who visited Mrs. Hannah More at her beautiful retreat, so exclusively hallowed by her taste and genius, cannot avoid regretting that she ever left Barley Wood: it is a spot sanctified to her friends by many a sweet remembrance; and we transcribe an account of it, and its interesting inhabitant, from the letter of a friend who was there the winter before its occupant took up her residence at Clifton.

"Before we came in sight of the little town of Rington, we entered an avenue, thickly bordered with luxuriant evergreens, which led directly to the cottage of Barley Wood. As we drew nearer to the dwelling, a thick hedge of roses, jessamine, woodbine, and clamatis, fringed the smooth and sloping lawn on one side; on the other, laurel and laurestinus were in full and beautiful verdure: from the shrubbery, the ground ascends, and is well wooded by flowing larch, dark cyprus, spreading chesnut, and some lordly forest-trees. Amid this melange, rustic seats and temples occasionally peep forth; and two monuments are particularly conspicuous—the one to the memory of Porteus, the other to the memory of Locke. As the latter was an inhabitant of Rington, Hannah More, with her usual good taste, erected the memorial within sight of his native village. I was much struck by the air of affectionate kindness with which the old lady welcomed me to Barley Wood—there was something of courtliness about it, at the same time the courtliness of the *vielle cour*, which one reads of, but so seldom meets. Her dress was of light green Venetian silk; a yellow, richly embroidered crape shawl enveloped her shoulders; and a pretty net cap, tied under her chin

with white satin riband, completed the costume. Her figure is singularly *petite;* but to have any idea of the expression of her countenance, you must imagine the small withered face of a woman in her 87th year; and imagine also, (shaded, but not obscured, by long and perfectly white eyelashes,) eyes dark, brilliant, flashing, and penetrating; sparkling from object to object, with all the fire and energy of youth, and smiling welcome on all around.

"When I first entered the room, Lady S——— and her family were there; they soon prepared to depart, but the youngest boy, a fine little fellow of six, looked anxiously in Mrs. More's face, after she had kissed him, and his mamma said, 'You will not forget Mrs. Hannah, my dear'—he shook his head.

"'Do not forget me, my dear child,' said the kind old lady, assuming a playful manner—'but they say your sex is naturally capricious—there, I will give you another kiss, keep it for my sake, and, when you are a man, remember Hannah More.' 'I will,' he replied, '*remember that you loved children.*' It was a beautiful compliment.

"After a good deal of conversation on indifferent topics, she commenced shewing us her curiosities, which are numerous and peculiar: gods, given up by the South Sea Islanders to our missionaries—fragments of Oriental manuscripts—a choice, but not numerous, collection of books, chiefly in Italian, English, and French, (by the way, she speaks all those languages with equal fluency,) and, above all, a large collection of Autographs, containing her correspondence with Garrick, Johnson, Burke, Reynolds, Porteus; and manuscripts also in the hand-writing of Lord Chesterfield, Chatterton, Addison, Swift, Atterbury, Sir R. Steele, &c. &c.; one that particularly interested me, was, a letter from the little Prince Edward to our Queen Elizabeth, written in French. 'I will now,' she said, 'shew you some monuments of the days of my wickedness;' and she produced a play-bill, where 'Miss More's *New* Tragedy of Percy' was announced, exactly fifty-two years ago! She looked to me, at that moment, as a resurrection from the dead—more particularly when she added, 'Johnson, Burke, Garrick,* Reynolds, Porteus—all—all the associates of my youth, are gone; nor is there one amongst them,

* She was introduced to Garrick by Dr. Stonehouse; and this acquaintance led to her writing for the stage.

whom I delight in praising more than David Garrick — in his house I made my entrance into life; and a better conducted house I never saw.—I never could agree in the *latter* part of the sentiment,

> 'On the stage he was natural, simple, affecting;
> It was only that *when he was off*, he was acting;'—

and only regret, that his species of *acting* is not more practised by the world at large. I have never been to a play since his death—I could not bear it.' She told me, that it was nine years since she was down stairs; 'but I am like Alexander Selkirk,' she added, laughing, 'monarch of all I survey—every tree on this little domain was planted by my own hands, or under my special direction.' I bade her adieu with regret; for I never had the good fortune to meet with so perfect a relic of a well-spent life. The spirit within was as warm and cheerful, as if the blood of eighteen, instead of eighty, circulated in her veins. She is, indeed, a woman who has lived to good purpose."

In 1809, "Cœlebs in search of a Wife," appeared. Quite new in plan, addressed to the prejudices as well as the principles of a powerful religious sect, with a vein of satire that gratified the love of sarcasm, inherent, we fear, in all readers—moreover, "such an excellent book for young people"—no wonder that the success of Cœlebs was unbounded. The following passage is so characteristic of the work, that we must extract it as the keystone of our remarks.

Cœlebs is dining with a widower who has two daughters, where "I could not help observing, that many of the dishes were out of season, ill dressed, and ill chosen. I recollected I had lately read in a most respectable periodical work, a paper which insisted that nothing tended to make ladies so useless and inefficient in the mênage as the study of the dead languages. I jumped to the conclusion, and was in an instant persuaded that my young hostesses must be perfect mistresses of Latin; but the *tout ensemble* was so ill arranged, as to induce me to give them full credit for Greek also. Turning suddenly to the eldest lady, I asked her at once if she did not think Virgil the finest poet in the world. She started, and said, 'she had never heard of the person I mentioned, but that she had read Tears of Sensibility, and Rosa Matilda, and Sympathy of Souls, and Too Civil by

Half, and the Sorrows of Werter, the Stranger, and the Orphans of Snowden. 'Yes, sir,' rejoined the younger sister, who did not rise to so high a pitch of literature, 'and we have read Perfidy Punished, and Jemmy and Jenny Jessamy, the Fortunate Footman, and the Illustrious Chambermaid.'"

In literature, as in dress, a gone-by mode appears very ludicrous. The great merit of Cœlebs, and, which is as much a merit now as ever, are the multitude of judicious and highly principled remarks which are scattered through its pages. How true is the following—"This is the age of excess in every thing; nothing is a gratification, of which the want has not been previously felt. The wishes of children are all so anticipated, that they never experience the pleasure excited by wanting and waiting." The Stanley Family form a beautiful picture of domestic happiness elevated and made secure by religion.

The interesting communication which we have incorporated with this memoir, alludes so sufficiently to Mrs. Hannah's More's intimacy with the celebrated personages of the day—Dr. Johnson, Bishop Porteus, Sir J. Reynolds, Dr. Beattie, Mr. Montagu, and others—that we have thought it unnecessary to dwell upon that point; nor have we gone into the history of the controversies, of which she and her charities were the cause. Her difference with Ann Yearsley led to some bitter satirical attacks—we have even an octavo volume on this paltry dispute. The memory of such things is surely not worth reviving.

We now take our leave of Mrs. Hannah More. Even those who think her religious code strict beyond necessity, must admit that, if it errs, it is on the safe side; and must award to her writings the high praise of being entirely devoted to the cause of piety and of virtue.

LIST OF HER PUBLISHED WORKS:

The Search after Happiness—Drama.
Sir Eldred of the Bower, and Legendary Tales.
The Inflexible Captive—Tragedy.
Percy—Tragedy.
Ode to Dragon, Poems, &c.
Fatal Falsehood—Tragedy.
Sacred Dramas.
Sensibility.

The Bas-Blue.

The Shepherd of Salisbury Plain.

Thoughts on the Importance of the Manners of the Great to general Society.

Bonner's Ghost.

The Slave Trade.

An Estimate of the Religion of the Fashionable World.

Remarks on the Speech of M. Dupont.

Village Politics.

Stories for Persons of the Middle Ranks, and Tales for the Common People.

Strictures on the Modern System of Female Education.

Hints towards forming the Character of a Young Princess.

Cœlebs in search of a Wife—a Novel.

Practical Piety.

And many other Tracts and Essays, either separately, or in periodical publications.

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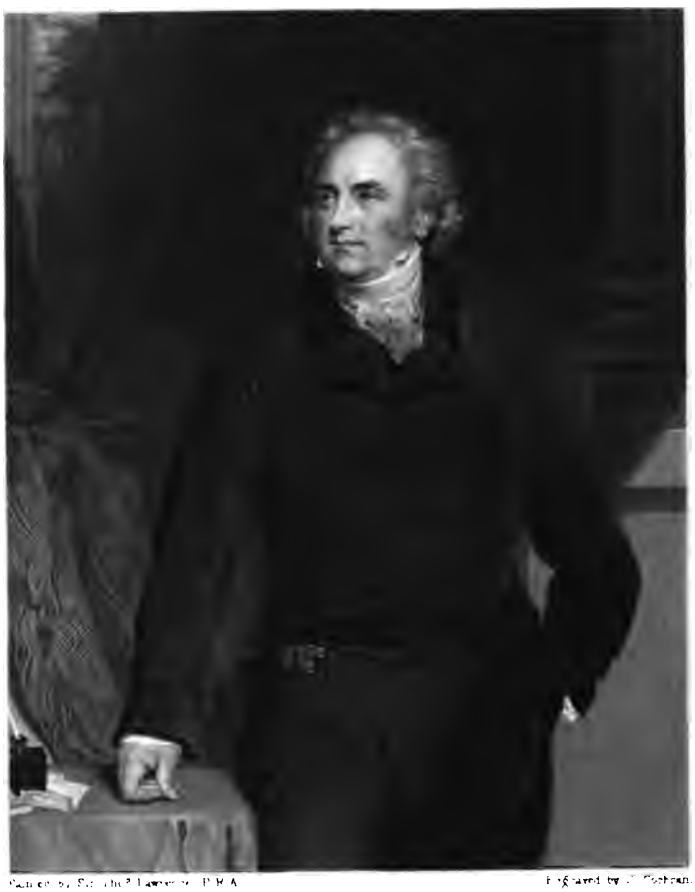


Painted by Sir Thos.[d] Lawrence P.R.A. Engraved by J. Cochran.

SIR ASTLEY PASTON, COOPER, BART F.R.S.

Astley Cooper

FISHER, SON & Co. LONDON. 831

# SIR ASTLEY PASTON COOPER,

BART.

AT a period when the public eye is turned with unusual intensity towards the luminaries of the medical profession, it affords us peculiar pleasure to trace the leading characteristics and events in the life of one of its brightest ornaments.

ASTLEY PASTON COOPER is the youngest son of the late Rev. Samuel Cooper, D. D. and Maria Susanna, daughter of James Bransby, Esq. of Shottisham, in the county of Norfolk. Mrs. Cooper is known as the authoress of a novel called "the Exemplary Mother." He was born August 23, 1768, at Brooke, in the same county, where he remained till the age of fourteen, when his family went to Yarmouth, of which place his father was instituted Rector, in 1782.

We have been curious to inquire into the early qualities of a boy so highly distinguished in his after-career by remarkable decision and talent; and, from a companion of his juvenile years, we gather, that he was from very infancy of a bold and enterprising spirit. Our correspondent relates an incident in proof of this, where, in attempting to convert a cow into a riding-horse, our childish *equestrian* was thrown, and broke his collar bone, amidst the long and loud laughter of his comrades; in which, so far from lamentation, his own was not the least audible. Even in those days, at Brooke, we are told, Astley was renowned for his social disposition and friendly demeanour to all the boys of his own age, however removed from him by the circumstances of inferior birth and connexions. Of their amusements he was always a participator, and, when their sports were more eccentric, he was their leader. At this time, his education consisted of reading, writing, and arithmetic, taught by the village schoolmaster, Robert Larke; and in good season, of Latin, from the Rev. Joseph Harrison, in conjunction, we believe, with his father, Dr. Cooper, who was a highly accomplished gentleman, and of considerable classical attainments.

At this period of his life, we are acquainted with many anecdotes, too trivial for minute relation, but all of which established his character for intrepidity and presence of mind. But, perhaps, the most remarkable instance we can adduce, to

illustrate this opinion, is to be found in the circumstance which seems to have determined the course of Sir Astley Cooper. It happened that a boy was thrown off a cart in his presence, by which accident he tore a large artery in his thigh, and lay on the ground, with the blood gushing so copiously from the wound, as to terrify all the other youthful spectators of the scene. They ran screaming for that assistance which must have come too late, had not our hero (for he is the hero of a tale like this,) hastened to his aid. He instantly made his handkerchief into a tourniquet, and, applied it so effectually, as to succeed in stopping the flow of the blood, which would otherwise in a few minutes have proved fatal. He has often been heard to declare, that the mental gratification of having thus saved a fellow-creature inspired him at once with almost a romantic desire to become a surgeon. We here see, fortunately for science and for mankind, how a mere accident led the way to the general extension of that skill and ability which has so largely benefited both; and those who love to dwell on the well-known story of Newton's apple, will not fail to be gratified by this congenial fact.

We shall now, however, take our leave of the more early recollections of Sir Astley, and accompany him, at the age of fourteen, to Yarmouth, where the same characteristics marked his progress. In a considerable seaport town, it may readily be conceived he would meet, and become intimate, with companions spirited and honorable like himself. His many hairbreadth escapes, on sea and shore, are still remembered; and we are assured that they made him an object of the utmost regard and admiration to the whole coast of fishers and boatmen—a class of persons sure to choose their favourites from the active, bold, and good-hearted.

From such sources we have followed him through many an idle and hazardous exploit; but we have the pleasure of adding, that in not one of them can we detect the slightest blot upon his scutcheon, by the recital of a single action incompatible with high-mindedness, and the kindred dispositions. On the contrary, we learn that he never would associate with any boy who was guilty of the least discreditable act—such, if such there unfortunately happened to be, were immediately expelled from the band, of which he might well be esteemed the chief.

Combined with this vivacity and enterprise, young Cooper was still capable of keeping pace with those of his own age and standing, in the graver discipline and toil of study; for his quickness and aptitude supplied the want of more protracted application, and he could acquire in a few hours the information which cost duller brains the labour of days and weeks.

After having been a year in Yarmouth, he was, at the age of fifteen, placed with Mr. Turner, an apothecary, to try how he might like the profession; and having already enlivened our sketch with some amusing personal traits, we shall mention another laughable affair, in which our sprightly hero appears to have come off only second best. Mr. Turner was a kind, but austere man; one, of whom youth stood in respectful awe, and of course Master Cooper did not escape the common restraint of his domestic discipline. A scolding and reproof, which he had earned by some carelessness, was being administered to him with due emphasis, and with so much effect, that his castigator caught him in the delinquency of making faces at him behind his back. An explanation of these contortions was sternly demanded, when the ready youth, who happened to have a decayed tooth, dexterously availed himself of the circumstance, and, continuing his grimaces, exclaimed, "My tooth, Sir! my tooth! it is so painful, Sir; who can help making faces?" But Mr. Turner was also a wag in his way, and not to be so easily diverted from the real state of a case: so, asking to examine the tooth, which he found to be as represented, he in an instant introduced his instrument, and, ere the patient could be aware of the design, it was out of his head!

Nevertheless, in the year during which he pursued this course, so devoted was his attention to the poor and needy in sickness and distress, that he acquired their entire confidence and respect: it is rare to see one so young, and withal so mercurial, at the same time so much esteemed and beloved.

But a wider and more important theatre was now to be opened to his exertions. In 1784 he came to London, in order to attend the Hospitals, and was bound apprentice to his uncle, Mr. W. Cooper, Surgeon of Guy's, but, three months after, was transferred to Mr. Cline. Here his character almost immediately began to develop itself in that decided manner which raised him

afterwards to such professional eminence. The early promise of his future greatness was as marked as it was certain. Still social, amiable, and spirited, he was the valued associate of his fellow-students out of the hospital; whilst in it, he was soon esteemed by them all with admiration for his abilities. In the dissecting room, as we are informed by his cotemporaries, he made himself of the greatest use, by voluntarily assisting the many who looked up to him for their advancement in anatomical knowledge. He was ever the first at the bedside, when an accident was brought in; and was speedily seen to evince that quickness in comprehending the nature of an injury, which has ever since formed so distinguished a feature in his professional career. In 1787 he went to Edinburgh, and there became a conspicuous pupil, from his great knowledge in anatomy. He was elected chairman of a society for protecting the rights of students, though not yet twenty years of age; and made so good a figure at the Royal Medical Society, that he was marked for the presidency of the following year; but he returned to London, and pursued his studies with undiminished ardour.

At this time the celebrated Mr. Cline was Surgeon of St. Thomas's, and teacher of anatomy and surgery; and Astley Cooper resided in his house. So situated, it is not surprising that Mr. Cline had the sagacity to discover the value of such a coadjutor, and the kindness to appoint him, in the first place, demonstrator to the pupils, and soon after assign him a share in his anatomical lectures. The compliment paid by this trust, from one so highly established in public opinion, to one yet so young, may readily be appreciated. The consequences were not long in being made obvious to the medical world.

The character and fame of Astley Cooper were now extended by the great perspicuity with which he imparted instruction. He lectured with such consummate talent, that every sentence he uttered conveyed some practical point, and impressed it on the understanding of his hearers. Like the current coin of the realm, every discourse possessed a sterling worth, and was capable of being employed on the instant, for any use which demanded the application of the intelligence it had communicated, to actual events or practice. This, let us pause to remark, is of prodigious importance to medical science:—a single principle, clearly demon-

strated, and rendered capable of unerring application, is far more to be prized than the finest oration that ever was delivered from the rostrum of a theatre. In no branch of human inquiry is the practical so superior to the theoretical, the useful to the imaginative, as in the study of surgery.

Mr. Cooper accordingly very soon obtained the highest reputation and popularity as a teacher, and it necessarily resulted from this celebrity at a large hospital, that he got into considerable private practice, and began to reap the well-earned harvest of his talent and unceasing assiduity. He never at this period, however, allowed his private practice to interfere with his public avocations: and they proceeded, consistently, to advance him more and more in his professional elevation. Before speaking farther of this, we shall turn to the particulars of his domestic history.

In the year 1791, his apprenticeship ended, and on the 12th of December, 1792, he married Anne, the daughter of Thomas Cock, Esq., of Tottenham, and a niece, we believe, of Mr. Cline; in whose house the marriage ceremony took place, and was performed so quietly, that the bridegroom lectured the same evening, without a whisper of it having transpired. Subsequently to this, he went to reside in Jeffrey Square, St. Mary Axe, where he lived for eight years. Thence he went to New Broad Street, where he also remained for several years; and from New Broad Street removed to New Street, Spring Gardens: he continued to carry on a practice, unexampled, we dare to say, for extent and emolument, in the annals of surgery, of this or any other country. We believe we may state on unquestionable authority, that in the last year of his abode in the City, at New Broad Street, he realized the largest sum ever known by a medical practitioner; no less, indeed, than £21,000!—and for years after his transit to the west end of the town, the same astonishing celebrity, with its consequent wonderful income of from £18,000 to £20,000 per annum, attended his footsteps.

On hearing of much smaller sums being gained by leading men in this and other lucrative pursuits, we have thought it impossible that there should be time wherein to earn them; but law and medicine are often purchased at immense cost. For example, we have been told of one case, of an old and wealthy West Indian, to whose relief Sir Astley Cooper was called. An

crowded haunts, where a man, who has passed his life in the bustle and fatigue of London competition, can close it congenially—"with the harness on his back."

Again in the field, Sir Astley Cooper is now to be seen labouring as hard, in alleviating the sufferings of mankind, as if, instead of still ploughing and sowing, he might not be content with enjoying the harvest. But, from the picture we have drawn, it must be apparent, that no circumstances could doom such a character to lassitude and repose, especially at a period when the vital energies have lost little of their vigour. It was a mistake; and we think it more in keeping, when we are told that Sir Astley's love and enthusiasm for his profession leads him, even up to the present moment, to pass many of the early hours of the day in close investigation of anatomical objects, in his dissecting-room, and again to employ the later hours of night in recording, for public use, the results of his researches. Notwithstanding these serious and abstruse occupations, he is admitted by his friends to be eminently qualified for social enjoyment; and after the professional labours of the day, the elasticity of his mind, unbending itself, makes him a liberal contributor to conversational hilarity. The fund of anecdote supplied from history, and the lively pictures he draws from the scenes which he has witnessed himself, particularly during his visit to Paris in the days of the first revolution, are themes of never failing entertainment, when related in his lively and descriptive manner.

In his habits he is exceedingly careless of self, taking no precautions against heat or cold, but exposing himself indifferently to either. His temperament is, we are informed, hasty and passionate; but his forgiveness is as quick as his resentment. On the whole, he is a very remarkable man, and there seems to us to be a certain unity of character in him, from the boyish adventures we have narrated to the present hour, which renders even so brief a memoir as this interesting to those who will draw inferences from human nature. We have, therefore, had some interest in tracing this slight sketch: respecting the living, delicacy prevents us from entering upon deeper reflections.

For the sake of his friends, and for the interests of humanity, we devoutly hope that the life of Sir Astley Cooper may be prolonged to the utmost term granted to man.

Painted by Sir Tho.s Lawrence P.R.A. Engraved by H. Robinson

SIR THOMAS PLUMER.

*Plumer.*

FISHER, SON & CO. LONDON. 1834.

# SIR THOMAS PLUMER.

SIR THOMAS PLUMER was born on the 10th of October, A.D. 1753. He was descended from a highly respectable Yorkshire family, and was the second son of Thomas Plumer, Esq. of Lilling Hall, in that county.

At an early age he was placed at a private school, and, when about eight years old, was sent to Eton. There he attained much classical distinction, and won the good opinion and friendship of his school-fellows, by that suavity of manners, that union of spirit and gentleness, and that cheerfulness and generosity of temper, which accompanied and distinguished him through life. He ever cherished a fond recollection of his Eton companions, many of whom were afterwards his intimate associates, and some survived to deplore his loss. Dr. Dampier, the head-master of the school at that time, early discovered the excellence of his heart, and the extent of his talents, and, in a letter to his father, dated in 1767, observes, "His very countenance is a kind of fortune to him; and I do not see how, with his ability, and industry withal, he can well fail of succeeding in the world."

He was admitted a member of University College, Oxford, in October, 1771. Here a high sense of duty, and rectitude of conduct, regulated the whole course of his academical career, and rendered the important season spent at college an appropriate introduction to a public and private life of usefulness and virtue. It is related, that, to guard him against the habits of intemperance, more prevalent at that period than at present in the University, his father enjoined him to abstain from the use of wine; and that he obeyed this precept to the letter, during the whole period of his residence there, though it necessarily exposed him to raillery and ridicule. This is a trifling anecdote; but it exhibits a

striking and characteristic trait of that firmness of character, that self-discipline and control, which marked all his future years.

Having destined himself from the first for the legal profession, he entered at Lincoln's Inn even before his matriculation, and united with his studies at the University such reading as might be useful in furthering his preparation for the bar, consistently with a due regard to his classical pursuits.

In the year 1777 he was gratified with the academical distinction of being elected Vinerian Scholar; and in June, 1780, was chosen Fellow of University College. It was auspicious for his professional success, that he had before him, in his own society, examples well calculated to excite emulation and encourage exertion; and it is not a little remarkable, that the same college had, about the same time, to boast among its members, of Sir William Chambers; the illustrious brothers, the Earl of Eldon and Lord Stowel; Sir William Jones; Mr. Wyndham; and Sir Thomas Plumer. Another favourable circumstance attended the opening of Mr. Plumer's career soon after he had commenced his legal studies in London; namely, his early introduction to the notice of Sir James Eyre, who was at that time one of the Barons of the Exchequer, and who afterwards proved his attached friend and patron. Before he was called to the bar, he several times accompanied Sir James upon his circuits, and assisted the judge, whose eyes were weak, in taking notes of evidence on the trials at which he presided. This office, which he executed with accuracy and attention, proved a great relief to Sir James Eyre, and at the same time gave Mr. Plumer the advantage which necessarily arose from that practice, and from the knowledge and experience he could not fail to acquire, from the observations, learning, and example of so eminent a judge. Mr. Plumer's habit too, of taking notes in Westminster Hall of every important case, rendered him an extremely useful circuit companion; and he often recurred with pleasure, to the early applause and encouragement he received from the Baron and Lord Mansfield, whilst they were travelling the Home circuit together, for supplying them with some particulars of a case they were discussing in his presence, but had imperfectly remembered.

Mr. Plumer was called to the bar in Hillary Term 1778, and went the Oxford and Carmarthen circuits. In 1781,

he was appointed a Commissioner of Bankrupts, but, from a brief memorandum written by him, it would seem that, during the first four years of his practice at the bar, his gains were but moderate. In the fifth year, a considerable increase took place, and at the close of the eighth he had the satisfaction of reflecting, that, having begun with slender means and few assisting friends, his profits had already exceeded his expenditure—that he had laid a foundation for his future fortune, and was, to use his own words, "in the way of gaining both reputation and connexion."

One of the first efforts which introduced him into public notice, was his defence of Sir Thomas Rumbold at the bar of the House of Commons; and the information he obtained upon India affairs, and the powers which he exhibited upon that occasion, may be considered as having led to the opportunity, which was not long afterwards afforded him, of a more ample development and display of his talents. In the year 1787 he was engaged, in conjunction with Mr. Law and Mr. Dallas, as counsel for the defence of Warren Hastings; and during the nine years' continuance of that celebrated trial, he devoted himself to the interest of his distinguished client, with that ardent zeal, and persevering diligence, which form such striking features in his character as an advocate. His unwearied efforts, however, throughout this period, impaired his health, and, it is supposed, laid the foundation of the complaint which ultimately terminated his valuable life.

It is memorable, that all the three lawyers, who successfully advocated the cause of Mr. Hastings, rose to eminence, and attained the highest stations in their profession. Mr. Law finally became Lord Chief Justice of the King's Bench; Mr. Plumer, Master of the Rolls; and Mr. Dallas, the Chief Justice of the Common Pleas.

The speeches which Mr. Plumer made on this, as well as on other occasions, were remarkable for sound and powerful reasoning; and though his general style of speaking was not of an ornate character, yet it was clear, natural, strong, and pointed, and, aided as it was by an earnest and impressive manner, evidently flowing from his own conviction of the truth and justice of what he was endeavouring to inculcate, was eminently successful in fixing the attention, and convincing the understandings of his hearers.

His zeal and ability throughout this arduous contest attracted the particular notice of Mr. Pitt; and it was at the express and repeated solicitations of that distinguished minister, that he was induced to undertake the defence of Lord Melville, in the year 1805.

Mr. Plumer devoted himself to the conduct of this great cause, with the same indefatigable industry and perseverance that he had displayed on the former occasion; and though a formidable host of adversaries, of whom the late Sir Samuel Romilly was one, was arrayed against him, his efforts were again successful, and terminated in his noble client being brought to an honorable acquittal.

In the examination of witnesses, Mr. Plumer was always powerful and acute; and the effect produced by his cross examination of the principal witness, called by the managers for the House of Commons to support the charges in the impeachment against Lord Melville, will not readily be forgotten by those that were present on that occasion. A skilful and cautious examination in chief by Mr. Whitbread, the leading manager, had excited a strong and general impression to the prejudice of Lord Melville; but, on the cross-examination by Mr. Plumer, an explanation was elicited of what had been obscured before; the real truth, and the whole truth, respecting the principal subject of the charge, was brought forth in a manner that caused an immediate reaction in the minds of those who heard it: in the short period of two or three hours, the general opinion was reversed; and, on the most serious and important article of the impeachment, the acquittal, which afterwards took place, was at once secured.

Mr. Plumer's general practice had by this time become very extensive: for several years he was a distinguished leader upon the Oxford circuit; in Westminster Hall he principally attended the Court of Exchequer, and there ranked as one of the best tithe lawyers of his day. He was also much resorted to as counsel at elections; and was concerned for Sir Francis Burdett in one of his great struggles for Middlesex; and in most of the celebrated election contests of the day, he bore an active part. In the committees too, and at the bar of the House of Commons, he was a favourite and powerful advocate; and amongst his efforts before that assembly, none gained him more

distinction than his vindication of the rights and interests of the East India Company against Mr. Fox's well-known bill. The Company gratefully acknowledged his services, and made him a handsome present of plate.

Nor was his name unknown in the House of Lords; and the ability, the activity, and unwearied determination to discover and establish the truth, with which he conducted, on the part of the Crown, the investigation of the claim to the Berkeley peerage, were rendered conspicuous, by his obtaining from that assembly, which at the outset is said to have entertained a very general feeling in favour of the claimant, an almost unanimous decision against him.

It will be anticipated, that success so distinguished would not pass unrewarded with the honors of the profession. In the course of the trial of Warren Hastings (on the 7th of February, 1793,) Mr. Plumer was made King's Counsel; and before the commencement of Lord Melville's trial, he was, on the 25th of March, 1805, appointed one of the Welsh Judges, on the North Wales circuit. When his estimable friend, Mr. Perceval, to whom he was most warmly attached, held the office of Chancellor of the Exchequer, under the administration of the Duke of Portland, he was appointed Solicitor-General, and received the honor of Knighthood. This appointment was made on the 11th of April, 1807; and on the 26th of June, 1812, he succeeded to the office of Attorney-General. On his accession to the former of these offices, it became requisite for him to procure a seat in Parliament; and here he received a flattering testimony of personal respect, and a gratifying return for professional services.

Mr. Plumer had, at an earlier period of his practice, successfully supported the elective franchise of a class of voters in the borough of Downton, with whom the Earl of Radnor was connected; and though there was a wide difference in their political sentiments, Lord Radnor had repeatedly offered him all his interest in the borough, if he chose to become a candidate for it. Mr. Plumer however, wishing to keep clear of politics, and to devote his whole time and attention to his profession, had uniformly declined this offer; but, on his being appointed Solicitor-General, it was renewed by Lord Radnor with so much friendly regard, that he no longer hesitated to avail himself of it. He was accordingly

returned for Downton, and continued to represent that place, until he retired from the House of Commons, in the year 1813.

Upon the creation of the office of Vice-Chancellor, Sir Thomas Plumer, being called to fill it, took his seat on the bench on the 14th of April, 1813; and from this office he was raised to the post of Master of the Rolls, on the 6th of January, 1818.

Of his merits as an advocate, some estimate may be formed from the preceding narrative of his progress at the bar. His legal attainments, his acute discernment, his indefatigable industry in sifting and collecting every fact and argument that could be brought to bear upon the case in which he was engaged, his persevering zeal for the interest of his clients, which were completely identified with his own, his energetic and copious, but simple and unaffected eloquence, delivered in a highly spirited and emphatic manner, combined with the moral weight of an irreproachable private character, justly raised him to an elevated station in his profession, and procured for him that high consideration which he so long enjoyed.

As a judge, he was distinguished by an unremitting diligence, by the soundness of his judgment, and the undeviating impartiality of his decrees; by a courtesy of demeanour, and kindness of manner, which tempered the authority, without diminishing the dignity, of the judicial station; and, above all, by that simple and sincere love of truth, without which the highest talents cannot win respect. When a cause was pending before him, in which property, and still more in which character was at stake, he felt, in all its force, the responsibility of his high station. No matter how voluminous the mass of evidence, how contradictory the testimony, how complicated the facts; the difficulty of deciding rightly seemed only to quicken the sanguine industry with which he set about the investigation. As soon as he perceived his mind leaning towards one side, he became extremely anxious that no argument on the other should escape him: on such occasions, he was fond of stating the question to any of his friends, in the rectitude of whose judgment he felt confidence; and, contriving by a peculiar playfulness to interest them in the subject, he would then debate it with much earnestness, usually adopting the side against which his own opinion was inclining, and weighing the opposite objections with the most scrupulous care and attention.

In all this, he was not actuated by a love of display, (for few men, perhaps, had ever less of vanity or ostentation,) but from a pure and conscientious desire to arrive at a right conclusion, and to do justice between the contending parties: and while, on the one hand, he was too humble, and distrustful of himself, to determine any question of importance, however simple it might at first sight seem, without much laborious research so; on the other, no weight of authority made him feel justified in adopting, or acquiescing in, the opinions of former judges, without reviewing and reconsidering them.

Many instances, illustrative of these qualities, might be mentioned, but in none, perhaps, were they more eminently exemplified, than in the great cause of Cholmondeley *v.* Clinton, which had been the subject of one of the most admired judgments of the greatest lawyer of his time. This decision was brought under the review of Sir Thomas Plumer, and he entered upon the task, from which a more indolent or a more timid mind might have shrunk, with an unsparing perseverance, and an unflinching determination to probe to the bottom the soundness of the doctrines laid down by Sir William Grant. Week after week, month after month, through the whole course of a summer's vacation, was he employed in examining every authority, verifying every reference, and weighing every argument. And, when his own view of the case, which differed from that of Sir William Grant, was subsequently confirmed, as well by the profession at large, as by those enlightened heads of it in the House of Lords, the Earl of Eldon and Lord Redesdale, Sir Thomas Plumer derived an honest satisfaction from having been instrumental in preserving a splendid property in the hands of its rightful owner, and in establishing, upon a sure and sound foundation, some extremely important principles of law. These qualities justly entitle him to the following encomium, passed upon him in a recent pamphlet, on the subject of the Court of Chancery, by a lawyer * of extensive knowledge and long experience—"I cannot speak in too high terms of the late Sir Thomas Plumer, as a most able advocate, as an upright and most laborious judge; and many of the causes decided by him, will do him lasting honor."

His patriotism was pure, fervent, and sincere, and manifested

* Mr. Bell.

itself in a constant adherence to the same principles throughout life, in a loyal devotion to his sovereign, and in a firm and zealous support of the constitution of his country.

We cannot close this Memoir, without adding to our brief retrospect of the public and professional history of Sir Thomas Plumer, a review, however short, of his private and domestic life.

In 1794, he was happily united to Marianne, the eldest daughter of John Turton, Esq. then of Sugnall Hall, in Staffordshire; to whom he was a most attached and indulgent husband. To his children, he was a fond and affectionate father; and in all the social relations, his character was peculiary endearing and attractive. He delighted to employ the blessings of a prosperous fortune in acts of kindness and beneficence; and it was the constant study of his life to promote, by every means in his power, the good and happiness of all around him. His heart was full of the tenderest sensibilities of our nature; and while, on the one hand, his playful manner, the cheerfulness of his own happy mind, and his benevolent satisfaction in witnessing and promoting the enjoyments of others, rendered him to the last a pleasing companion, even for the young and lively; so, on the other, his sympathies were equally active in relieving the wants, and administering to the comforts, of his less fortunate fellow-creatures. Besides being a large contributor to the public charities of his country, his purse was always open to the calls of friendship, and the necessities of the distressed: and the delicacy and feeling, with which he accompanied these offices of kindness, were equalled only by their generosity and munificence.

Wherever he resided, his active mind was continually projecting and executing plans of improvement: and whether the place of residence was the property of the public, or his own, he never failed to leave lasting and substantial proofs of his liberality and taste. At his estate at Canons, (purchased in the year 1811,) he delighted to occupy the few leisure hours which were afforded him, in making alterations, which materially added to the value and beauty of the place. Upon his accession to the office of Vice-Chancellor, he found no separate court provided for his sittings; the legislature having only contemplated his taking the place of the Lord Chancellor in the Court of Chancery, when that judge was attending on other duties in the House of Lords, and

elsewhere. Sir Thomas Plumer, however, having determined to devote his whole time and labour to the public service, and to sit every day, exerted himself most assiduously in prevailing upon Government to furnish him with a distinct seat of judicature; and, by dint of incessant application for several months to the Treasury, and other members of administration, he at length succeeded in obtaining the grant, by which the building appropriated to the use of the Vice-Chancellor, in Lincoln's Inn, was erected.

The official residence at the Rolls also underwent a complete renovation under his superintendence; and, without confining his attention to objects of his own personal comfort and enjoyment, he procured the chapel attached to the Rolls-house, which he found in a most dilapidated state, to be thoroughly repaired and embellished. New and ample arrangements were made for the reception of the important records of which it is the depository; and the whole interior was fitted up with an elegance and taste suitable to the sanctity and antiquity of the edifice, and with the most studied attention to the order and preservation of those valuable documents.

He was a firm and zealous supporter of the Church of England, and a constant attendant upon its public services, even during the most occupied periods of his life. For the institution of the Sabbath-day, in particular, he entertained a profound reverence; and often referred to the example of that excellent man, Sir Matthew Hale, as the object of his imitation in this respect. Nor was this the only point of resemblance between them. Sir Thomas Plumer, like Sir Matthew Hale, was in heart and practice a devout Christian; and a fervent, but, at the same time, a cheerful and unaffected spirit of religion pervaded the whole tenor of his conduct and conversation. Amidst all the trials and troubles to which humanity is subject, he preserved an undisturbed composure and tranquillity of mind. Setting out, in the performance of his daily duties, both public and private, with the predominant and inflexible purpose of doing what was right, he left events in higher hands. "*Cætera mitte Deo,*" was one of his prevailing maxims; and he united, in a remarkable degree, an implicit trust in divine Providence, with the exercise of every human

effort, on his own part, to ensure the successful issue of his undertakings.

He highly valued the society of such members of the sacred profession as were brought into near connexion with him. Among his clerical friends were reckoned many living ornaments of the church; and his acquaintance with the late Bishop Heber, (which commenced upon the appointment of the latter to the preachership of Lincoln's Inn,) soon ripened, from the congeniality of their minds and feelings, into a warm and zealous friendship.

Some incidental allusions have been already made to a severe bodily complaint, with which he was long afflicted; it increased with age, and, for some of the last years of his life, admitted of only occasional intermission to his sufferings. The exemplary fortitude with which he endured these severe trials, never failed him; he submitted to them with patience and resignation, and with the most humble feelings of acquiescence in the Divine will; and if ever a complaint escaped his lips in the bed of suffering, it was because he felt his sphere of usefulness diminished, and the power of serving his country abridged. Often, indeed, did the zealous discharge of public duty urge him to exertions which his broken health could ill sustain; and his labours only ended with his life: exhausted nature sunk from under him; and, withdrawing from the bench (which he had latterly occupied against the importunate entreaties of his family) to the bed of death, he expired, not many hours after he had presided in court, on the 25th of March, 1824, in the 71st year of his age. His mortal remains are interred in the Rolls chapel; but his name will long be held in honor by the profession to which he belonged, and affectionately remembered by his family and friends.

WARREN HASTINGS, ESQ.

Warren Hastings

THE RIGHT HON.

# WARREN HASTINGS,

LL.D. & F.R.S.

Late Governor of Bengal, and Member of His Majesty's Privy Council.

THE life of WARREN HASTINGS is among the most painful passages of history; it being one of those which holds out such great discouragement to human talents and human exertion. Never, perhaps, was there a man who achieved more by his own single and unaided ability; and never, perhaps, was there a man who met with more injustice and harshness as a reward. We see a youth spent in ill-requited labour; then, a few years in a position which gave full scope to the extraordinary powers of his mind; a brief course of usefulness and enterprise; then, a long and weary period of wrong, contumely, and accusation; and, finally, a neglected old age, to cheer which, justice came too late. Such is the summary of Warren Hastings' career.

WARREN HASTINGS was born in 1733: his father was a clergyman, of an old and most respectable family; although Mr. Burke, with that singular bitterness which seems to have eagerly sought every opportunity of vilifying or annoying the object of his hatred, said, that "his origin was low, obscure, and vulgar;" an assertion, as gratuitous as it was false.*

Placed for a few years (five or six) at Westminster-school, his early attainments drew the attention of his master, Dr. Nichols. At the age of seventeen, in 1750, he obtained the appointment of writer in the service of the East India Company, and was nominated to Bengal. At that time, there was an extraordinary neglect of that most indispensable acquirement, the native tongue. Immediately on young Hastings' arrival, he applied himself vigorously to the study of the Hindoostanee and Persian. The knowledge thus

* The pedigree of the Hastings family is given at length in Dr. Nash's Survey of Worcestershire.

obtained was the stepping-stone to his fortune; it being then as rare as it was useful. About this time, Lord Clive's military successes had given a new feature to the Company's settlements in India; and hence, offensive measures had become as necessary as defensive.

This is no place to enter into the abstract question of our right to territorial dominion; and indeed most discussions touching the irrevocable, that is, the past, are of more ingenuity than benefit. Probably the fairest and most useful method, now, of considering the subject, will be, to survey the improved condition of India under the British government, when compared with its state under its native princes. Never did annals so abound in instances of crime and wretchedness; of petty and perpetual wars, of changing dynasties, every change marked by murder; of sweeping conquests, literally deluging the land with blood; of rapine, extortion, tyranny and iron-handed oppression, as do the chronicles of native India. While the security, peace, general and moral improvement, which have taken place in the provinces protected by our sway, may more than balance against the change of masters; particularly with those who were always changing, and, till now, never for the better.

The state of affairs rendered it necessary to select some efficient person, as resident minister at the court of Jaffier Ally Cawn. Lord Clive's keen discernment, perhaps his most remarkable quality, instantly fixed on Warren Hastings, whose acquaintance with the language, and with the crooked policy of the native princes, enabled him to acquit himself most satisfactorily of his difficult charge. Previous to this, he had been employed in establishing a factory in the interior of Bengal; the attempt had proved unsuccessful, though his skill in conciliation was amply proved by the friendship of the principal natives, which he acquired. The respect entertained for his character procured him good treatment, even when a prisoner with that most deadly foe to the English, Surajah Dowlah.

In 1761, he returned to Bengal, having become a member of the administration by seniority of service. Still, to use the expression of our great modern fatalist, "his star had not yet risen," and after fourteen years he revisited to England, poor, disappointed, and with the consciousness of great talents for

which he had no scope. We cannot imagine five more long or weary years than those which succeeded, passing away in poverty and inaction. In 1769, he was most unexpectedly appointed second in council at Madras. On his voyage out, he formed one of those attachments which, even under the most extenuating circumstances, must ever be reprobated. Passing over the subject as lightly as possible, we will merely state, that the Mrs. Imhoff, with whom he was a fellow-passenger, became, after the delays attendant on a divorce, Mrs. Hastings.

Warren Hastings remained but two years at Madras; when he returned to Bengal, as President of the Supreme Council. The state of affairs was at that period in utter confusion; the Company had gradually acquired an extent of country, and a weight of authority, for which they were not prepared; there were constant discussions arising between the different presidencies, all of which laid claim to equality; there were disputes within, and enemies without, when the mother country, whose attention had been attracted by divers instances of great mismanagement, decided on erecting a paramount jurisdiction; and Mr. Hastings was appointed Governor-General of Bengal.

It was under circumstances of extreme difficulty that he began his administration. Hyder Ali, sovereign of Mysore, both from the large force he had himself collected, and from his alliance with the Mahrattas, was a formidable foe to the English. His irruption into the Carnatic spread havoc and terror through the province, and the commander-in-chief at Madras set the example of flight. The defeat of Sir Hector Munro, followed by that of Colonel Baillie, caused a universal panic, and the issue of the conflict was held to be more than doubtful. But whatever were his difficulties, the Governor-General was fully equal to them. His policy was as remarkable as his vigour. Well aware of the enemy with whom he had to deal, one half of the powerful league against him was bought off; while, with an efficient army, under Sir Eyre Coote, he carried every thing before him in the open field.

But even during the full tide of success, an under-current of envy and discontent was setting against him. His peace with the Mahrattas was condemned as dishonourable, without any sort of allowance being made for its necessity, or its advantage. He was also accused of making improvident contracts; and of

oppressing dependent states by the subsidies he exacted. In 1776, his recall was proposed at the India-House, but the majority of proprietors decided against such a step.

In 1782, Mr. Dundas brought forward a motion in the House for his recall, grounded on a despatch which accused him "of the most flagrant violence and oppression, and of the grossest breach of faith, committed against Cheyt Sing, the Rajah of Benares." The recall, which passed the Commons, was, however, rescinded by a second vote of the court of proprietors in his favour; but steps were taken to set a curb and watch over his government. Sir Philip Francis, K. B., Colonel Monson, and General Clavering, were appointed, with handsome salaries, to seats at the council. Many complaints were made by these gentlemen, of want of attention, on their arrival; and the dissensions which might easily have been foreseen, took place. Conscious of his own integrity, aware of the great services he had rendered, it must have been no ordinary vexation to Mr. Hastings to find his views thwarted, and his authority controlled, by men who had neither his abilities nor his experience, and who were incapable of entering into those gigantic plans which the future has so completely fulfilled.

Soon after their arrival, Nundcomar, a native, brought a charge of corruption before the council against the Governor-General; a charge only met by disdain on his part. This man together with his son Rajah Gourdass, avowed, that they had conveyed large sums of money to the Governor from Munny Begum, a letter of whose writing was produced. Contempt, and an appeal to his long-tried integrity, were Mr. Hastings' answer: a contempt well justified by his knowledge of his accuser. Nundcomar was shortly after arrested on a charge of forgery, tried, and executed. There can be no doubt that a hope of escaping the consequences of his dishonesty, was the motive of his charge against Warren Hastings.

The sudden death of General Clavering, followed by that of Colonel Monson, gave the Governor again full sway in the council. Shortly afterwards a duel took place, between him and Sir Philip Francis, which was followed by the return of the latter to Europe; and nothing remained to disturb his government, but rumours of the charges accumulating against him in England.

In 1785, he embarked for his native country,* leaving India in a state of unexampled peace and prosperity.

Mr. Hastings arrived in England in 1785; and the following year Mr. Burke brought before the House of Commons several separate articles, charging him with high crimes and misdemeanors. Out of eleven articles, only four were judged tenable: these were—

* We preserve here a translation made by him during the voyage, and addressed to his fellow-passenger John Shaw, now Lord Teignmouth.

IMITATION OF HORACE, Book II. Ode XVI.

For ease, the harassed seaman prays,
When equinoctial tempests raise
The Cape's surrounding wave;
When, hanging o'er the reef, he hears
The cracking mast, and sees, or fears,
Beneath, his wat'ry grave.

For ease, the slow *Mahratta* spoils,
And hardier *Sic* erratic toils,
While both their ease forego;
For ease, which neither gold can buy,
Nor robes, nor gems, which oft belie
The covert heart below;

For neither gold, nor gems combin'd,
Can heal the soul, or suffering mind.
Lo! where their owner lies,
Perch'd on his couch, distemper breathes,
And care, like smoke, in turbid wreaths,
Round the gay cieling flies.

He who enjoys, nor covets more,
The lands his father held before,
Is of true bliss possess'd:
Let but his mind unfetter'd tread,
Far as the paths of knowledge lead;
And wise as well as blest.

No fears his peace of mind annoy,
Lest printed lies his fame destroy,
Which labour'd years have won;
Nor pack'd committees break his rest,
Nor avarice sends him forth in quest
Of climes beneath the sun.

Short is our span: then why engage
In schemes, for which man's transient age
Was ne'er by fate design'd?
Why slight the gifts of Nature's hand?
What wanderer from his native land
E'er left himself behind?

The restless thought and wayward will,
And discontent, attend him still,
Nor quit him while he lives;
At sea, care follows in the wind,
At land, it mounts the pad behind,
Or with the post-boy drives.

He, who would happy live to-day,
Must laugh the present ills away,
Nor think of woes to come,
For come they will, or soon or late,
Since mix'd at best, is man's estate,
By heaven's eternal doom.

1. With extortion, followed by expulsion, in respect to the Rajah of Benares.

2. With the hardships to which the royal family of Oude had been reduced.

3. With conniving at extravagant contracts.

4. With receiving undue presents.

It is needless entering into the details of a trial, which began in envy and hatred, and continued in all uncharitableness. Perhaps Fox's future India bill is the great key to Warren Hastings' impeachment: only those who know that nothing for the time can equal the frenzy of party, which swallows every thing in its vortex; only those who, from experience or observation, know how the mind can be worked up to any pitch; can comprehend the virulent animosity of Burke: well did he deserve the epigram forced from his victim—

> "Oft have I wondered that on Irish ground
> No poisonous reptiles ever yet were found:
> Revealed the secret stands of Nature's work,
> She saved her venom to create a Burke."

Never was eloquence so prostituted. Nine years did this trial continue. Hastings might well ask, at the bar of the House of Lords, if "his whole life was to be consumed in this impeachment." We cannot do better than give his defence in his own words. He began by observing—

"That the grounds of crimination were ill-founded, aspersive, and malicious; that the various publications of the times contained the most unwarrantable observations on his conduct, and that the press daily teemed with the most gross libels upon every part of his administration in India.

"He was obliged, on the present occasion, to reply to charges containing nothing specific; they might, indeed, be called historical narratives, with voluminous commentaries. He had been in India from a schoolboy; and, during a period of thirty-six years' servitude, he had always the happiness to maintain a good and respectable character. By the evil machinations of a few individuals, men of notoriety, he now appeared in an unfortunate situation; but he chose to come forward on the occasion, and meet his fate, rather than be subjected to the continual threats of a parliamentary prosecution.

"In respect to his public conduct, he had ever acted according to the emergencies of the times; and he had been frequently reduced to such extremities, as to defy the sanction of any precedent. No man had ever been in more perilous situations; and, amidst his disasters, he was entirely left to the resources of his own mind. He had resigned the government of India, amidst the regret of his fellow-subjects; he had repeatedly received the thanks of his employers, the Directors of the East India Company: he had the satisfaction of discharging the trust reposed in him, with unanimous approbation; and he believed that no other power on earth had a right to call his conduct in question."

We add to this, the winding up of his last appeal:

"During my last residence, of thirteen years, while Great Britain lost one half of its empire, and doubled its public debt, the territories over which I presided, were not only preserved entire, but increased in population, wealth, agriculture, and commerce. The form of government established for the provinces of Benares and Oude, with all its dependent branches of revenue, commerce, judicature, and military defence, was suggested, and superintended by me, and still subsists unchanged; two great sources of revenue, opium and salt, were of my creation: in short, I maintained all the provinces under my immediate administration in a state of peace, plenty, and security, when every other member of the British empire was involved in external wars or civil tumult.

"In a dreadful season of famine, I repressed it on its approach to the countries under the British dominion; and, by timely and continued regulations, prevented its return; and, lastly, I raised the collective annual revenue of the Company's possessions, during my administration, from three to five millions sterling.

"I am arraigned, in the name of the Commons of England, for desolating the provinces of their dominion in India—I dare to reply, that they are the most flourishing of all the states of India, —and it was I who made them so. The valour of others acquired, but it was I who enlarged, and gave shape and consistency to our dominions. I maintained the wars, which were of your formation, not mine; I dispelled a confederacy of the native powers—I neutralized their efforts, I divided their members.

"I gave you all; and you have rewarded me with confiscation, disgrace, and a life of impeachment."

At length, despite the brilliant virulence of which he had been the object, in 1795 he was acquitted, after the most severe and laborious investigation to which the conduct of a public man had ever been subjected. The following table will show the enormous expense to which he was subjected by his trial—

LAW CHARGES.

| | |
|---|---|
| Mr. Showe the solicitor's bill, and interest . . . . | £66,080 |
| Mr. Smith's, estimated at . . . . . | 3,500 |
| Messrs. Law, Plumer, and Dallas, for drawing Answers to the Articles of Impeachment . . . . . | 1,500 |
| | £71,080 |

Perhaps the strongest refutation of the charges brought against Mr. Hastings is, the simple fact, that his private fortune never exceeded £100,000. At a meeting of the court of proprietors, it was resolved—

"That the charges made against Warren Hastings, Esq., having been founded on the public acts of his government in Bengal; it is highly reasonable, that the said Warren Hastings, Esq. should be indemnified for the legal expenses incurred by him in making his defence.

"2. That it is the opinion of this Court, that, in consideration of the long, faithful, and important services of Warren Hastings, Esq., and to mark the grateful sense entertained by this Company of the extensive benefits they have received from these services, a grant of an annuity of £5000 from the first of January, 1795, to issue from the territorial revenue, during the term of the Company's exclusive trade, to Warren Hastings, Esq., his heirs, executors, &c., be prepared by the Court of Directors, and be submitted to the Board of Commissioners for the affairs of India, for their approval and confirmation, pursuant to the act of Parliament."

Some legal difficulties intervened; and it was not till 1796, that Sir Stephen Lushington informed a court of proprietors that, "a vote for an annuity of £4000 per annum, for twenty-eight years and a half, had been passed by the Court of Directors, and confirmed by the Board of Control; and that the law expenses should also be cleared, although the precise mode had not yet been settled."

Mr. Hastings survived this grant three-and-thirty years; thus considerably outlasting his pension. The latter part of his life was passed in extreme privacy: he repurchased the manor of Daylisford, which had for so many years been the seat of his family, and where his own childhood had been spent. In his old age he was honored by a mark of royal favor, being appointed one of the privy counsellors to His Majesty. Few men were more beloved in private life, which both his literary tastes, and fascinating manners, were calculated to render delightful. He died in the seventy-fifth year of his age, 1818: and, it is some satisfaction to reflect, that, like many other stormy days, his evening closed in serenity and ease. Acute in perception, and extensive in comprehension, at once prudent and prompt, equally ready in foreseeing and in meeting difficulties, Warren Hastings' talents were of the highest order; but we cannot do better than conclude with the tribute, both to his memory and to the British government, paid by one who had ample opportunities of observation.*

"I should be guilty of a gross injustice to my country, if I did not here avail myself of the opportunity, as far as it depends on my humble testimony, to do away what has been alleged against our national reputation, with respect to our conduct in India. The eloquent virulence of a great departed statesman, when aimed at Mr. Hastings, unhappily recoiled on the British character collectively. At the present day, it will not be difficult to exculpate Great Britain from the more serious charges; for, long before the persecuted Hastings had breathed his last, an applauding country had placed him above such imputations; but, at the time Mr. Burke made his celebrated remark, no one was equal to its refutation, nor will I attempt to excuse the early agents of the Company from blame. But, Mr. Burke might have been told, with respect to the minor points, of our total disregard of the arts or comforts of the people, that Bengal (we did not then possess Hindoostan) was a different country from Europe, as much in customs as in climate; and that the magnificent monuments he wished us to have, would not only have been superfluous, but absurd. Caravanseraies, or Saries, as they are called

* Journal of a Route across India, &c. &c. By Lieut.-Colonel Fitzclarence, (now Earl of Munster.)

in India, are not required in a country where all travel by water in boats capable of comfort and shelter. Bridges, if erected, would have been carried away by the torrents in the rains. He could not have meant that we should build mosques, or Hindoo temples, which, from being raised by the hands of infidels, would not have been accepted or occupied. Canals would have been supererogatory, where Rennell tells us there is no town farther than twenty-five miles from a navigable stream. Roads, excepting one, and that which follows the course of the river Ganges, thrown up by Mahometans, would have been equally as useless as the canals, where the travelling by water suits the inactivity of the people, and agrees with the climate and prejudices of the inhabitants.

"We had built a fortress to secure our capital; and, unless he would have wished us to have raised triumphal arches or columns to the memory of our many victories, which so jealous an economist could never have approved, I cannot conceive what he would have had us to do. He might have been told, we were new-settlers in the country, and that we had hardly begun to feel our situation; and that, the Company held Bengal and their other possessions on an insecure tenure, as their right of territorial possession was questioned. But, to eradicate any impressions which may remain from his assertion, I must state, that, from all I have seen since I have been in this country, the most searching inquiry into its government would only tend to raise the British character higher than ever. Should we lose this empire, it is a happiness to say, our name will be revered till the end of time; and though we may not have left piles of buildings as monuments of our dominion, or useless masses of frivolous conceited expense, or gigantic altars to impose upon after ages, our government will be ever remembered, as having overthrown a barbarous and overpowering tyranny, by the introduction of a mild, equitable, and paternal legislature; and security for personal property previously unknown, a vigour unexampled, an extirpation of robbery, and a general diffusion of happiness hitherto untasted."

Painted by Sir W. Beechey R.A. Engraved by S. Freeman

THE Rt HONBLE HENRY DUNDAS, VISCOUNT MELVILLE.

*Melville*

London Pubd by ... R. Bentley

THE RIGHT HONORABLE

HENRY DUNDAS,

# LORD VISCOUNT MELVILLE.

ETC. ETC. ETC.

OUR present number comprises three distinguished individuals, whose public lives were linked together, and between two of whom exists a remarkable coincidence. Both Lord Melville and Warren Hastings were men of distinguished abilities; both placed in most responsible situations; both subjected to impeachment, which in each case was begun and conducted in much party spirit and bitterness. Mr. Plumer conducted the defence of both; and both were honorably acquitted. It is rather a curious fact, that when Warren Hastings was on his trial, Mr. Dundas was among the most severe and marked of his opponents. Perhaps when, in after years, he was himself the victim of angry suspicion, and the excited violence which seems inseparable from political opposition, he recurred to his speech against the Indian governor, and felt all the injustice and hardship of such a position.

HENRY DUNDAS was the younger son of the Right Honorable Robert Dundas, Lord President of the Court of Session in Scotland. The cadet of an old and influential family, he began life with every advantage but that of wealth, and was early brought forward in the legal profession. He soon distinguished himself in the General Assembly of the Church of Scotland, the great arena for forensic eloquence, and where his talents were vividly displayed and warmly appreciated. Lord Kaimes dedicated to him his admirable work "The Principles of Equity," in which he most flatteringly acknowledged the young lawyer's brilliant powers, and general acquirements. Indefatigable in his pursuits, and

studying with intense application, he was yet social and convivial in his habits: few entered more keenly into the pleasures of society, and few were more successful or beloved.

Mr. Dundas married young. His wife was Elizabeth, daughter of David Rennie, Esq., heiress of Melville Castle, and of a hundred thousand pounds. For some years we have only to trace a deserved and rapid progress in his profession, until 1775, when be became Lord Advocate of Scotland, and, about the same time, was elected member for the county of Edinburgh, which he represented till 1782, when he came in for the borough of Newtown, Hampshire. His political career began in a troubled period; but his success was unvarying. His aid was equally necessary to the North and Rockingham administrations; and, on the fall of the latter, he became one of the most efficient members of the Shelburne coalition. But it was not till the appointment of Mr. Pitt as Prime Minister, that his talents found their full sphere of action and utility. He was then appointed Treasurer of the Navy, and President of the Board of Control of the East India Company: for the latter situation, he was eminently qualified by his great knowledge of Indian affairs. He had previously been one of the secret committee appointed to examine into the causes of the war of the Carnatic, and his indefatigable industry had placed him in possession of vast information.

As Treasurer of the Navy, his first step was one of reform and retrenchment; the salary annexed to the office had hitherto been two thousand a year: it was now increased to four thousand; but all its perquisites were abolished, which were enormous; a complete bar being put by the bill on all species of peculation. Many other beneficial acts were the result of his exertions. The bill which empowered every seaman in the service of government, to remit six months' pay to his wife, was one of the most beneficent as well as beneficial regulations that ever had for its object the comfort of our sailors: it has turned out to be the very greatest attraction to the service. Another act, almost equally excellent, was the one which prevented the passing of forged instruments, and which caused all wills and powers-of-attorney to be signed by the officers of the port, whose signatures were known at the Navy Office. Even his principal accuser was forced to bear the following testimony in his favour:—"While Mr. Dundas was Treasurer

of the Navy, many meritorious regulations took place, for the relief of the widows and orphans of sailors; and by his interference in the regulations respecting the wills of mariners, he had prevented the commission of crime, and its fatal consequences, under the sword of public justice, and for which he deserves the thanks of his country."

To give a detailed account of Lord Melville's public life would be the summary of the history of the time. The able and zealous coadjutor of Mr. Pitt, there were few public measures of that stirring period, in which he had not a leading share. As Secretary of State, when the terror of an invasion was at its height, he organized a system of defence throughout the kingdom, which, from the spirit it excited, and the force it raised, would have been a formidable obstacle in the way of any foreign enemy. With him originated the plans of fencible regiments, the volunteer companies, the provincial cavalry, the supplementary militia, &c.; plans which at once awakened the courage and the patriotism of the country.

This is no place to discuss the expediency of the system of the Pitt administration; but it must be allowed, that never were measures carried into execution with more effect and energy. We have before alluded to the information Lord Melville had acquired of Indian affairs: this he applied as a great and comprehensive mind only can apply; his views were as comprehensive, as his judgment of them was clear; and his Indian budgets (the labour of which was immense) were models of minuteness and accuracy.

When, in the year 1800, he resigned his office of President of the Board of Control, the Directors of the East India Company voted him a pension of two thousand pounds per annum: he declined accepting it; but, intimating that it would be acceptable to his wife,* his wish was, of course, complied with, and the Directors immediately voted the annuity. The political affairs of Scotland were also considered to be his immediate charge; and, to this day, the memory of Lord Melville is universally beloved and respected by his countrymen. The act for the resto-

* His Lordship had married, secondly, in 1793, Jane, the daughter of John, the second Earl of Hopetoun, by whom he had no family.

ration of the forfeited estates at the rebellion, was one of the most beneficial measures ever taken, to heal and bury political feuds in oblivion.

When, in 1801, Mr. Pitt retired from office, Mr. Dundas also also resigned: still, during the Addington administration, he received his peerage, on the 24th of December, 1802, when he was created Baron Duneira and Viscount Melville. When Mr. Pitt was again called to the office of Prime Minister, Lord Melville was appointed First Lord of the Admiralty. But the following year, the report of the Commissioners of Naval Inquiry led to severe parliamentary investigation, which terminated in an impeachment. The principal charge brought against him was, having allowed the public money to be employed in speculations in the funds, &c., for his own private advantage. The trial, which was conducted, on the part of the manager of the accusation, by Mr. Whitbread, with much warmth, and some acrimony, ended in Lord Melville's acquittal. We must say, it is impossible, now that all the heat of the question is over, to read the details without the most entire conviction of his Lordship's innocence. An over confidence in the fidelity of others, seems to us the worst accusation that can with justice be brought against him. Something should be taken into the account, of the high integrity which had ever belonged to his character, and, also, that one of its features was a disregard of money. We cannot do better, than here record an early instance of his disinterestedness: one of the first acts in life was, to resign all claim upon the patrimonial property, in favour of his sister Christina.

The winding-up of Mr. Whitbread's first speech, appears to us a singularly fallacious sophistry. He says, "Lord Melville is not rich; he has not locked up in his coffers the treasures of the public; he is not attached to wealth for the sake of accumulation. No, my lords; if he loved money merely for its own sake, he would be a much less dangerous member of the community. But, my lords, if it be true that he employed these treasures as the instruments of collecting a mass of power, to shield him from the awful demands of justice, to protect him in the progress of his crimes, this, indeed, would be a most perilous application of the wealth which was intrusted to his hands."

This is, indeed, supposing a most gratuitous commission of crime: the criminal act is committed merely to be protected against its punishment; the money is accumulated, not for its own sake, but only that the accumulator might evade being called to account for its accumulation. The truth is, party spirit ran high at the time, and Lord Melville was obnoxious on many accounts. His character was uncompromising; his success had been uninterrupted; the great extent of his patronage had made him a host of enemies; the French minister who said, on giving away a place, *"J'ai fait un ingrat et dix enemis,"* spoke from keen insight into human nature. The amount of gratitude from the obliged rarely equals the envy of the unbenefited, and the hatred of the refused. We are aware of a curious fact connected with the history of the times, one of those small facts on which great ones turn. It had been purposed, that the impeachment of Melville should be followed by that of Pitt: but when some members of the opposition went to Fox, they found him singularly lukewarm; and, indeed, he threw cold water on the whole proceeding, alleging the extremely vindictive appearance which would be incurred by such a proceeding. The wheel within the wheel was this: Fox's marriage with Mrs. Armitage had taken place under circumstances which had prevented her being much visited. The Duchess of Gordon, and one of her daughters, having obtained a knowledge of what was in agitation, forthwith visited Mrs. Fox, used every art of conciliation, drove with her in an open carriage, and invited her to the Duchess's house, where she was received with all possible attention. The bait took; and his wife's influence effectually modified the vehemence of the patriot. We ought perhaps to add, that the extended prosecution would have involved a near relative of the diplomatic Duchess.

After his trial, Lord Melville retired into private life; and died at Edinburgh, in the year 1811, of an ossification of the heart: a termination of the disorder, of which he had been aware nearly ten years. His death took place on Mr. Pitt's birthday. His Lordship, as we have noticed, was twice married: first, to Elizabeth Rennie, by whom he had one son and three daughters; and, secondly, to Lady Jane Hope, sister of Lord Hopetoun. During his secession from the ministry, in 1801, a subscription was

opened for erecting his statue. Three thousand pounds were subscribed, and placed at interest till his death. Within the last month, the statue has been finished; and now stands, in their splendid capital, a noble memento of the esteem and gratitude of his native country.

And well has Lord Melville merited the honors bestowed by Scotland upon his memory. In the best sense of the word, his was a national character. He possessed all the good and high qualifications which are boasted of as peculiar to Scotsmen, besides others not always allied with them. Capacious and acute in mind, he was liberal and generous in disposition. His perseverance and application to business were not confined to details, but opened and enlarged his views to the widest and most comprehensive sphere of politics. Another trait is to be remarked in his warm attachment to his father-land, and his unceasing exertions to promote its prosperity. Scotland, accordingly, under his administration, as it might justly be called, of its concerns, rose rapidly, yet solidly, in the scale of wealth and importance; he found it comparatively poor, and he left it the most flourishing portion of the empire. It was indeed truly his

> "To scatter plenty through a smiling land
> And read his history in a nation's eye."

HIS ROYAL HIGHNESS FREDERICK, DUKE OF YORK & ALBANY

HIS ROYAL HIGHNESS

FREDERICK

# DUKE OF YORK AND ALBANY, K.G.

ETC. ETC. ETC. ETC.

As heir-presumptive to the monarchy, and a favourite son of George the Third, the illustrious subject of the present memoir would have been entitled to our notice; but when princely birth reaches a higher elevation by associating with it eminent public services, it commands the graver of the artist, and the pen of the historian.

FREDERICK, the second son of George the Third and Queen Charlotte, was born at Buckingham House on the 16th of August, 1763. His early youth was passed in companionship with his elder brother: they were subjected almost in infancy to wholesome restraint; and their hours of study and recreation were minutely apportioned, and the prescribed rules strictly adhered to.

The descendant of a royal line eminent for military qualities, it is not to be wondered that George the Third took an early opportunity of devoting a son to the profession of arms; accordingly, the studies of Prince Frederick, who bore the unwarlike title of Bishop of Osnaburg, were mainly directed to accomplishing him in every branch of military knowledge; but the distinguished names of Markham, Hurd, and Cyril Jackson, who were engaged in the important duty of instructing princes, sufficiently indicate that the graver precepts of humanity, and the lore of the ancients, were neither lightly passed over, nor superficially taught.

If the elder brother excelled in the exercises of the mind, Prince Frederick was remarkable for those of the body; active and agile, he was the leader in all athletic sports and feats, was a first-rate player at the manly game of cricket, and managed his horse, from a firm seat, with a light hand.

The season of youth is one of universal joy—even princes are allowed to bask in its sunshine of happiness—and the life of His Royal Highness glided on in smooth and equal tenor, without any event worthy of record or remark, till he attained his sixteenth year. Europe had, since the treaty of 1763, slept in peace, and afforded but little opportunity for perfecting the military theories of the closet, by applying them in the field. Frederick the Great, however, still lived, fanning the dying embers of a glorious life, by displaying the superiority of his system of tactics, and the precise discipline of his army. At stated periods, the flower of the Prussian forces were assembled on given points, for the exhibition of grand manœuvres: there the Nestor of the seven years' war illustrated, by movements in the field, his various hours of victory or defeat. To behold and profit by these instructive spectacles, and to acquire a mastery of the German and French languages, it was determined by his royal Father, that the prince should, for a time, take up his residence on the Continent; and Hanover was selected for the purpose.

On the first of November, 1780, he received his first rank in the British army, that of Colonel by Brevet, without being attached to a regiment; and, on the thirtieth of the same month, left Buckingham House under the charge of the late General Richard Grenville, who continued to be a confidential servant and friend to the hour of his death, in 1823.

His Royal Highness remained abroad for the period of seven years, visiting and making frequent excursions to Vienna, Berlin, and other parts of Germany; and, during his absence, the following accessions were made to his military rank at home:—Colonel of the Horse Guards, 23rd March, 1782; Major-General by Brevet, 20th November, 1782; removed to the Colonelcy of the Second, or Coldstream Guards, 27th October, 1784; and Lieutenant-General, on the same day. He had also, in 1783, taken possession of his bishopric of Osnaburg, from which, in consequence of the contentions of the Lutheran and Catholic interest, he derived but little pecuniary advantage; and on the 27th of November, 1784, was created Duke of York and Albany in Great Britain, and Earl of Ulster in Ireland.

On the 27th of March, 1787, His Royal Highness took his seat in the House of Lords with the usual ceremonial, and joined

in the debate, for the first time, on the 15th December, 1788, when the settlement of the regency, in consequence of the King's malady, was under discussion. Being the authorized organ of his brother's sentiments, his speech was listened to with the deepest attention; and it made a profound impression both within and without doors, as also did his delivery of a few sentences on the 31st of January following, declaratory of the Prince of Wales's, and his own wish, to have their names omitted in the commission for holding parliaments.

In May, 1789, His Royal Highness was engaged in an affair of honor with Colonel Lennox, afterwards Duke of Richmond, which, from the rank of the parties, and its being the first instance of a prince of the blood in England being challenged by a subject, occupied the public mind almost exclusively for many days; but which may be here passed over with the statement of the seconds, Lords Moira and Winchelsea, that "Lieutenant-Colonel Lennox fired, and the ball grazed His Royal Highness's curl, and that both parties behaved with the most perfect coolness and intrepidity.

In the year 1791, His Royal Highness returned to the Continent, for the purpose, as was supposed, of serving as a volunteer in the Prussian army, in the event of a war with Russia; which did not take place. It would seem, however, that on his previous visits at the Prussian court, he had become deeply enamoured with the Princess Royal, and that a formal demand was now made; and the consent of all parties being obtained, to which political reasons did not a little contribute, the marriage was solemnized at Berlin on the 29th of September, in the presence of the Royal Family. After the lapse of a few weeks, the new married pair set out on their journey for England, and, on passing through some portions of the French territories, were witnesses of, and in some degree sufferers from, the revolutionary excesses of the period. Having reached London on Friday the 18th of November, they were received at York House by the Prince of Wales, and remarried at Buckingham House on the following Wednesday.

The events of His Royal Highness's life now thicken on the historian; and, perhaps, there was none so fraught with evil influence on his prospective career, as the scanty provision made

for him, at the recommendation of his Father. The subject was introduced in the Commons by Mr. Pitt on the 7th of March, 1792, and was warmly contested in both Houses of Parliament, by the advocates for a more liberal consideration. Mr. Fox, with the knowledge of a man who had drank deep in the world's variety, pleaded most powerfully, but vainly, on His Royal Highness's behalf. He said, "What was the case? The Duke of York was to have a sum of money by way of annuity, and that was all. What was he to have for fitting up his dwelling? What sum of money was he to set off with? Parliament gave him a certain sum by way of income, and might say it was sufficient:—true, but they left him to provide the means of beginning life as he could. How was he to raise money for this purpose? The only property he had by this resolution was an annuity, on which he would be compelled to raise money. Was this the proper way to make provision for a splendid prince? He contended, that by obliging a prince to borrow money immediately on his annuity, they put him in the way of temptation, involved him in difficulties, and taught him to be a bad economist; and the age of the Duke of York was not a time of life when they had a right to expect much economy, or particular attention to his own private affairs."

War being declared between France and England in 1793, the domestic enjoyments to which His Royal Highness had tranquilly surrendered himself for a space of three years, were severed by his appointment to the command of a select body of troops, for the purpose of co-operating with the grand allied army, under the Prince of Cobourg, in the defence of Holland and the Netherlands. The Duke of York on this occasion received the military rank of General, and landed at the head of a brigade of Guards at Helvoetsluys, on the 1st of March, and was for the first time under fire, in the affairs which occurred in the following May, near St. Amand and Vicogne, in the neighbourhood of Tournay.

It is impossible here to enter into a detailed account of these campaigns, where every thing eventually was lost, but British honor; but it is due to His Royal Highness, whose character has been most ignorantly impugned, to declare, that to him the failure is not to be attributed; for so long as the plans and operations of the military commanders were unrestrained, a series of

brilliant successes followed, which gave promise of most important further results. But the English cabinet took upon itself the more than doubtful policy of directing, and controlling from the Council Board, the military operations of the field. To the incontrovertible arguments and urgent remonstrances of His Royal Highness and the Austrian chiefs, they turned a deaf ear, and commanded that the siege of Dunkirk should be undertaken. The Duke of York detached himself from the Prince of Cobourg, to conduct the enterprize; and thus the allied army lost all union of design, and consequently all strength of purpose. After numerous sanguinary conflicts, the siege of Dunkirk was raised; and the superiority of the enemy became so manifested on all points, that the relation of these campaigns only present a melancholy detail of unavailing firmness, and devoted bravery, ending with the disastrous winter campaign, retreat, and re-embarkation of the British army at Bremen, on the 14th of April, 1795.

The Duke of York having returned to England, was, on the 10th of February, 1795, made a Field-Marshal, and appointed Commander-in-Chief of the British army; a post which had for some years been dwindling into insignificancy.

During his late campaigns, His Royal Highness had been an acute observer of the British soldiery: he had seen their noble qualities dimmed, and their lustre tarnished, by a system which was only perfect in degradation and disorder. His discernment was extended to the ranks of the enemy, which he felt were now filled with men of sterner stuff, whose enthusiasm, thirst for distinction, and other less commendable stimulants, could only be successfully contended against, by elevating the physical and moral situation of their opponents. With these views, he entered on the duties of his high and arduous office, and proceeded firmly but constantly in those great changes, which, as it were, remodelled the British army, and schooled it to become, at no distant period, the object of his country's admiration.

Early in the summer of 1799, preparations were made for a second expedition to Holland, with the intention of causing a diversion there, while the Austrian and Russian armies were pressing on the French Republic in other quarters. His Royal Highness was selected by the Cabinet to conduct this enterprize;

but as no secret was made of its destination, and as the landing at the Helder was not made good till the 27th of August, the Republicans, with General Brune at their head, were fully prepared to meet it. On the 15th of September, His Royal Highness assumed the command of a force, amounting, inclusive of the Russian auxiliaries, to 33,000 men; and, on the 19th, was worsted in a general attack on the enemy's position, in consequence, as is reported, of the imprudent conduct of the Russian troops under General Hermann. All hopes of success being shortly at an end, a convention was submitted to with General Brune, and the army suffered to re-embark under certain stipulations.

The Duke of York now rose into political importance; and his development of the military capabilities of the empire, was a powerful *appui* to the Tory party, whose principles he warmly espoused. History has not yet been able to avail herself of the relation of His Royal Highness's connexion with Government; but enough has escaped to justify the opinion, that his weight of station, advice, and conciliatory manners, were neither unfrequently nor unsuccessfully interposed, to prevent the ministerial fabric, constructed at times of jarring materials, from falling to the ground. His Royal Highness, on returning for the last time from foreign service, prosecuted his labours for the amelioration of our military system with unabated assiduity; and, among the happier instances of his exertions at this period, was the founding an asylum for the reception of soldiers' children, whose parents had fallen in the service of the country, or who, on the embarkation of regiments for distant stations, were left destitute of protection. On the 19th of June, 1801, the Commander-in-Chief had the satisfaction of laying the first stone of this Royal Military Asylum, at Chelsea; which he superintended in progress, and watched over in maturity, till the hour of his decease, with interest almost parental. The nearly total want of scientific knowledge among the commissioned officers of the army, had been felt to be a serious inconvenience in carrying on operations in the field; and the Military School, or College, at Sandhurst, was also now established, with a wise view to remedy this deficiency.

In 1803, his late Majesty George IV. applied for efficient military rank in the army; and a correspondence ensued between him and the Duke of York, as Commander-in-Chief, which was

no less remarkable for the subject, than for the spirit and ability which characterized the letters of both parties.

In 1807, the great peninsular contest began, and the harvest of the Duke of York's industry was about to be gathered in. England, with her mighty resources, and materials for war, was scorned as a military power, both abroad and at home; nor did her people awake from an apathetic indifference to the exploits of the army, into which, in consequence of a long train of failures, they had sunk, till prejudice was put to flight, not by one, but a hundred victories. For the persevering prosecution of the military operations in Spain, under the most trying circumstances, the country is largely indebted to the Duke of York: his continued council to the Cabinet was, to press the war with vigour, supporting his advice by pointing out the means of doing so effectually; and a minute made by him, in 1808, places 60,000 men at the disposal of the Minister, for the ensuing campaign, without detriment to other services.

Disagreeable events now connect themselves with His Royal Highness's career. His domestic happiness, to the surprise of the country, which, as the bond of union was voluntary, had looked to its permanence, was but of short duration; for that ardour of affection, which is the binding link of wedded life, shortly subsided into a cooler friendship, and the intercourse between these illustrious persons was confined to the interchange of common courtesies. His Royal Highness stepped back into those delusive vices, which were afterwards made the instruments to scourge him. The allurements of the least virtuous of the sex, the excitement of the turf, the hazard of the die, and the pleasures of the table, became elements of his gratification. Among the temporary connexions to which this course of life introduced him, was one with an artful female, who had thoroughly studied the soft side of the human heart, and who, in the indiscreetness of his weaker moments, he suffered to interfere in the recommendation of officers to promotion; her solicitations, which His Royal Highness believed to be disinterested, were made with the prospect, and in some cases with the condition, of gain; and a public investigation was decreed by the House of Commons, at the instance of a Colonel Wardle, who was only another of the many dupes to this profligate woman. The lower branch of the legislature was occupied for nearly three months with these

painful proceedings. The principal charge, of trafficking patronage, was instantly shewn to be groundless; and a general verdict of acquittal was pronounced by a majority of eighty-two voices. Public opinion, however, was not in unison with the vote of the House of Commons, and, by a no means uncommon fatuity, the many had lent their ears and credulity to the interested inferences of the base, without regarding the explanations of the honorable, and manifested a malignant determination to pluck down dignity from its elevated seat. His Royal Highness, with great magnanimity and true English feeling, bowed to the storm—on the 18th of March, 1809, he waited upon the King, and returned to his Father's hands that baton of command, which, after the lapse of only two short years, he, through a triumphant reaction, again received, to the great joy, and held with the entire approbation, of his country, until summoned to the surrender, by a more powerful monarch—death. The shock given by these events to the venerable King was deep and irremediable; yet a gracious Providence permitted him, during one of those lights which occasionally broke athwart his gloom, to receive the communication of His Royal Highness's restoration to office, and to consecrate it with his last lingering sensations of joy and fatherly fondness. One of the first acts of the Prince of Wales, on his accession to the Regency in 1811, was, to replace his Brother in the command of the army; and, superior to the bitterness of angry feeling or disgust, from past events, the only observable alteration in His Royal Highness's bearing, was a stricter restraint upon his private habits, and a closer application to his official duties. To describe the military system which he introduced and perfected, would be to write the constitution of the British army; but some notice of the personal devotion by which this revolution was achieved, is due to the memory of its illustrious chief. The time of His Royal Highness was almost exclusively given up to the public service: so regular was his attendance at his office, that his daily appearance from York House was generally waited for by a crowd of humble petitioners, or solicitants for relief, and it was not unusual for him to arrive at the Horse Guards, with a handful of papers which he had received, and a purse which he had emptied by distribution, on the way. Two days a week, His Royal Highness was personally accessible to all individuals, however low their rank, or unimportant their

business, and, with a becoming delicacy, these interviews were always conducted without the presence of a third person. The simple request of the private soldier, and the loftier memorial of the superior officer, met with equal attention: every official document was carefully perused, and even ordinary letters, when submitted to him for signature, frequently underwent his revision; and no arrangements, however trivial, were suffered to take effect without his sanction.

Among the many testimonials of his fondness for his profession, and his affectionate regard for those engaged in it, is the following highly characteristic letter, from his own hand, which was addressed to Lieutenant-General Dilkes, who commanded the brigade of Guards at the battle of Barrosa in 1811.

"I take the earliest opportunity in my power to acknowledge the receipt of your letter of the 9th of March, and of thanking you for your obliging attention in communicating, thus early, what relates to the distinguished conduct of my gallant old friends the Guards, under your command, in the glorious and severely contested action of the 5th. While I congratulate you and them on the result of an action in which their efforts were so conspicuous, and so deserving of the admiration with which all have viewed them, I cannot conceal my deep feelings of regret that it has been attended with so severe a loss of officers and men; which upon this occasion, perhaps, makes a deeper impression on me, as many of the latter were old soldiers, and faithful companions, whose meritorious exertions I have myself witnessed, and had occasion to approve, upon former occasions.

"I have read with great satisfaction, in Lieutenant-General Graham's despatch, the high and well-earned encomiums bestowed upon your conduct, and that of the officers and men engaged under your command; and as a brother Guardsman, (a title of which I shall ever be most proud,) and Colonel of the corps, I trust I shall not be exceeding the limits of my station, in requesting that you will yourself receive, and convey to the brigade under your orders, my sincere and cordial thanks, for having so gloriously maintained, and indeed, if possible, raised the high character of a corps, in whose success, collectively and individually, I shall never cease to take the warmest interest."

In the February of 1812, the Duke of York was entrusted by

the Prince Regent with a communication to Lords Grey and Grenville, of his desire that some of those individuals, with whom the early habits of his public life had been formed, should constitute a portion of his government; but His Royal Highness's mission was without success.

In 1814 and the following year, His Royal Highness's name was again brought before the House of Commons, then busily employed in voting compliments, and distributing pecuniary rewards, to the deserving in arms. Twice unanimously did this assembly present its thanks to him who had given to Britain energy in war, and strength in peace; yet no voice was raised, in generous eloquence, to obtain for him a greater length of days, and fuller honor, by healing the fatal consequences of early embarrassments, which were now beginning to press like sharp iron upon his soul.

Queen Charlotte dying in 1818, the Duke of York was appointed Custos of the person of his afflicted Parent, and, in the accomplishment of this filial duty, he watched over the declining strength, and witnessed the last moments, of the Monarch, who, in the arms of his son, tranquilly breathed away life, without a struggle, on the 20th of January, 1820. On the 6th of August, the same year, died the Duchess of York: and this irruption of a tender friendship, of thirty years' continuance, made a deep and lasting impression on his Royal Highness's mind. Seven years of the life of this illustrious prince are yet to be described; and these were spent in vain and painful struggles to escape from thought, by intense application to business, politics, or social pleasures; but the growing pressure of pecuniary difficulties exposed him to humiliating indignities, which neither the illusions of the world could veil, nor its bustle dispel from haunting or harassing his mind. These were the accelerating causes of that disease, which, mocking at human skill, laid him in the grave.

The short periods allowed by His Royal Highness for relaxation from business, were usually passed at Brighton, or with his noble and attached friends, the Duke and Duchess of Rutland, at Belvoir Castle: but the turf was still the undiminished source of his highest gratification; and His Royal Highness more than once has quitted the metropolis in the evening, after the fatigues of the day, and hurried with the utmost speed to Newmarket, to witness

the private trial of a favourite horse, then returned, and was found at his official post at the usual hour in the morning, without creating the least suspicion of his absence.

Military exploits had now ceased to dazzle the nation, and the superfluity of her population, who had been the means of conquest abroad, had become the source of disquietude at home. Restoration of civil rights to the Catholics and Dissenters, Reform in Parliament, and other topics, agitated the mass, divided the ministry, and threatened it with dissolution.

The bill for emancipating the Catholics had experienced a triumphant passage through the House of Commons, when the Duke of York threw himself into (as it was deemed by many) this breach of the constitution; and by the weight of his station, the influence of his expectancy, and the solemn ratification by oath of his resolution ever to resist such concessions, succeeded in preventing the further progress of the measure. Nor was His Royal Highness satisfied with this temporary success, but strenuously and urgently advised the Monarch to place the government in a state of uniformity—that of a decided opposition to the Catholic claims. His Majesty did not comply with this counsel; and further political controversy was arrested by the rapid approach of His Royal Highness's dissolution.

The affecting accuracy with which all the circumstances of the Duke of York's long and lingering illness have been related by Sir Herbert Taylor, are too deeply engraven in the public mind to require repetition: the simple record will suffice, that on the 9th of June, 1826, his state of health became alarming; that, during six months of continued bodily affliction, he neither forgot his country nor his God; that the vicissitudes of his disease were marked by a nation's solicitude; and when the nature of it became notorious, the popular anxiety for his restoration to health was expressed by the forwarding of countless remedies for his relief from the most distant parts of the united kingdom: and although his closing scene may be void of the lustre which fame breathes around that of the victorious chief, yet the patriotism and fortitude, charity and resignation, which he manifested during his many deaths of protracted suffering, and his thus having fought the good fight, will surely entitle his departed spirit to the more blessed and purer rewards destined for the Christian soldier.

On the 5th of January, 1827, at twenty minutes past nine in the evening, His Royal Highness, the Duke of York and Albany, departed this life; and, on the 20th of the same month, was borne to his last dwelling-place, the Royal Mausoleum at Windsor.

His Royal Highness in person was tall and handsome; in manner dignified, yet affable; and is said, in his youth, to have greatly resembled his Royal Father. The affection felt for him, by all the members of the Royal Family, was boundless: he was always the arbiter of their differences, and the reconciler of their estrangements; to the lamented Princess Charlotte, he was more than a father. In public or private life, no one ever made more friendships, or retained them longer. In the distribution of his official patronage, he was never actuated by weak predilections, or vindictive feelings. His heart was ever open to a tale of distress; and his means, as far as possible, given to its relief. Of his amiable bearing to those about his person, the following extract of a letter from one of his most confidential servants, is admirably expressive—"I have been thirty-two years in his service, without receiving an angry word."

But his fame is independent of his amiable qualities, it is based upon his regeneration of the British army, and his having perfected a system which, in the words of our single military historian, "combines the solidity of the German with the rapidity of the French, excluding the mechanical dulness of the one, and the dangerous vivacity of the other."

THOMAS CAMPBELL, ESQ

T. Campbell

# THOMAS CAMPBELL, ESQ.

IT is a truth as old as "hoar antiquity," that the lives of literary men afford, generally speaking, scanty memorials for the biographer. The life is seldom that of action, and the fruits of the mind have long since gone forth to the world. The only exception to this rule is, where he becomes his own biographer, whether in letters, as did Lord Byron, or in a sketch, like Sir Walter Scott. His talent, then, gives its charm to the narration, to which he can also impart interest by the development of his feelings; a history only himself can give. CAMPBELL'S life is no exception to the common rule, but it is a pleasant task to pursue the career of a successful and distinguished writer.

THOMAS CAMPBELL was born at Glasgow in 1777, and passed his earlier years at Dr. Alison's school, to whose care and kindness he often alluded in after days. According to the Scots custom of entering at the Universities at a much more juvenile age than in England, he removed to the University of Glasgow when only twelve years' old. Here he soon distinguished himself for his classical attainments. His superiority as a Latin scholar was established by a successful contest with one greatly his senior, and which led to his obtaining a bursary. He subsequently bore away every prize; and his poetical translations from Eschylus, Sophocles, and Aristophanes, not only obtained him much present reputation, but gave promise of his future powers. In the recent work, "Eugene Aram," is a remark so apposite to the object of our present memoir, that we cannot refrain from quoting it:—

"The English aristocracy have at least the merit of being alive to the possession, and easily warmed to the possessor, of classical attainment; perhaps they are too apt to judge all talent by a classical standard, and all theory by classical experience.

Without—save in very rare instances—the right to boast of any deep learning, they are far more susceptible than the nobility of any other nation to the *spiritum Camœnæ*. They are easily and willingly charmed back to the studies which, if not eagerly pursued in youth, are still entwined with all their youth's brightest recollections; the schoolboy's prize, and the master's praise,—the first ambition, and its first reward. A felicitous quotation, a delicate allusion, is never lost upon their ear; and the veneration which at Eton they bore to the best verse-maker in the school, tinctures their judgment of others throughout life, mixing I know not what, both of liking and esteem, with their admiration of one who uses his classical weapons with a scholar's dexterity, not a pedant's inaptitude: for such a one there is a sort of agreeable confusion in their respect; they are inclined, unconsciously, to believe that he must necessarily be a high gentleman—ay, and something of a good fellow into the bargain."

We have no doubt that the poet's classical attainments were an equal attraction, perhaps even a greater recommendation, than his genius, to the polished and cultivated minds by whom he was afterwards welcomed and appreciated. For a short period he resided in Argyleshire, but the theory of those who refer greatly to the inspiration of scenery on the poet, have not their opinion borne out by its effect on Campbell. His spirit, even at that time, "poured itself in song," and the country around was mountainous, romantic, and beautiful, yet how slight was its influence on his style, which has so singularly little of either the picturesque or the descriptive.

On his arrival in Edinburgh he soon became a universal favourite. At the age of one-and-twenty he produced "The Pleasures of Hope," a poem whose polish and exquisite taste may defy the most rigid critic, while its pathos and feeling come home by some touch or tone to almost every reader. Dr. Johnson said of some lines of Gray's, that "censure was fruitless, and praise given in vain." Though in a differing sense, we apply these words to the "Pleasures of Hope." Censure of such an old favourite, every reader would take as a personal affront; and praise!—what praise can go beyond the simple fact, that this work is one of the established classics of our language? Yet, for this is a poem in which every one has some peculiarly

selected passage, we must say, its closing lines seem to us to be conceived in the noblest spirit of poetry,

> "Eternal Hope, when yonder spheres sublime,
> Pealed their first notes to sound the march of Time;
> Thy joyous youth began—but not to fade—
> When all the sister planets are decayed;
> When, rapt in fire, the realms of ether glow,
> And Heaven's last thunder shakes the world below,
> Thou undismayed shalt o'er the ruins smile,
> And light thy torch at Nature's funeral pile."

Campbell was one of the first to open the floodgates of that rich tide of poetry which afterwards overflowed the land. But when he commenced writing, the taste had to be created. For the "Pleasures of Hope," which, for years afterwards brought nearly three hundred a year to its publishers, he only received ten pounds. He afterwards obtained a small additional sum, and the profits of a quarto edition; and in progress of time the copyright reverted to him—but, as is almost always the case with a popular first work, the author gets the fame, and the bookseller the emolument. Of Campbell's discontent of the treatment he received at the hands of these "merchants of the muses,' an amusing anecdote is recorded. Being asked at a large dinner to give a toast; instead of some patriotic wish, as was expected, he proposed "Buonaparte," who was then at the height of all the real and imaginary honors with which his name was connected. A general exclamation of surprise went round. "Gentlemen," said he, "here is, Buonaparte, in his character of executioner of booksellers." Palm, the bookseller, had just been murdered by his orders in Germany.

After a three years' residence in Edinburgh, he sailed for Hamburgh, where, meeting with a number of Irish exiles mourning over those revolutionary visions, whose theory had proved so ruinous when carried into practice, he composed the touching ballad of "The Exile of Erin." He spent thirteen months travelling through Germany, and, during that time, witnessed, from the walls of a convent, the battle of Hohenlinden, and, after the action, saw the French soldiers ride up the streets, wiping their yet reeking swords in their horses' manes. The noble Ode which commemorated the terrible struggle, must be familiar to all our readers. The fearful, and the ludicrous, are in this life

strangely blended; and we remember being much entertained with a circumstance that he narrates in his peculiar and dramatic manner; for few men tell a story better than Campbell.

Driving one snowy day past a spot where a skirmish of cavalry had taken place, the postilion suddenly dismounted, and began to examine the place of action. Campbell sat shivering with the intense cold; but, naturally supposing the object of the search was the body of some friend or relative, he respected the feelings of the searcher too much to interrupt the search. At length the postilion returned, laden with the long tails of the slain horses, which he had been coolly employed in cutting off.

He was in Ratisbon when threatened with bombardment, from which it was saved by the French and Austrian treaty. On his return to England, he visited London for the first time; and the publication of "The Baltic," and "Ye Mariners of England," gave him a first-rate place in English ballad literature. We should say, the above-mentioned poems, "Hallowed Ground," and "The Last Man," are not only his finest productions, but would bear comparison with any in our language. Their bold and original imagery, for example, when he represents the first discharge of the cannon in the battle of the Baltic, as spreading

> "A death-shade round the ships,
> Like the hurricane eclipse
> Of the sun."

Their exquisitely musical versification, their noble and elevated feeling, their bursts of patriotic enthusiasm, all belong to the highest order of poetry. After reading their glorious scroll, we find Campbell has a right to ask,

> "What hallows ground where heroes sleep?
> 'Tis not the sculptured piles you heap!
> In dews that heavens far distant weep,
> Their turf may bloom.
> But strew his ashes to the wind,
> Whose sword or voice has saved mankind—
> And is he dead whose glorious mind
> Lifts thine on high?
> To live in hearts we leave behind,
> Is not to die."

In 1803, Mr. Campbell married Miss Sinclair, and for many years afterwards resided at Sydenham: it was there that he

wrote his "Gertrude of Wyoming;" whose instant and increasing popularity was all that poet could desire. Perhaps it was during its composition, that his next-door neighbour made his amusing complaint, that Mr. Campbell had such a tiresome habit of tearing up the slips of paper on which he had written, and scattering them out of his study window, from whence they were borne by the wind to the cabbages and gooseberry bushes of the adjoining garden, that it looked, in the dog-days, as if a theatrical snow-storm had burst over it.

His literary avocations were now of a laborious nature, for he gave lectures on poetry at the British Institution, where he was appointed Professor; and edited "Selections from the British Poets," with critical remarks. Soon after their publication, he revisited Germany, where he remained till 1820; a principal part of the time having been past in the society of Schlegel. It is singular, that German literature exercised so little influence over Campbell's mind. It is to be regretted he never made Germany the subject of a work; his knowledge of the language, and of the people, would have rendered it very valuable. One influence, however, it did exercise; for, observation of the German universities might have suggested the advantages of having the numbers of such institutions multiplied in England. In 1820, he undertook the editorship of the New Monthly Magazine, and four years afterwards published his "Theodoric."

The establishment of the London University is the great public act of Mr. Campbell's life. With him the idea originated; he was the person who called the public meeting, where the proposition, and its probabilities, were first discussed: he also supported the plan by a series of very able papers in the New Monthly Magazine. That means should be taken to meet the general demand, both for education and for economy, cannot be denied; as little can it be asserted, that Oxford or Cambridge are sufficient for that demand; Mr. Campbell's plan was therefore one which, from its adaptation to its time, was equally suitable and feasible. Many were the opinions, and various the prophecies, of what would be the consequences of such a step: the end has been, the establishment of two colleges in London. The want had long been felt, and to Mr. Campbell is the credit due, of having embodied and brought forward a general feeling,

assisted by rational arguments, and supported with his exertion and with his talents. His unanimous election three successive years, to the lord-rectorship of Glasgow, must have been a very gratifying distinction. It is a rare thing for the prophet to be honored in his own country.

His domestic life has not been so fortunate as his public one: of two sons, one died just as he attained his thirteenth year; the other labours under mental aberration, though of a mild kind, and in such a case silence is our best sympathy.

The beautiful lectures upon Greek poetry are among his latest efforts in prose; and a slight volume of poems, last year, showed that his talent had not passed away with the taste for poetry. It has often been made a subject of regret, that Campbell should not have written more—we think this is scarcely taking into fair consideration what he actually has done. He has published four volumes of some of the most carefully-revised and polished poetry in our language; a series of lectures of English and Greek poetry, and we should not forget how much of research and thought must have been employed in their composition; a Selection from the British Poets, which involved the critical examination of our whole store of imaginative literature; and he has also conducted, for years, one of our most successful periodicals.—We believe Mr. Campbell now resides chiefly at that beautiful watering-place, Saint Leonard's, wooing literature and the muses in quiet retirement; into that retirement he must be followed by the good wishes of all whom his writings have improved or delighted—and they are very many in number. Perhaps the correctness and refinement of his works are best characterized by his own words; and the tribute he paid to another, we venture to offer to himself:—

> " Fair as some classic dome,
> Robust and richly graced,
> Your Campbell's spirit was the home
> Of genius and of taste—
> Taste like the silent dial's power,
> That, when supernal light is given,
> Can measure inspiration's hour,
> And tell its height in heaven."
>
> *Valedictory Stanzas to J. Kemble, Esq.*

CUTHBERT COLLINGWOOD, BARON COLLINGWOOD.

Collingwood

CUTHBERT,

# ADMIRAL LORD COLLINGWOOD,

ETC. ETC. ETC.

We know no more complete refutation of the miserable doctrine, that interest is the grand spring of action, than the life now before us. No mere spirit of selfish calculation could have inspired Lord Collingwood with that enthusiasm for the honor of his country, that devotion to her service, which was the actuating principle of an exposed and arduous existence. Others, amid our naval commanders, have achieved as splendid victories, and shed their blood in defence of their native shores; but few have made such a long and entire sacrifice of themselves. After a period of severe duties, which would well have justified retirement, his health daily sinking under hardships and confinement he had no longer strength or spirits to bear, yet Lord Collingwood remained at his post; and we know few things more melancholy than the fact, that his life might have been preserved, had he been enabled to give up his command, and to restore his shattered constitution by ease and attention.

Cuthbert Collingwood, the eldest son of an ancient family in the north of England, was born in 1750, and entered the navy in 1761. The school where his first years were passed, was destined to send forth three successful candidates for fame and fortune; two of his schoolfellows having been Lord Eldon and Lord Stowell. At the early age of eleven, he went to sea, under the care of his uncle Admiral Braithwaite. The poor little fellow, on coming a-board, was sitting on deck, crying, when, one of the lieutenants, pitying his disconsolate condition, went, and addressed him with kind and soothing words of encouragement. This so

won upon the child, that, in the warmth of his gratitude, he ran to his box, and forthwith offered to his comforter a huge piece of plum-cake, with which his mother had provided him.

In 1774, he was made lieutenant, the very day of the battle of Bunker's Hill, where he was with the detachment of seamen who provided the army with necessaries. Both Lord Nelson and himself were employed on the Jamaica station; and, in an allusion to the friendship which subsisted between them, he remarks, that whenever Nelson obtained a step in rank, he followed: he succeeded him in the Lewestoffe, and the Badger, in which ship he was made commander in 1779; and it was the Hinchinbroke which made them both post-captains: of the latter ship he took the command, on Nelson's promotion, during the disastrous expedition to the Spanish main, in 1780. The sickly climate was fearfully destructive; for, out of the two hundred which made up the ship's company, one hundred and eighty perished—and a similar mortality attended all.

The same year, Captain Collingwood was appointed to the Pelican, which in the following August was wrecked during an awful hurricane, on the Morant Keys. The next day, the crew got on shore by means of rafts, with infinite difficulty; and on those sandy islands, with scarcely any food, did they remain for ten days, when they were taken up by the Diamond frigate. His next ship was the Mediator, which, being ordered to the West Indies, again brought him into companionship with Lord Nelson, who commanded the Boreas on the same station, and who in one of his letters says, "Had it not been for Collingwood, this station would have been the most disagreeable I ever saw." One of the most irksome of the duties was, the prevention of American vessels from landing their cargoes, thereby carrying on a contraband commerce. In 1788 he returned to Northumberland, where he remained nearly four years; "making," to use his own words, "my acquaintance with my family, to whom I had hitherto been as it were a stranger."

When the armament against Spain was fitted out, he was appointed to the Mermaid, in which he sailed to the West Indies. The differences, however, having been adjusted, he had no longer any prospect of active employment, and again returned to Northumberland, where he shortly after married Sarah, daughter and

co-heir of John Erasmus Blackett, Esq., younger brother of Sir Edward Blackett, Bart., of Newby Park, Yorkshire; by her he had the two daughters, Sarah, and Mary Patience, of whom such touching and affectionate mention continually occurs in his letters.

In 1793, the war broke out, and Captain Collingwood was appointed to the Prince, Amiral Bowyer's flag-ship, under whom he served till the battle of the first of June. It is needless to enter into the details of this well-known and memorable action, saving to mention an act of signal injustice, that, when the medals were distributed, Captain Collingwood was passed over. On this strange omission, Captain Packenham, of the Invincible, observed, "If Collingwood has not deserved a medal, neither have I; for we were together the whole day." The prophecy of his future career, by his Admiral, Sir George Bowyer, must have gratified one so sensitive of reputation as Captain Collingwood.

His next ship was the Hector; thence he was removed to the Excellent, in which he went to the Mediterranean. After some harassing cruising service, the great naval victory off Cape St. Vincent gave him full opportunity of earning distinction; and in this severe but glorious engagement, his generosity was even more remarked than his gallantry. Nelson thus alludes to his friend's assistance, in a letter to the Duke of Clarence: "The Salvador del Mundo and San Isidro dropped astern, and were fired into in a masterly style by the Excellent, who compelled the San Isidro to hoist English colours, and I thought the large ship Salvador del Mundo had also struck; but Captain Collingwood, disdaining the parade of taking possession of beaten enemies, most gallantly pushed up, with every sail set, to save his old friend and mess-mate, who was to all appearance in a critical situation, the Captain being actually fired upon by three first-rates and the San Nicholas, the seventy-four within about pistol-shot distance of the San Nicholas. The Blenheim being a-head, and the Culloden crippled and astern, the Excellent ranged up, and, hauling up her mainsail just astern, passed within ten feet of the San Nicholas, giving her a most awful and tremendous fire." When Lord St. Vincent informed Captain Collingwood that he was to receive one of the medals which were distributed on this occasion, he told the Admiral, with great feeling and firmness, that he could not consent to receive a medal, while that for the 1st of June was

withheld. "I feel," said he, "that I was then improperly passed over; and to receive such a distinction now, would be to acknowledge the propriety of that injustice." "That is precisely the answer which I expected from you, Captain Collingwood," was Lord St. Vincent's reply.

The two medals were afterwards—and, as Captain Collingwood seems to have thought, by desire of the King—transmitted to him at the same time by Lord Spencer, the then first Lord of the Admiralty, with a civil apology for the former omission.

The mutinous spirit which had gone to such lengths in the Nore, now appeared in the Mediterranean, though in a less degree. The mingled kindness and firmness of Captain Collingwood maintained his crew in that state of subordination and affection, which is the only sure foundation of authority. The capital punishments so common in other ships, were of rare occurrence in his; and yet Lord St. Vincent used to draft the most ungovernable men into the Excellent, with the observation, "Send them to Collingwood, he will bring them to order." Now, there is a standing order of the Admiralty, that a registry should be kept of all punishments on board ship: but long before this, Captain Collingwood kept a report, in his own handwriting, of all he inflicted: And "as his experience in command, and his knowledge of the dispositions of men, increased, his abhorrence of corporal punishment grew daily stronger; and, in the latter part of his life, more than a year has often passed away without his having resorted to it even once. "I wish I were the Captain, for your sakes," cried Lieutenant Clavell one day to some men who were doing some part of their duty ill: when, shortly after, a person touched him on the shoulder, and, turning round, he saw the Admiral, who had overheard him. "And pray, Clavell, what would you have done, if you had been Captain?" "I would have flogged them well, Sir." "No, you would not, Clavell; no, you would not," he replied; "I know you better." He used to tell the ship's company, that he was determined that the youngest Midshipman should be obeyed as implicitly as himself, and that he would punish with great severity any instance to the contrary. When a Midshipman made a complaint, he would order the man for punishment the next day; and in the interval, calling the boy down to him, would say, "In all probability, the fault was yours;

but whether it were or not, I am sure it would go to your heart to see a man old enough to be your father, disgraced and punished on your account; and it will, therefore, give me a good opinion of your disposition, if, when he is brought out, you ask for his pardon." When this recommendation, acting as it did like an order, was complied with, and the lad interceded for the prisoner, Captain Collingwood would make great apparent difficulty in yielding; but at length would say, "This young gentleman has pleaded so humanely for you, that, in the hope that you will feel a due gratitude to him for his benevolence, I will for this time overlook your offence."

He continued in the Mediterranean till the year 1802, when he enjoyed a brief respite from his arduous profession: but in 1803 we again find him actively employed. He joined the squadron off Brest in the Venerable, and was greeted by Admiral Cornwallis with the remark, "Here comes Collingwood; the last to leave, and the first to rejoin me." Of the hardship of this blockade service, let the following give an idea: "During this time he frequently passed the whole night on the quarter-deck,—a practice which, in circumstances of difficulty, he continued till the latest years of his life.' When, on these occasions, he has told his friend, Lieutenant Clavell, who had gained his entire confidence, that they must not leave the deck for the night, and that officer has endeavoured to persuade him that there was no occasion for it, as a good look-out was kept, and represented that he was almost exhausted with fatigue; the Admiral would reply, 'I fear you are. You have need of rest; so, go to bed, Clavell, and I will watch by myself.' Very frequently have they slept together on a gun, from which Admiral Collingwood would rise from time to time, to sweep the horizon with his night-glass, lest the enemy should escape in the dark."

It was at this period that the fears of an invasion were strongest, and the subsequently published documents shew how much Napoleon had such a plan at heart. At length the enemy's fleet quitted the harbour of Cadiz, and the battle of Trafalgar left the English the complete mastery of the seas. As our previous life of Nelson contains the outline of this engagement, we shall content ourselves with a few details more immediately personal to Admiral Collingwood. What an idea of his presence of mind does a piece

of advice that he gave his lieutenant, Clavell, convey: "You had better," he said, "put on silk stockings, as I have done; for if one should get a shot in the leg, they would be so much more manageable for the surgeon."

In this action, Admiral Collingwood was second in command; and of the good understanding subsisting between him and Nelson, the ensuing anecdote is a fine proof: The Royal Sovereign, Collingwood's flag-ship, was pressing alone into the midst of the combined fleets, when "Lord Nelson said to Captain Blackwood, 'See how that noble fellow, Collingwood, takes his ship into action. How I envy him!' On the other hand, Admiral Collingwood, well knowing his commander and friend, observed, 'What would Nelson give to be here!'"

This victory was purchased by Nelson's death; and we cannot refrain from quoting the passage in his old comrade's letter, which refers to it: "When my dear friend received his wound, he immediately sent an officer to me to tell me of it, and give his love to me. Though the officer was directed to say the wound was not dangerous, I read in his countenance what I had to fear; and before the action was over, Captain Hardy came to inform me of his death. I cannot tell you how deeply I was affected; my friendship for him was unlike any thing that I have left, in the Navy—a brotherhood of more than thirty years."

We subjoin another passage from the same: "To alleviate the miseries of the wounded as much as in my power, I sent a flag to the Marquis Solana, to offer him his wounded. Nothing can exceed the gratitude expressed by him for this act of humanity; all this part of Spain is in an uproar of praise and thankfulness to the English. Solana sent me a present of a cask of wine; and we have a free intercourse with the shore. Judge of the footing we are on, when I tell you he offered me his hospitals, and pledged the Spanish honor for the care and cure of the wounded men. Our officers and men, who were wrecked in some of the prize ships, were most kindly treated: all the country was on the beach, to receive them; the priests and women distributing wine, and bread and fruit, amongst them. The soldiers turned out of their barracks, to make lodgings for them."

The news of the victory was received in England with all the rejoicing due to its great importance; and his present Majesty,

then Duke of Clarence, wrote a handsome letter of eulogy and congratulation to the Admiral, on the occasion.

The gallant Collingwood was raised to the peerage by the title of Baron Collingwood, of Coldburne and Hethpoole, in the county of Northumberland, and received the thanks of both Houses of Parliament. An honorable augmentation was made to his arms, by the introduction in chief of one of the lions of England, navally crowned, and surmounted by the word Trafalgar; and an additional crest was granted to him, representing the stern of the Royal Sovereign. He received the thanks and freedom of the principal cities of Great Britain; and a pension was granted by Parliament of £2000 per annum for his own life, and, in the event of his death, of £1000 per annum to Lady Collingwood, and of £500 per annum to each of his two daughters.

From this time to the period of his death, Lord Collingwood remained in the chief command of the Mediterranean. His duties were equally many and arduous, and his diplomatic were almost as important as his naval relations. Our limits do not permit that detail which could do justice to services so varied, so extensive, and of such ultimate consequence; but we may mention, that to blockade the seas and prevent the French ships from escaping, to protect Sicily, to lend all possible assistance to the Spaniards, then commencing their eventful struggle, and to conduct the operations against the Turks, were united with an official correspondence, which alone would have been severe task-work to any ordinary man. To the talent displayed in his despatches, one of our late great diplomatists bore testimony when he exclaimed, "Where did Collingwood get his style? he writes better than any of us."

Dazzled by a brilliant victory, we are fully awake to the terrific dangers by whose encounter it must be won; but we are not sufficiently alive to the hardships, the toils, and the cares which are more trying than all the mere fighting in the world. While we do full justice to the gallantry Lord Collingwood had so many and such signal occasions of displaying; we are more anxious to point attention to the failing health, which yet bore up for useful exertion; and to that devotedness to his country's service, which

induced him to resign "all his dear delights of house and home," ease, affection, and health, in the performance of what he held to be his duty. Of his comforts, the first of the following extracts will give an idea, while the second will shew his state of health: "I have had a great destruction of my furniture and stock; I have hardly a chair that has not a shot in it, and many have lost both legs and arms, without hope of pension. My wine broke in moving, and my pigs were slain in battle; and these are heavy losses, where they cannot be replaced." "I have been long at sea, have little to eat, and scarcely a clean shirt; and often do I say, Happy, lowly clown." "My labour is unceasing, and my vexations many; but I cannot help them. My eyes are weak, my body swollen, and my legs shrunk to tapers; but they serve my turn, for I have not much walking." "God knows how truly I have served, how unremittingly I have studied my country's interest, and how I have exerted myself to promote it. What judgment I have, I will use, or have nothing to do with it; and whenever that day comes when I can retire from the labours of public service, it will be a happy one indeed. In bodily strength I am worn out; and whoever enters so entirely into the state of our country as I do, and have done, cannot be much otherwise. My astonishment is, to find that in England this does not seem to enter into the minds of people, or at least not to interrupt their gaieties." "I have a most anxious time of it at present; but my whole life has been a life of care. I hardly know what it is that the world calls pleasures; and when I have done with my sea affairs, the only idea I have of delight on shore is in the enjoyment of a few friends in the bosom of my family, where I can see my daughters. In them is the source of my future happiness, and I believe a source that will not fail me: but all this is to be when I come on shore." Again, the year previous to his death, he writes, "I am sure I have exerted myself truly; but I do not possess power of mind to conduct so arduous a machine as the public service is now become. I give all my time and all my strength to it, from daylight until midnight, often borrowing an hour or two of the next day, and have scarce time to eat my scanty dinner. I am worn out, and wish to retire from it; but it seems that I must not; and my greatest fear is, that my unfitness will grow upon me."

England has not often laboured under the charge of not amply requiting her servants; but it seems to us a hard case, that the only request Lord Collingwood ever made, was not granted, especially as it seems one on which he set a high value. We will give it in his own words. "My family, my Lord, has for several ages been of considerable distinction in the North; but as it is now raised to a higher degree of eminence by the favour of my King, your Lordship will easily conceive that I feel a degree of ambition to continue its elevation to posterity, that future Collingwoods may manifest in future ages their fidelity to their country. I have not a son; but if the honors which have been conferred on me could be continued in the heirs of my daughters, I should be made very happy." "The last accounts I had of my family were of the 19th of November; but by the newspaper I find a pension is proposed for me, a thing I never should have asked; for though I am not rich, I am not ambitious of being so. I would much rather they had given my title with remainder to the heirs of my daughter."

Hopes were continually held out that this wish would be regarded, but those hopes were never realized.

Lord Collingwood's long and noble career was now fast drawing to a conclusion: his constitution was quite broken up, and he had more than once entreated permission to resign; a permission still retarded, from the difficulty of finding a successor. On the 3d of March, 1810, he was forced to relinquish his command to Rear-Admiral Martin; his increasing debility incapacitating him from any exertion. In the Ville de Paris he set sail for England; and when told he was out at sea, he exclaimed, "Then I may yet live to meet the French once more." On the morning of the 7th, Captain Thomas entered his cabin, and observed that he feared the swell of the sea, from the motion it occasioned in the vessel, must disturb him. "No, Thomas," replied the dying veteran, "I am now in a state in which nothing in this world can disturb me more. I am dying; and I am sure it must be consolatory to you, and all who love me, to see how comfortably I am coming to my end." Nothing could be more resigned than his last few hours; and after an affectionate farewell of all around him, he expired about six o'clock the same day.

A life so honorable to himself, and so useful to his country, a life which repose might, perhaps, have prolonged for years, was prematurely closed at the age of fifty-nine years and six months.

The materials for this brief sketch have been principally taken from his "Life and Correspondence,"* edited by his son-in-law, Mr. Newnham Collingwood, one of the most attractive and interesting biographies in our language. We know few things more touching than Lord Collingwood's letters to his own family: the plain good sense they display; the anxiety about the education of his daughters;† the simple and warm affection so earnestly expressed, makes us regret, that a man, who valued his home, should have been so separated from it, and that he was not permitted to enjoy on shore the achievements of the sea.

It is a rare triumph to an officer, to have been actively engaged in the three greatest victories ever won under the British flag; the glorious First of June, the battle of St. Vincent, and that of Trafalgar. Besides being a brave, he was a most excellent officer, kind, judicious, and ever attentive to the comforts of his men: he was at once the ornament and the benefactor of the Navy. We cannot better conclude than in his own words—his whole life can bear testimony to the truth of them: "There is nothing I more desire than the friendship of honest and honorable men; and to obtain it, I can conscientiously say, that the study and rule of my life has been, in the first place, to do justice to all men, in all cases, and, when occasion and opportunity offered, to oblige by acts of kindness, and to assist those who appeared to be worthy of regard. But we who know in what a trickish world we live, know too, that this sort of conduct will not do for the great popular roar of applause. I could never humble myself to court it, and am content to proceed in the direct course which my judgment points out to me, without it. No personal consideration has ever interfered with my duty; and I consider the present temper of the times to require that every private sacrifice should be made for the public service."

* Published by Messrs. Ridgway.

† Lord Collingwood's two daughters, so often and affectionately alluded to in his letters, are Sarah, married to G. L. Newnham Collingwood, Esq. F.R.S. the intelligent editor of his Correspondence, and Mary Patience, married to Anthony Denny, Esq.—At a time when there is so much talk of creating Peers, we might yet hope that the dearly-coveted and well-won honor aspired to by the Father of these ladies, would not be forgotten.

THE Rt HONBLE CHARLES GREY, EARL GREY.

Grey

FISCHER, SON & C°. LONDON. 1834.

THE RIGHT HONORABLE

CHARLES GREY,

# EARL GREY, K.G.

ETC. ETC. ETC.

FEW men have ever been more highly gifted, both by nature and by fortune, than the subject of our present memoir. He is one, in whose lot has been combined birth, wealth, talents, education, and a wide field of action; and, when EARL GREY made his celebrated declaration,—That he would stand and fall by his order; it was impossible not to acknowledge that it was men like himself who made that order, indeed, the Corinthian one of our national architecture.

The family of GREY is of Saxon origin, the most noble stock from which an Englishman can spring. To the Saxons are we indebted for the foundations of our constitution; they were the first to give the idea of that liberty, which is born of restraint and protection. When the Norman barons arose against the tyranny of John, and demanded the recognition of their rights, they asked for the laws of Edward the Confessor: they could find no prototype in their own chronicles, so worthy of a lasting establishment. Such was the origin of a house, which, amid all the fluctuations of property, have held manors in Northumberland down to the present day.

Baron Grey, of Werke, ennobled in the reign of James I., is the direct founder of the present house. The father of Earl Grey was Sir Charles Grey, the fourth son of Sir Henry Grey, high sheriff for Northumberland in 1736, and obtained the highest honors of the military profession. He entered the army at an

early age; served first on the Continent; and shared in all the danger and glory of the campaigns which ended in the conquest of the Canadas. He was also engaged in the American war, and afterwards distinguished himself in Flanders. He next commanded the expedition to the West Indies, which was crowned with complete success, and added the important islands of Martinique, St. Lucie, Guadaloupe, &c. to our empire. On his return, he was made Governor of Guernsey, and afterwards appointed to the command of the southern district of England. In 1801, Sir Charles Grey was raised to the dignity of the peerage, as Baron Grey de Howick, and in 1806 he was created a Viscount and Earl.

His eldest son, CHARLES GREY, the subject of our present memoir, was born in 1764; was educated at Eton, and went thence to King's College, Cambridge, where he had the character of both unusual gravity and promise. He set out on the tour of Europe at the early age of eighteen. An acquaintance formed in Italy with the Duke and Duchess of Cumberland, led to his obtaining an appointment in their establishment; and this gave him many facilities of favourable introduction to the various courts, and most distinguished persons, on the Continent. On his return home, in 1786, having but just attained the necessary age, he was elected to represent his native county Northumberland, when, to the surprise of his connexions, whose political principles were on the other side, he immediately joined the Whigs.

To a young man, all liberal theories are essentially attractive; alteration, or, in other words, reform, seems at once both advantageous and easy: hope brings forward all its advantages, while experience alone can teach its difficulties. Mr. Grey's fiery and flowing eloquence, too, was especially suited to declamation, and the energies of opposition. Immediately after his entrance into the House, Mr. Pitt's important treaty of commerce became the subject of discussion; and the part taken by Mr. Grey in the debates, at once established his reputation. Not only was his eloquence universally admitted, but the knowledge he had acquired of commercial relations, by attentive study, during his visit to the Continent, obtained for him still greater credit. In all the ensuing debates of that stormy period, we accordingly find him bearing an active part. On the impeachment of Warren Hastings, he was

appointed one of the managers, and his opening speech was remarkable for keenness and vigour. In the discussion of the restrictions proposed to be laid on the Prince of Wales as Regent, Mr. Grey also distinguished himself by an ardent defence of his Royal Highness's rights, and by sarcastic attacks on the minister. The difference of opinion occasioned by the French revolution was now at its height; and its consequences were, a schism in the Whig party. While some beheld in it, to use the common expression of the time, the day-break of that liberty which was to renovate the earth; others saw in it only the subversion of all tranquillity, order, and decency. Mr. Grey was among those who looked to the brighter side, and he enrolled himself in a political society, called "The Friends of the People," whose principles were avowedly democratic. Mr. Fox refused to join the society, on the plea, that though "he perceived great grievances, he did not see the remedy."

In 1792, Mr. Grey gave notice of his intention, next session, to bring forward some measure of reform. In 1793 he presented a petition from the "Society of the Friends of the People," praying for a thorough reform in, and a shorter duration of, parliament; and then moved, that this petition, with others presented at the same time, should be referred to a select committee, to examine, and report thereon. After two long debates, the motion was rejected, by a majority of two hundred and eighty-two against forty-one.

War with France was now considered, even by some of the oldest Whigs, to be a necessary evil; but Mr. Grey rather increased his opposition. On the defeat of the Duke of Brunswick, he declared, that "his retreat before the French armies was a triumph to every lover of liberty." The session of 1795 was marked by his opposing the grant for the liquidation of the Prince's debts, and his proposing that the addition should be reduced from £65,000 to £40,000. It was, however, negatived by a majority of one hundred and sixty-nine votes. His motion also, for an impeachment of Mr. Pitt, and the whole body of ministers, for misapplying the public money, was lost by a great majority.

In 1797, Mr. Grey brought forward his plan of parliamentary reform. He proposed to give the county of York four new members; and to divide each county into two districts, each

returning a member. The right of voting was to be granted to copyholders and leaseholders, as well as freeholders. In cities and boroughs, the elective franchise was to be extended to all householders paying taxes. Lastly, parliaments were to be triennial. His motion was negatived by one hundred and forty-nine votes.

Till the death of Mr. Pitt, Mr. Grey continued one of his most strenuous opponents. One of his most celebrated speeches was made on the subject of the union between Ireland and England, to which measure he avowed his hostility in terms of the most bitter denunciation. The coalition between Lord Grenville and Mr. Fox, on Mr. Pitt's death, led to the formation of a Whig ministry in 1806; and Mr. Grey, now Lord Howick, his father having been recently created Earl Grey, took his place in the cabinet, as First Lord of the Admiralty. This administration was short-lived and unpopular. On the death of Mr. Fox, Lord Howick, now Secretary for Foreign Affairs, succeeded him as leader in the House of Commons; a distinction which he retained but two months. This period was, however, marked by the carrying of one most just and humane measure; we allude to the bill for the abolition of the African slave trade.

Lord Howick next moved for leave to bring in a bill, giving to all his Majesty's subjects the privilege of serving in the army or navy, upon their taking an oath prescribed by act of parliament, and giving them the free exercise of their religions. Mr. Perceval opposed the motion, as tending to do away with all the penal laws, and the test and corporation acts. Much alarm and dissatisfaction ensued, and the King demanded from Lords Grenville and Howick a pledge, that no bill of the kind should be brought forward as a cabinet measure. They refused compliance, and the parliament and the ministry were dissolved together.

Lord Howick came in for the borough of Appleby, not wishing to incur the expense of a contested election for the county; but before the following session, he took his seat in the House of Lords, having succeeded to his father's title on the 14th of Nov. 1807. For some years, his time was passed in the retirement and leisure of private life. Of the domestic circle, Madame de Stael observes, that "into no English family did she ever enter with such high expectations, and in none had her highest idea been so completely

fulfilled." We may here mention, that his Lordship had, in 1794, married Mary Brabazon, daughter of Lord Ponsonby, of Imokilly, by whom he has had a numerous family. Few noblemen have ever borne a higher character in private society, and there are few to whose name attaches a stronger feeling of respect. A sketch like the present is no place for political discussion; but even those most opposed to Earl Grey's opinions, must admit the perfect good faith with which they were embraced, and the undeviating consistency with which they have been supported.

When the Duke of Portland resigned, a negociation was opened with Lords Grenville and Grey, who, however, declared it to be quite inconsistent with their views to unite with the proposed ministry; and it is curious to listen to his language at that period—which we quote, to shew the character of political contest, since very nearly the same words, and certainly similar opinions, are at this moment perpetually expressed in parliament, by his opponents, against his own measures and administration. On the 7th of May, 1810, while giving notice of a motion for an Address to his Majesty on the state of the country, Earl Grey said, of the government, "he felt it his duty to arraign and to expose their gross mismanagement, and repeated and dangerous misconduct, to parliament and to the nation. To rally round them, entered not into his mind; but he would rally round the parliament and the constitution. From the commencement of their power, the king's present ministers had continued to act worse and worse. They lived merely on a miserable set of shifts and expedients, calculated only to meet or elude the passing events of the hour, but totally without plan or design, or any settled system befitting their situation, and tending to the service and benefit of the crown, or of the country at large. After bringing themselves and the state, by their own gross misconduct, into the greatest difficulties and dangers, they vainly, weakly, and rashly thought themselves able to encounter all the perils of the storm, without chart, or compass, or rudder, to direct them. They did nothing, to remove or avert dangers, nothing to pacify, nothing to conciliate the mind of the public. At one time they strained the power of government beyond its pitch, and at another they exposed the frame of the constitution to the greatest danger. They exhibited, by their counsels and conduct, a mixture of weakness and rashness, of ignorance and

"We must, therefore, request permission to decline all participation in a government constituted upon such principles: satisfied, as we are, that the certain loss of character which must arise from it to ourselves, could be productive only of disunion and weakness in the administration of the public interests.

"We have the honor to be, with great respect, &c.

*(Signed)* "GREY.

*(Signed)* "GRENVILLE."

For many following years, he remained almost exclusively in private life. The Queen's trial, however, induced him to come forward with the utmost eloquence and fervour; and, zealous yet temperate, he was among the most efficient of her defenders: whether the cause was worthy of his talents, is for history to determine.

Lord Grey also opposed himself to Mr. Canning's administration, evincing almost a personal as well as political aversion to that distinguished man. His death led to a new government, that of the Duke of Wellington, the memorable dissolution of which placed his Lordship at the head of a Whig ministry. His Lordship's first step was to bring forward those measures of reform, which, after having been the favourite theory of his life, he essayed to carry into action. Earl Grey is now at the head of a great movement, whose consequences are for the future, not for the present. It was well remarked some centuries since, "how advised we ought to be of any innovation, considering that inconveniences are rather found by experience, than foreseen by judgment." On the ultimate issue of his measures, we do not presume to venture an opinion. Posterity is the only tribunal where Earl Grey's talents and efforts can be fairly judged and duly appreciated.

His Lordship is tall, slender, and of a singularly dignified bearing: the expression of his face, though the features are small, is rather severe, but intellectual and commanding. His eloquence is of a fervid and masculine order, with a noble air of superiority: perhaps he gives the idea of one of the ancient classic orators more than any modern speaker.

LOYD KENYON, LORD KENYON, BARON OF GREDINGTON

THE RIGHT HON. LLOYD KENYON,

# LORD KENYON,

BARON OF GREDINGTON,
LORD CHIEF JUSTICE OF THE COURT OF KING'S BENCH,

*&c. &c. &c.*

OUR legal annals form a most honorable page in our history—for how much talent, and how much exertion, does it record! while, at the same time, it shews that talent encouraged, and that exertion rewarded. The greatest proof of the excellence of our institutions, is, that their honors have been, and are, within the reach of every class, and within the hope of every individual. How have the vacancies in the once feudal ranks of the barons been filled; chiefly, as these very Memoirs can testify, by men who, in the navy, the army, or at the bar, have done their country service: men who, like Nelson, have fairly fought every step of their way; or who, like Lord Collingwood, have stood, with a chivalric devotion, by their colours to the death; or who, like Lord Kenyon, by a diligent study and just administration of the laws, have, indeed, become well entitled to be their enactors.

The aristocracy of England is essentially different from that of every other country; it lies not like a barrier, as it did in France, between the noble by birth, and every other rank of the community, checking all honorable ambition. On the contrary, our English peerage is an honor, but an honor attainable by the people. The House of Lords has its four great avenues—birth, talent, valour, and wealth. We must destroy one of the most rooted principles of our nature, viz. veneration for the past, before we cease to respect the first: talent and valour can scarcely be grudged their reward, while their benefit and their remuneration go together; and wealth, usually springing from that commerce which is the very being of our isles, is well entitled to the eminence which it can maintain, and to that power of which it is so essential a support.

LORD KENYON'S career is one to which the young aspirant for the honors of the bar would do well to direct his attention. It is the history of a man who met with no singular instance of good fortune. Whatever his path was, it was made slowly, and by his own efforts. He was not possessed of those brilliant talents which, but for the drawbacks that in some shape or other always attend them, would seem as if nature had her favourites. Lord Kenyon was a sensible, not an extraordinary man; whatever his acquirements were, they were the result of constant study and untiring perseverance.

LLOYD KENYON, the son of Mr. Kenyon, a country gentleman, who resided on his estate, was born at Gredington, in Flintshire. He was educated at Ruthin, Denbighshire, and at a very early age entered on his profession, as articled clerk to Mr. Tomlinson, an eminent solicitor in Nantwich, Cheshire. This gentleman's death, at the expiration of the articles, led to a material change in Mr. Kenyon's plans. It had been proposed that he should enter into partnership with Mr. Tomlinson, but he now turned his thoughts to the higher branches of the profession, and, entering Lincoln's-Inn in 1754, was called to the bar in 1764. His progress was marked by no rapid advancement; he worked every inch of his way, and engaged principally in chamber-business, viz. giving opinions on cases submitted to his judgment, conveyancing, &c. But his severe application to the driest and most laborious part of his profession, was not without its reward; few opinions carried with them the authority of Mr. Kenyon's.

Years passed away, during which his practice at the Chancery bar increased to the great extent well merited by his vast legal knowledge, and his clear sound sense. He had already realized a handsome fortune by his professional exertions, when, in 1782, he was appointed Attorney-general, and Chief-justice of Chester, without having held the usually intermediate office of Solicitor-general. He now received the honour of Knighthood, and came into parliament; when he zealously adopted the principles, and advocated the measures, of Mr. Pitt. He distinguished himself by his opposition to Fox's coalition, for which he was duly abused in the Rolliad, a clever political satire of the time. In 1784, he was appointed Master of the Rolls, and in 1788, he

succeeded Lord Mansfield as Chief-justice of the Court of King's Bench: at the same time he was advanced to the dignity of the peerage.

Perhaps a man of more unblemished integrity never filled the seat of justice than Lord Kenyon. In private life his habits were of singular regularity and temperance. Rising at six o'clock, and usually retiring to rest at ten, he seemed bent on realizing the old rhyme,

> "Early to bed, and early to rise,
> Makes a man healthy, and wealthy, and wise."

In his family he was greatly beloved and respected; and the assistance and advice he so readily gave to the injured and distressed, was as honorable to his feelings, as to his sense of justice. His moral code was unusually strict; he had a right to hold such; and, to the credit of English feeling be it added, that the virtues of private, have never been without their due weight in public, life. One great merit of Lord Kenyon's was, the unremitting attention he paid to the lower class of law transactions. Perhaps, there never was a body of men, whose proceedings require stricter watchfulness than the attorneys'. That among them are multitudes of most just and honorable men, it would be at once folly and falsehood to deny; but the opportunities of, and the temptations to, dishonest practices, are so many and so strong, that too severe an eye cannot be turned on the common run of pettifogging lawyers. The glorious uncertainty of the law has passed into a proverb—that the remedy is worse than the disease, is another;—and we daily see individuals submitting to injustice rather than have recourse to legal redress. And to what is this owing, but in a great measure to the fraud and extortion of clever yet unprincipled men, who form too large a portion of the legal profession? Over such as these, Lord Kenyon's vigilance was unceasing.

Lord Kenyon was not an eloquent speaker in parliament, though his great legal abilities, his uprightness, and the plain good sense of his speeches, always obtained due attention. His charges to the jury were always very solemn; his method of summing up the evidence was clear and convincing; and, in passing sentence, his earnestness and solemnity were singularly impressive. In address, he was the very reverse of his courteous pre-

decessor, Lord Mansfield, the grace and urbanity of whose manner extended even to the bench. Lord Kenyon, on the contrary, was hasty, abrupt, and somewhat harsh. Never was there a man who was less inclined to make nice distinctions, or to admit that the advantages of the higher classes should be construed into privileges. This was strongly evinced, when called to pronounce judgment in any gambling transaction. This destructive vice was carried to a frightful excess in his time; the very houses of the nobility were turned into common gambling houses. In deciding on some petty case, Lord Kenyon most severely animadverted on the encouragement given by the higher classes, whose pernicious example carried contagion with it, like a pestilence. He took that opportunity of observing, that, let the rank of the offender be what it would, to the utmost he would exact the strictest penalty of the law. The higher the station, the more incumbent was the respect it owed to the laws; and if such could forget what they owed to their position and their characters, they should stand in the pillory, were they the first ladies in the land. This threat from a man who, it was well known, would fulfil it to the letter, produced its due effect. It was one great cause of subduing the passion for gambling in private life, certainly its most destructive mode, for it gives facilities to so many who would otherwise be out of the reach of temptation. It was well said, in a publication of his day, in summing up his character, that, "he was profound in legal erudition, patient in judicial discrimination, and of the most determined integrity." The next statement was still more to his credit, at a time when party spirit ran so high. "He does not sacrifice his official to his parliamentary character, the sphere of his particular duty is the great scene of his activity, as of his honor; and, though as a lord of parliament he will never lessen his character, it is as a judge that he looks to aggrandize it." For years, his professional emolument was very great; and habits of economy increased what had been acquired: he died worth upwards of 300,000*l*. It was supposed that his death was hastened by grief for the loss of his eldest son. Lord Kenyon died in 1802, of a complete decay of nature, and was succeeded by his second son, George, the present estimable peer.

ADMIRAL, ALAN GARDNER, BARON GARDNER.

A. Gardner

FISHER, SON & CO. LONDON. 1832.

THE RIGHT HON.

# ADMIRAL ALAN GARDNER,

## BARON GARDNER,

ETC. ETC. ETC.

ALAN GARDNER, the possessor of a name which will ever rank highly among those that have contributed to raise the British flag to its unrivalled splendour, was born at Uttoxeter in Staffordshire, on the 12th of April, 1742. He was the son of Colonel William Gardner, of the 11th Dragoons, and Elizabeth, daughter of Valentine ffarington, of Preston, in Lancashire; and at the gallant defence of Londonderry, his grandfather commanded a small corps.

On the 1st of May, 1755, Mr. Gardner entered the Navy, in the Medway, of sixty guns, Captain Peter Dennis, and was on board of that ship when, in company with the Eagle, she captured the Duc d'Aquitaine. In May, 1758, he was on board the Dorsetshire, of seventy guns, Captain Dennis, when she captured the Raisonable, of sixty guns, and also on the 20th of November, 1759, when Sir Edward Hawke defeated the French fleet, under Marshal Conflans, off Belle Isle. The Dorsetshire particularly distinguished herself on this occasion; and Captain Dennis received the highest encomiums from Sir Edward Hawke, in person, who, with energetic warmth, swore that "Captain Dennis and Captain Speke (of the Resolution) behaved like angels."

On the 17th of March, 1760, Mr. Gardner was promoted to the rank of Lieutenant, and appointed to the Bellona, of seventy-

four guns, commanded by his old Captain and friend Dennis, and was on board of her, when, August 14, 1761, she captured the Courageux, also of seventy-four guns.

This action probably led to the promotion of Lieutenant Gardner, who, on the 12th of April, 1762, received his commission as Commander of the Raven fireship.

On the 9th of March, 1766, he received the rank of Post-Captain, and was appointed to the command of the Preston, of fifty guns, the flag-ship of Rear-Admiral Perry, Commander-in-Chief on the Jamaica station. He remained in her to the end of the summer, 1768, when he removed into the Levant, of twenty-eight guns, also on the Jamaica station; whence he returned to England in 1771. The Levant was shortly afterwards paid off, and Captain Gardner was unemployed till 1775, when he was appointed to the Maidstone, of twenty-eight guns, and carried her out to the West Indies. Towards the end of the year, he was employed in cruising off the coast of America, to intercept the communication between France and that country; and, on the second of November, when sixty leagues from Cape Henry, he fell in with the Lion, a French ship of forty guns, and two hundred and sixteen men. The Maidstone's force was twenty-eight guns, and one hundred and ninety men; and, after a long-contested action, during which a second heavy-armed vessel, apparently a consort of the Lion, came down within gunshot, (but, seeing the state of the action, hauled off,) the Lion surrendered, having suffered very severely.

This vessel was laden with 1500 hogsheads of tobacco; and it was, and will be, considered a fine proof of an honorable disinterestedness, that although, from his situation, Captain Gardner was fully justified in sending her to England, where, from the state of the Colonies, her cargo would have been productive of very considerable prize-money; rather than weaken his ship's company, he took her to Antigua, where they did not arrive till the twenty-second of December, owing to the state of the weather, and of the vessels. Her value was, of course, comparatively trifling.

Shortly after his arrival, Captain Gardner was appointed to the Sultan, of seventy-four guns, and commanded her in the action off Grenada, fought by the English under Admiral Byron,

with the French under D'Estaing: an action highly honorable to our flag, and in which the Sultan sustained a conspicuous part.

Soon after the battle, the Sultan was ordered to Jamaica, and thence to England, with a convoy, and was paid off. Towards the end of 1781, Captain Gardner took the command of the Duke, of ninety-eight guns, and joined Sir George Rodney's fleet just before the memorably glorious 12th of April. In this fight, he bore a very distinguished share, being one of the supporters of the Formidable, (Sir George Rodney's ship,) and, with the Namur, the first to break the enemy's line. At one period of the action, these three ships being exposed to the fire of eleven sail of the enemy, their loss was of course severe. The services of Captain Gardner were highly appreciated by the Commander-in-chief, and the whole fleet bore a generous and honorable testimony to his gallantry.

On the termination of the war, the Duke returned to England, and it does not appear that Captain Gardner was employed again till 1785, when he was selected as Commodore on the Jamaica station, and hoisted his broad pendant in the Europa, of fifty guns. In this command he was continued for the usual period of three years.

On his return to England, he was appointed to the Courageux, of seventy-four guns, one of the ships fitted out in consequence of the dispute with Spain, respecting Nootka Sound. After its arrangement, the Courageux and others were paid off.

On the 1st of January, 1790, Captain Gardner became one of the Lords of the Admiralty; which important station he continued to fill through four successive commissions, till the year 1795.

In the course of 1790, he had also been elected member of parliament for Plymouth, which he represented till 1796, when at the general election he was returned for Westminster; which distinguished seat he held till his elevation to the English peerage.

To return to his professional services. On the breaking out of the war with revolutionary France, Captain Gardner, on the 1st of February, 1793, was advanced, in a general promotion, to the rank of Rear-Admiral of the Blue; and on the 6th of March he hoisted his flag on board the Queen, of ninety-eight guns, in command of a squadron destined for the West Indies, sailed

from Portsmouth on the 25th, and arrived at Barbadoes on the 27th of April, taking the command of the station. An attack was intended to be made on the Island of Martinique, but owing to the want of troops, and to the French having received reinforcements, it was deemed impracticable; and in the autumn, Admiral Gardner returned with his squadron to England, and was attached to the Channel fleet under Lord Howe.

On the 12th of April, 1794, he was promoted to the rank of Rear-Admiral of the White, and commanded one of the divisions of the fleet which, on the first of June, of that year, shared in the gloriously eventful victory, which, by destroying the energies of the enemy, led the way to the successful career of our naval arm, throughout the long and severe warfare which commenced against anarchy, and terminated in the restoration of the independence of Europe.

The French fleet, commanded by Villaret de Joyeuse, an experienced officer, was in the highest order, and possessed vessels of superior power. The men were animated to the highest pitch of enthusiasm, and delegates from the national convention were sent to inspire them with courage; while, to intimidate the pusillanimous, a guillotine was absolutely carried on board. Thus an appeal was made to every passion, and they fought with desperation, but in vain; a glorious triumph crowned our navy, and the spirit of naval France was destroyed. No ship was more distinguished for gallant and able conduct than the Queen, on this and the preceding days. On the 29th of May she raised a jury main-mast, while engaging the enemy—a striking instance of well-disciplined courage. The Queen suffered severely in men and officers, as well as in material; and Admiral Gardner was highly noticed in Lord Howe's official despatch.

On returning to port, he shared the marks of his Sovereign's and his country's approbation, received the thanks of both houses of parliament, the freedom of the city of London, &c.; was created a Baronet, and Major-General of Marines; and, when the King went on board the Queen Charlotte, Lord Howe's flag-ship, he was honored, with a gold chain and medal from the royal hand.

On the anniversary of the action in the following year, 1795, he was raised to the rank of Vice-Admiral of the White flag; and on the 23d of the same month, was second in command to Lord

Bridport, in his gallant and successful attack on the French fleet off L'Orient, under Villaret de Joyeuse.—For his services in this action, he again received the thanks of both houses of parliament.

Sir Alan Gardner continued attached to the Channel fleet, in his old ship the Queen, till 1797, when he shifted his flag to the Royal Sovereign, of one hundred and ten guns. On the 14th of February, 1799, he was appointed Admiral of the Blue; and on the 30th of August, 1800, Commander-in-chief on the Irish station. On the 23d of December following, he was created a peer of Ireland, by the title of Baron Gardner, of Uttoxeter in Staffordshire—the place of his birth.

He continued in this command till the short peace of 1802, when he was removed to that at Portsmouth, but, on the breaking out of the war again, he returned to the Irish station, and remained till 1806, when he hoisted his flag on board the Hibernia, one hundred and twenty guns, as Commander-in-Chief of the Channel fleet, in which he was succeeded by Lord St. Vincent, and returned to the command in Ireland. He was created a peer of the United Kingdom on the 15th of Nov. 1806, by the title of Baron Gardner of Uttoxeter in the County of Stafford.

We are now drawing to the final close of the honorable and distinguished career of this thorough seaman, admirable and gallant officer, and most excellent man. In the course of 1807, he was re-appointed to the command of the Channel fleet, the object of his hopes and ambition; and his flag was hoisted on board the Ville de Paris, of one hundred and ten guns. Towards the close of the year, his long-tried constitution began to fail, but he continued at sea later than the usual period of commanders-in-chief, going on shore for the winter; when he went to Lupton House, near Brixham, Torbay. By the month of May, 1808, he had sunk so much, that he resigned his command, and retired to Bath; where he so rapidly declined, that, on the 31st of December, 1808, terminated a life, which, from the early age of twelve to sixty-six, had been zealously and faithfully devoted to the service of his country. His remains are deposited in the Abbey Church, Bath.

His Lordship married Susannah Hyde, the only daughter and heiress of Francis Gale, Esq. of Jamaica, by whom he had issue seven sons and one daughter: namely, Alan-Hyde, Rear-Admiral, K. C, B.; Francis-ffarington, Rear-Admiral; William-Henry, Colonel in the Royal Artillery; Herbert, K. W.; Edward, resident at the Court of the Rajah of Nepaul, in India; Valentine, Captain, R. N.; Samuel-Martin; Susannah-Hall. Lord Gardner was succeeded in his title by his eldestson, Alan-Hyde, who, when only nine years old, gallantly walked the deck, and was wounded by his side, on board the Duke, on the glorious twelfth of April, and, after following his profession with high honor and ability, was Captain of the fleet to his noble father in his last command. His elevation to the title of Viscount was gazetted; but he died before the patent was made out, sinking under the affliction for the loss of his lady, the amiable daughter of Lord Carrington. Their only son, Alan-Legge, grandson of the noble Admiral, succeeded to the title of Baron Gardner.

HENRY RICHARD VASSALL, BARON HOLLAND, F R S F S A

Vassall Holland

THE RIGHT HON.

# HENRY RICHARD VASSALL FOX,

# BARON HOLLAND,

CHANCELLOR OF THE DUCHY OF LANCASTER, LORD OF TRADE AND PLANTATIONS, RECORDER OF NOTTINGHAM, F.R.S. F.S.A.

*&c. &c. &c.*

THE Romans inscribed marbles, and erected statues, to the honor of living excellence. They did not suffer the beauty of praise vainly to waste its fragrance upon the tomb; and, re-assuming somewhat of this happy spirit of ancient times, we attempt to portray, in this at best but imperfect sketch, the qualities of one who yet remains among us, still increasing the rich harvest of private regard by playful amiableness of disposition; still obtaining the esteem of the judicious by a refined taste and classical acquirements; and still elevating himself in the respect of his countrymen, by the unvarying consistency of his conduct as a public man. The name of FOX is so advantageously posed in the national history of the last half century, that the biographer feels absolved from the usual task of ascending the genealogical tree, to bring down the dusty weight of hereditary honors, to enhance his tale.

HENRY RICHARD FOX, LORD HOLLAND, was born at Winterslow House, in Wiltshire, on the 21st of January, 1773. The following year was one of extraordinary calamity to his family. On the morning of the 9th of January, 1774, the noble seat of his birthplace was destroyed by fire, and he incurred a second debt for infant life to his mother, who, when all were regardless but of personal safety, thought only of her child, flew to the nursery, and by her maternal heroism became the providential instrument, not alone of his, but of her own preservation; for it afterwards appeared, that had she sought any other way of escape, she must have perished. On the 1st of July of the same year, died

Henry Lord Holland; on the 24th of the same month his lady followed him to the grave; and on the 26th of November, his eldest son, father of the subject of the present memoir, after a brief four months' heritage of title and estate, was numbered also with the family dead. To Fitzpatrick, Earl of Upper Ossory, the affectionate brother of the bereaved widow, was consigned the sacred duty of supplying the vacant place of a second parent to her infant children, and on him the sole charge shortly devolved; for, in the year 1778, after a painful illness, at the age of thirty-two, Mary Lady Holland, the mistress of many amiable qualities and elegant accomplishments, was consigned to that doom with which the poet would fain console us as being bestowed chiefly upon Heaven's favourites—early death.

The education of Lord Holland presents no variety from the generality of others, his equals in rank and station. He was first placed at a small school, and thence transferred to Eton, where he remained between eight and nine years, laying the foundation of manly friendships, by youthful intimacies with Lord Carlisle, Mr. Canning, Mr. Frere, Mr. (Bobus) Smith, and others. He went through the usual routine of study without attracting particular remark; and the inclination of his mind appears at this early period to have been chiefly to poetry, and foreign travel. The muse was not panted for in vain: but another object of his ambition, a visit to Mexico, he was not the Fortunatus to achieve by the aid of his wishing cap. This desire appears to have been long a favourite one with him, and probably prompted his subsequent visits to Spain, as the likely means of clearing the project of some of its difficulties.

Removing from Eton to Oxford, Lord Holland was entered at Christchurch; and in this fresh step of life's ladder, renewed his prior school attachments, and founded fresh ones, with an ardour and facility which is only experienced by emerging boyhood, when all are for the same goal—enjoyment; and when neither worldly prudence, nor the cold calculations of interest, interpose to check the natural affections of the heart. Quitting Oxford at eighteen, he visited Copenhagen, France, and Switzerland, and was present when Louis XVI. accepted the constitution, after his attempt to leave the country, and seizure at Varennes.

In March, 1793, he again embarked at Portsmouth on board the Juno frigate, commanded by Captain, and afterwards Sir Samuel Hood, for Corunna. The Spanish admiral, Gravina, who fell at Trafalgar, was a fellow-passenger, and ever after a warm friend. With the exception of Catalonia and Valencia, he visited the whole of Spain; making the language, the habits of its various people, its literature, and government, the pursuits of his study, and the objects of his investigation; and we may hazard the conjecture, that the tyranny, disorder, and misery brought before his eyes in this and subsequent visits, tended in no slight degree to strengthen him in those principles of popular freedom, of which he has ever since been the strenuous assertor. From Spain he passed into Italy, living for some time with Lord Wycombe at Florence; and in 1796 returned to England.

In the year 1797, his Lordship was united to Elizabeth, daughter and heiress of Richard Vassall, Esq., a lady of exquisite beauty, congenial taste, talents, and acquirements; and, in consequence of his marriage, assumed the name of Vassall.

On the fifth of January, 1798, he entered upon his parliamentary career, by opposing the second reading of the bill for a treble assessment of taxes: his first essay was remarkable, for, after having spoken at some length upon the measure, he rose a second time, and replied to Lord Grenville's arguments with so much ability, as to convince his hearers that he possessed intuitively one of those parliamentary qualities, with which few are invested, except through long practice and experience.* In the year 1800, he visited Germany, met Prince Frederick of Prussia at Reinsberg, and returned from Dresden through the French territory, by Cologne and Brussels, to Calais, having

* On this occasion, his protest is very remarkable, as bearing upon the most important topic of the present day, and shewing that his Lordship has been, at least, a most consistent politician: we quote one passage—"We hold it neither just to impose, nor reasonable to require, any additional sacrifices from our fellow-subjects, until some prospect was held out to the people, of a reform of that house which had granted, and a censure of those ministers who have lavished, sums so enormous, without any benefit resulting to the community." *Lords' Journals, 9th January*, 1798.——We may as well add here, that his Lordship's manner of speaking in the house has ever been earnest and impassioned; always full of matter, and, when the subject admits of it, finely illustrated by historical allusions.

obtained a passport, through the kindness of Talleyrand, and permission to use it from Lord Grenville. Lord Holland's name is at this period of frequent occurrence in the debates of the House of Lords, seconding there, at no ignoble distance, the eloquent efforts of his uncle in the lower house in behalf of the liberty of the subject, and the pacification of the country. To particularise in our pages the events of these important parliamentary campaigns, is impossible, and we must fain dismiss them with the single memorable mention, that Lord Holland was the first peer, who, in the House of Lords, by proposing to submit the Catholic claims to the consideration of a committee, broke down those outworks with which the opponents of the question had fortified its approaches.

In 1801, the difficulties of the country had increased to so great an extent, as to render even a short breathing time of peace most eligible. Mr. Pitt's high mind could not be brought to stoop to the humiliation of treating for that which he had so powerfully and in such unmeasured terms deprecated: he accordingly withdrew from office, and the peace of Amiens may be almost said to have been the consequence.

From the many changes occasioned by the French revolution, the Continent was like a new world to explore, and Lord Holland proceeded to Paris, where he had shortly the satisfaction of being joined by Mr. Fox, the main ostensible object of whose visit was the collecting of further materials for his historical work. In company with his uncle, Lord Holland was introduced to the First Consul, who thus addressed him, "You are going to Spain?" "Yes." "And what the devil are you going there for?"—a question which, some years after, he might with more propriety have put to himself. During his stay in Paris, he enjoyed frequent and intimate intercourse with many celebrated men, such as Talleyrand, De La Fayette, Chevalier D'Azara, the Marchese Lucchesini, and others, whom the extraordinary events of the times had brought together in that capital.

In November, 1802, his Lordship, gratifying old predilections, and in company with Lady Holland, entered Spain a second time by way of Perpignan, and, after remaining some months in the vicinities of Barcelona and Valencia, travelled to Madrid by way of Murcia, Grenada, Andalusia, and La Mancha.

He resided in the Spanish capital till after the declaration of war, making occasional visits to St. Ildefonso, Aranjuez, and excursions to Toledo, Burgos, and Valladolid; obtained passports through the courtesy of the Prince of Peace; and, after seeing some parts of Portugal, returned to England in 1805. The face of public affairs had changed; Mr. Pitt was again minister, and ministering war to the world. The seizure of the Spanish treasure ships, and the real intentions of that government, in order to satisfy the impartial historian, yet require to be explained and justified.

Lord Holland, it may be presumed, from being present on the spot, and from his knowledge of the Prince of Peace, Mr. Frere, and other actors in this political drama, possesses the information for arriving at a just conclusion on this embarrassing subject.

The Catholic question was to be brought forward in the House of Lords on the 10th of May, and his Lordship hastened home, to speak and vote in its favour; and continued thenceforward to exercise a spirited participation in every important question which became the object of debate, to the period of the death of Mr. Pitt. The great Whig party then blended itself with the Grenvilles, who, during the revolutionary war, had been its bitter opponents. That there was a sacrifice of extremes on either side, to the necessities of the times, cannot be doubted; but it tended to the extinction of that clear development of political principle which, under the division of Whig and Tory, was of especial service to the people of England, as a criterion in the choice of their representatives, and in giving greater weight and facility to the application of the judgments of public opinion. During his uncle's lifetime, Lord Holland had no seat in the cabinet, but was sworn in a Privy Councillor, and appointed, in conjunction with Lord Auckland, to negociate with Messrs. Monro and Pinckney, the American plenipotentiaries, for an amicable adjustment of certain differences between the two governments. Lord Holland was not ill chosen for such a commission: both abroad and at home, the subject of political economy had occupied much of his attention; during his long residence in Spain, he had carefully examined into all the resources of that fine country, and their grievous misapplication; in visiting her sea-ports, he had busied himself in acquiring a practical

knowledge of the operations of her foreign and domestic commerce: but the impressment of American seamen, the rights of neutrals, and rules for the regulation of the British colonial trade, were complex and difficult subjects to arrange; nor was it till after long endeavours, that a treaty was signed, in which all the disputed points were settled, with the exception of the impressment, which, from neither party being able to devise a substitute, was left to mutual good understanding. Unfortunately, Mr. Jefferson, then president of the United States, refused his ratification; and this treaty, which, by its stipulations as to neutrals, would have prevented the subsequent war with America, became a nullity.

But let us turn a while from the tiring details of official life, although it be to a scene of death. An incurable disease had brought Mr. Fox to the verge of that awful hour; and the love, almost bordering on devotion, with which he had ever been regarded by Lord Holland, was now painfully tried. Abstracting himself from all public affairs, and in filial companionship with an amiable sister, together they watched over the drooping strength and fainting energies of England's minister of peace; every delicate attention that could soothe or lighten the weariness of pain's prolonged hours of anguish, was unceasingly administered: but even these tender offices were of no avail. In dying accents, he pronounced the gratifying words, "I die happy;" words of blessed import to himself—of comfort and consolation to his mourners.

The demise of Mr. Fox led to new arrangements, and Lord Holland was introduced into the cabinet, as Lord Privy Seal; but the strength of the Whig portion of the government had now departed; and the only measure worthy of notice, in which his Lordship co-operated after his accession to office, was the bill for the abolition of the slave trade. Early in 1807 the ministers were dismissed from his Majesty's councils, in consequence of their refusing to pledge themselves never to bring forward any measures connected with relief for the Catholics.

The efforts of the Spaniards to free themselves from the impending yoke of Napoleon, awakened all Lord Holland's old affections for that people; Florida-Blanca, Valdez, and other eminent persons in that country, had made him the channel of their important communications to Mr. Canning; and so intensely was

his interest excited, that he embarked on board the Amazon frigate, and landed at Corunna almost simultaneously with the division of the British army under the command of Sir David Baird; and it is no less curious than true, so little prescience was then observed in warlike equipments, that the only military map in possession of the staff was supplied to them by his Lordship. As the tide of war permitted, he travelled through various parts of the Peninsula, and had the satisfaction of recognizing many old friends, as Jovellanos, Garay, &c., among the members of the junto, or serving in the ranks of the patriot army; after visiting Cadiz, he went to Lisbon, and thence returned to England, about the latter end of the year 1809.

A general retrospect of Lord Holland's parliamentary career until the general pacification in 1815, is the most we can here pretend to trace. He was for many sessions the introducer and warm advocate in the House ofLords, of Sir Samuel Romilly's benevolent but ineffectual endeavours to soften the asperities of the common law; he took an active part in the multifarious debates upon the Catholic question; the revocation of the orders in council; the regency bill; the delays in chancery; the employment, by Sir J. Craig, of Captain Henry in the United States, &c. During the first successes of the allies, he also frequently dwelt upon their affording us the means of procuring peace; and, in 1814, eloquently protested against the cession of Norway to Sweden. Had the junction of parties proposed in 1811 by Lord Wellesley been effected, Lord Holland was to have had the post of First Lord of the Admiralty, under the new administration.

It may not now be inopportune to enter upon his Lordship's claims to our consideration as a man of letters; and in this portion of our sketch, we confess ourselves weak, where we ought in justice to be strong; but *faire sans dire* is the motto, and, unhappily for knowledge, the practice, of the noble house of Holland. Were it otherwise, we might perhaps tell of elegant triflings in verse, and of the severer results of criticism and history, in prose; we might possibly be enabled to announce that the justification of that powerful party of which his Lordship is one of the few connecting links, is already prepared; and that its purport will be to purify Whig principles from the imputations of

the adverse, and the suspicions of the ill-informed, before they accomplish their reception in national history.

The following is, we believe, a faithful list of Lord Holland's acknowledged productions: Lives of Lope de Vega and of Guilhen de Castro; Preface to Mr. Fox's historical fragment; Preface to Lord Waldegrave's Memoirs; Letter to Dr. Shuttleworth, on the Claims of the Catholics; the twenty-fifth canto of the Orlando Furioso, and the seventh satire of Ariosto, translated into English verse, and appended, as specimens, to Mr. Rose's version; the account of the suppression of the Jesuits in Doblado's Letters on Spain; and a Letter to a Neapolitan, from an Englishman, in 1815. He was also the editor of Lord Orford's Memoirs, and republished "Townshend on the Poor Laws," with a Preface addressed to Lord Grenville. These are all still high in public approbation; and, with the exception of the Letter to a Neapolitan, we only mention them for the purpose of record. Nor do we advert to this pamphlet from any idea of its importance, but only as a matter of curiosity, from the circumstances out of which it sprung, and the misrepresentations of which it has innocently been the origin. The facts, as we are well assured, are, that Lord Holland, with the Duke of Bedford and Lord Conyngham, were presented to Joachim, king of Naples, in the latter end of February, 1815, who told them that the Emperor of Russia, who had no constitution at home, was for giving new ones to every country in Europe, and asked them what they thought upon the subject. Lord Holland hastily said, "Constitutions, Sire, cannot be given—they must be the growth of time." In the course of a few hours, the Duke San Theodore, who had been previously known to Lord Holland as Neapolitan Ambassador at Madrid, called upon him, and stated, that king Joachim had quoted his Lordship, as giving him advice not to call his estates, or establish any constitution, although he had already pledged himself so to do. This was immediately disclaimed, and, at the Duke's request, he drew up, in the form of a letter, his views upon the subject. The original draft fell into the hands of the Austrian government, having been seized upon the person of a gentleman bearing despatches from Joachim to Lord W. Bentinck, and was quickly magnified into treasonable importance. In consequence of the gross misstatements sent abroad on the occasion, his Lordship was com-

pelled to print and distribute it among his friends. It is singular, that, while we are writing, this letter should have been again publicly referred to, and in a manner likely again to create misconception as to its contents. It is a plain and manly application of the principles of a freeman to his conception of the constitutional wants of a foreign kingdom, bearing wholly on the formation of new political institutions, and without the slightest reference to the correction of abuses in those long established.

A very charming bit of Utopian philosophy, entitled "A Dream," is also ascribed, and we believe justly so, to Lord Holland's pen. It is addressed to his old friend, and the admired poet, Samuel Rogers, detailing the substance of a singular dream. The dreamer fancies himself in the presence of George the Third, at Windsor, who tells him that he had never been so truly happy. The little feelings of jealousy, pride, and distrust, as well as the anxiety attached to the sense of great responsibility, were all removed; and that he had now the advantage of conversing with men, not only of enlightened understandings and pure intentions, but whose situations, as well as dispositions, placed them beyond the reach of suspicion, and gave to all they uttered the indisputable character of sincerity. That, old as he was, he had derived more instruction from the short intercourse of a few months with persons now no more, than he had collected from the conferences of ministers, the deliberations of councils, the documents of state, or the correspondence with courts for more than fifty years. This consideration made him rejoice at his Lordship's visit, for he wished to have written down the projects and opinions of persons, who seemed most capable of devising schemes useful to the community, but who, in their present state, were debarred, perversely enough, the use of pen, ink, and paper. He adds, that by importunity he had obtained a favour for him with those who were able to grant it; but studiously conceals the powers, earthly or supernatural, to whom he alludes. This boon is, to converse with those over whom the grave has long closed, and a most delightful conversation is represented as taking place with Sir Thomas More, Lords Burghley, Bacon, Clarendon, Sir William Temple, Lord Shaftsbury, Mr. Locke, Lord Somers, Bishop Berkeley, and Mr. Addison. The topics discussed are the national encou-

ragement of letters, and the establishment of a great and comprehensive system of education, by which, through the means of colleges, academies, and universities in various parts of the British dominions, English habits of thinking, English manners, and the English language, should be faithfully preserved. His Lordship has ingeniously contrived to heighten the illusion, by fashioning the dialogues of these worthies in affinity with the peculiarities of character, opinions, and style, for which they are remarkable. The Dream, we believe, was merely privately circulated among his Lordship's friends: in composition it is easy and elegant, and entitles the author to rank among our British Quevedos, as a very agreeable conjector somniorum.

The following poetic epistle never before in print, is attributed to Lord Holland's pen; and is doubtless authentic, for it bears the instinctive marks of its origin—playfulness and grace, in union with fine moral feeling.

AN EPISTLE TO———.

Do you know I was reading Erasmus, the day
That your letter announced you should still stay away;
And I met with a saying my heart to appall,
That "a friend at a distance is no friend at all."
The proverb* is Greek, and I trust is not true,
At least I must hope to disprove it by you.
For the author *one word*—Ere with malice you tax him—
Reflect, my dear boy, on the grounds of his maxim,
And you'll own it, tho' we may escape from the rule,
No effusion of spleen, no remark of a fool.
The love of a child springs from nature, I grant,
And memory greatly may foster the plant;
Yet the regular food of affection is still
Some exchange of kind acts, some concurrence of will,
Some communion of thought, which, as light as a feather,
Soothes and warms us as long as we nestle together;
When apart, great contrivance may particles bring,
But, alas! it must flag, if kept long on the wing.
The invention of letters, we hardly dare hope,
Can retain all the virtue assigned them by Pope;
Our words they convey—waft our thoughts, if you please,
But our feelings have signs far more subtle than these;
I peruse what you write me—but where is the look
That perhaps might have said ten times more than you spoke?
The manner, the tone, and the time, that you chose,
Could more than long volumes of phrases disclose;

* Οι τηλω φιλοι ω φιλοι εσσί.

If such symptoms endear or discover a friend,
They admit of no proxy, they cannot be penned.
And *you*, too—who write!—be you never so handy,
You cannot make sure of your *tempora fandi*,
When you framed your epistle, your spirits were good,
But not every topic suits every mood;
And should mine, when I read, be a grave one, your jest
May be taken for earnest, and sorely molest;
For many a joke, that, struck off at a heat,
Gives a relish to sense—tho' in converse so sweet,
On cold paper disposed, and distilled thro' a quill,
Turns to poison, the essence of spite and ill will?—
He who heard it might laugh, and suspect no design—
He who reads it, sees malice in every line,
Conns it backwards and forwards a meaning to find,
Till he conjures up fiends that were not in the mind,
They prompt a remonstrance, reproaches succeed,
And fancied ill humour grows anger indeed!
Then, friends should know friends, and their merits discuss,
But parted, such intercourse is not for us,
Tho' opinions by letter we safely converse on,
Such is not the case when we canvass a person
Face to face without malice; we say what we think,
But gall, bitter gall, lurks ingredient in ink—
Say then, shall we write on opinions alone?
All affection towards others must then rest unknown—
Shall we strive to convey it?—we slander or flatter,
Our praise is mere varnish, our pleasantry satire.
So when hard such extremes to steer nicely between,
We say nothing at all, or say more than we mean—
And yet write then, dear vagrant, perverse as thou art,
The sight of thy hand may some pleasure impart,
When we meet, how much greater, a peep at thy heart!

We now return again to the more visibly acted scenes of Lord Holland's life. In the year 1814, on the visit of the allied sovereigns to this country.—His Lordship received, through the Duchess of Oldenburg, a message from the Emperor Alexander, expressive of his wish for an interview. This being appointed for the 11th of June, at half past five o'clock, his Lordship proceeded, in company with Lords Grey, Grenville, and Erskine, to the Pulteney Hotel, Piccadilly, where they were received very graciously by the Emperor, who entered into a long and interesting conversation with them, chiefly upon political subjects, as connected with the party in opposition.

In the autumn of the same year, his Lordship, after spending a

few weeks at Paris, went by the Simplon, Milan, Bologna, and Florence, to Rome, where he remained for the winter. At the approach of spring, he proceeded to Naples, and saw much of the unfortunate Murat, who was then on the point of entering upon his desperate enterprise to the north of Italy. Leaving Naples, he travelled homewards, making his route through Rome, Florence, Venice, and the Tyrol, Munich, and Frankfort, to Brussels.

In 1816, when the bill to legalize the detention of Napoleon as a prisoner of war, was before the House of Lords, Lord Holland raised his voice against it; not, it would appear, from any political motive, for he was not countenanced in his opinion by the party with which he usually acted. Until death relieved the prisoner, he never ceased to deprecate what he deemed the unwarrantable conduct towards him, of Government and their agents. While his Lordship was vehemently exposing, in the senate, the pettiness of treatment and personal wants to which Napoleon was subjected, Lady Holland was silently and womanly occupying herself for their relief. Books, journals, and many of those apparently trifling articles of domestic comfort, and to the importance of which only female minds are alive, were unsparingly forwarded to Saint Helena. Nor was ingratitude in this instance to be registered among the many sins which have been attributed by his adversaries to the exile of St. Helena. The magnificent box, with the invaluable antique gem which enriches its lid, which Pius the Sixth consigned to the victor's possession, on the signing of the treaty of Tolentino, was by him, under the happier influence of grateful feeling, again conveyed, with these words, in his own hand-writing—" L'Empereur Napoleon à Lady Holland, temoignage de satisfaction, et d'estime." Lord Holland has illustrated this memorial in the following Latin and English lines:

" Hanc iterum egregiæ pietatis premiæ gemmam,
Victori intacta misit ab urbe Pius;
Hanc tibi dat meritam Dux, et captus, et exsul,
Quod sola ex casus ausa levare suos.

This gem, twice destined to reward
The deeds of generous pity,
Braschi gave him, whose conquering sword
Spared Rome's imperial city.

He, exiled, fallen, the prey, the jest,
Of mean unmanly foes,
Grants it to you, oh! just bequest,
Who felt and soothed his woes.

## RIGHT HON. BARON HOLLAND.

The published debates of the House of Lords, during the long continuance of the Earl of Liverpool's administration, bear ample record that Lord Holland was an active and undeviating opponent of that minister's system, and management of public affairs. Nor did the signs of the times fail to encourage him with distant prospects of a successful issue. England had begun to feel weakness and exhaustion, after her mighty efforts during the war; nor were the means of restoring the drooping sufferer easy in design or accomplishment. The nations of the earth had with envy watched her rise to greatness, and were resolved to tread the path of her example; they fettered with restrictions the shipping and manufactures of foreigners, while they encouraged and protected the but newly emancipated slavery of their own. Her flag no longer singly swept the seas, protecting and carrying the produce of the world. The superfluity of her population finding no vent in wars abroad, was left to increase in a compound ratio at home. All the powers of her scientific men had been directed to the discovery of new combinations for the multiplying of machine labour, which, by the quickness of its operations, kept the artisan out of employ, and tended to over-production. Wealth had ceased to accumulate, except in hands already holding large capitals, and among parties who could only be compensated by the extent of their operations for the diminution of their profits. These, and other causes, with the heavy national debt, occasioned much distress through the country, and turned men's minds, freed from the exciting contemplation of warlike events, to look more searchingly into the systems and conduct of public men. To Mr. Canning, the early schoolfellow, and ever the friend, of Lord Holland, must be ascribed the merit of having first, in some degree, seen the necessity of a change to meet the growing exigencies of the times. The commercial regulations, and foreign policy, of the country, assumed under his direction a more liberal tone. This was the more especially visible on his appointment as first Lord of the Treasury, when the points of difference with the Whig opposition were so few, as to lead to a voluntary tender of support to the minister, from that party. Lord Holland lent his aid to Mr. Canning, and it is still unexplained why his talents were not further made available by a seat in the cabinet. Mr. Canning's

premature death, however, led to the Duke of Wellington's assumption of power, and to a new course of politics.

On introducing the bill for the repeal of the test and corporation acts, into the House of Lords, Lord Holland made the most elaborate, argumentative, and masterly speech he ever there delivered. Emboldened by success on this and other popular questions, the subject of reform was renewed with augmented force, and the Duke of Wellington resigned.

The Whig party was called to power, and Lord Holland, on the 22nd of November, 1830, after three and twenty years secession, became a Cabinet minister, and Chancellor of the Duchy of Lancaster. He had now the singular satisfaction of seeing all the great improvements which he had advocated from his youth upwards, adopted by many of the very men by whom they had been the most strenuously opposed. And with this we close our view of Lord Holland's political career; the measure by which he and his associates are pledged to stand or fall, is still in the balance, its day of historical judgment is not yet come.

In biographical sketches of a similar nature to the present, it is customary to devote the last few lines to the personal appearance and social relations of the individual. Through permission to engrave from Mr. Leslie's admirable portrait, we are spared one of those not unfrequently invidious tasks, by bidding his Lordship's very striking resemblance to speak for us; and, with the disposition to rely still further upon adventitious aid, we learn from his hosts of friends, that no man ever possessed the powers of pleasing more extensively, or dispensed them more agreeably; that no man ever pointed the shafts of wit with more pungency, or directed them so harmlessly; and that he never met with but one enemy whom the unaffectedness of his good humour, and the suavity of his manners, failed to propitiate—and that enemy was the gout. Lord Holland is the worthy inheritor of Ampthill Park, and Holland House, which stand, like historical questions, asking who may be their present occupant; and, though difficult to account for, it is a pleasure we all feel, on learning that the spots where great men have lived, or extraordinary events occurred, have not descended to meaner things, but are still the favoured abodes of genius and virtue.

ROBERT DUNDAS, LORD CHIEF BARON OF SCOTLAND.

R Dundas

THE RIGHT HON.

# ROBERT DUNDAS,

LORD CHIEF BARON OF THE COURT OF EXCHEQUER IN SCOTLAND,

*&c. &c. &c.*

MANY men who, in their time, occupy stations of much importance, and have much influence upon the course of events, yet offer little for the cognizance of the biographer. The consistency of their lives, and the uniformity of their pursuits, advance them gradually, and, to the observer, almost imperceptibly, to their high destinations, where they discharge functions of great responsibility, with infinite honor to themselves and advantage to the public, having previously, in their upward road, exercised their superior faculties in a similar, though less conspicuous manner, in laborious exertions which have essentially conduced to the benefit of the community to which they belong. Thus the ensign becomes a general, the midshipman an admiral, the clerk a minister, the curate a bishop, the barrister a judge. In some of these professions, the eclat of earlier efforts is, occasionally, more likely to attract public notice than in others; but it is equally true, that, except by parties immediately connected with the individual, it often happens that little has been heard of the steps by which the proud pre-eminence has been justly gained by the hero, the statesman, the divine, or the legislator.

Having in the present part overstepped our usual bounds with the other memoirs, we are scarcely sorry to find ourselves in this predicament with regard to Lord Chief Baron Dundas, whose fine portrait, after the pencil of Raeburn, is an ornament to our work. With a physiognomy which might sustain the brightest theory of Lavater, of a family rich in intellect through recorded generations, and himself one of the most liberally gifted by nature, and the most carefully cultivated by education and study, of his distinguished race; it is, nevertheless, unnecessary that our tribute to the memory of Baron Dundas should be other than this brief eulogium, and as brief an outline of his legal career.

His Lordship was born in 1758, and destined by his education, from the first, to that profession through which his family had given distinguished lawyers and statesmen to the country, for nearly two centuries. So connected and introduced into the active business of the world, his acute and sound mind carried him favourably through the drudgery of youthful practice, and he rose rapidly to a high station in legal office. He was appointed Lord Advocate at a period of great turbulence and excitement, when firmness and temperance were especially necessary for the public good. And both were found in Mr. Dundas: moderate, judicious, discriminating, and prudent, he so fulfilled his arduous duty, as to command the approbation of all parties. Even the political friends of those against whom he was compelled to act, were obliged to confess his merit; and we may safely say, that no man, under similarly difficult circumstances, ever acquitted himself more to the satisfaction of his country.

While yet a young man, at the age of forty-two, we are not unprepared, from his past career, to find him elevated to the judgment-seat. In 1801 he was appointed Chief Baron of the Scottish Court of Exchequer; and held that jurisdiction for eighteen years. As a judge, his conduct was irreproachable and unreproached. To great legal information and ability, he added the reputation of inflexible integrity. No magistrate more indefatigable in the discharge of his functions, or more impartial and pure, ever adorned a tribunal. Universal public esteem and admiration were his reward; nor was he less the object of

regard and love in private life, to which his amiable qualities inexpressibly endeared him. In all the relations of neighbour, brother, friend, husband, and father, he was exemplary: his domestic virtues were entirely in unison with those which so brightly illuminated his more enlarged sphere.

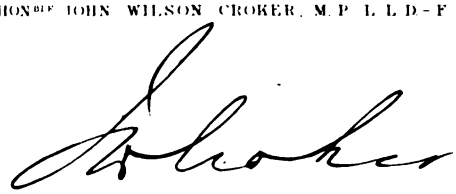
The late Chief Baron was, perhaps, one of the public men of the eventful period in which he lived, who was the least touched by what are called the habits of office. The possession of power appeared only to soften his character, and to give a simple-minded and generous tone to all his thoughts and actions. The emoluments which he derived from an active and successful career at the bar, were always shared, as a matter of course, with his less fortunate relatives; and, ultimately, when he came into the possession of a lucrative office, it might have been supposed that he held it less for his own benefit, than for the advantage of those members of his family whom the revolutions of party had thrown out of public employment. It is interesting, likewise, as well as instructive, to observe, that the exercise of high and responsible duties appears to have linked his sympathies more closely with the ordinary ranks of society; so that, his deportment on the bench, and even in the still more trying situation of first law-officer of the crown in Scotland, commanded not only the respect and confidence of all ranks, but won for him the personal and kindly regard of all who were within the sphere of his influence, whether his decisions were in their favour, or the reverse.

Enjoying golden opinions of all sorts of men, this excellent individual was not, however, exempted from the common evils which afflict humanity. He sank under a tedious and painful illness, in his sixtieth year, and on the 17th of June, 1819, the very day on which his successor, Sir Samuel Shepherd, arrived in Edinburgh, to take his seat upon the bench, and relieve him from toils he was no longer competent to sustain.

His Lordship's personal appearance, as may be supposed from our portrait, was extremely prepossessing. He has left three sons, Robert, Henry, and William-Pitt, two of whom are at the Scots

bar; the first, now Dundas of Arniston, having been Depute-Advocate under the late administration, and both emulously pursuing their father's footsteps. Robert Adams Dundas, the member for Edinburgh, is his nephew: by these, and other relatives of the name, the talent of the family is still well represented.

THE R^t HON^BLE JOHN WILSON CROKER, M.P. L.L.D. F.R.S. &c.



THE RIGHT HONORABLE

# JOHN WILSON CROKER,

F. R. S.

At a great political crisis, the mere acting in which, with any obvious effect, demands talent and capacity of no ordinary kind; but wherein to take a leading and most important part, is a high distinction, to be achieved only by the energetic devotion of a very superior mind; the name of John Wilson Croker must come with peculiar appropriateness before the readers of an English National Portrait Gallery. No individual has, within a recent and brief space of time, gained more upon public opinion, in the admiration of splendid abilities; no man risen more, as an eloquent speaker and powerful debater, in the estimate of that assembly to which he belongs, and in which it is so difficult to acquire either character. Up to the present period, shackled by official bonds, and restricted by the nature of his parliamentary duties, Mr. Croker had comparatively few opportunities of displaying the extent and variety of his powers. It is true, that, on particular occasions, such as the celebrated charge of Wardle against the Duke of York, he delivered speeches which attracted much applause; but still, the epithets of "very clever," "ingenious," "smart," "pungent," and such like diminutives, were rather the measure of his laurels in common parlance, than those more sensible tributes which his exertions on the reform question have procured for him, from friends and opponents. For, we wish it to be always understood in these Memoirs, that the writer of them never ventures to assume the post of a judge, and would ill discharge his task, were he to allow himself to appear as a partisan. His knowledge of public men is sufficient to enable him to see them as they see each other—the most opposed, on either side, frankly and willingly bearing testimony to the truth and worth of their greatest adversaries—the most prejudiced compelled to confess, while they may condemn their views, that virtue and honesty are to be found in the ranks arrayed against them. Indeed, the

monopoly, or rather the pseudo-monopoly, of perfection, is to be met nowhere in the upper warfare of politics: this exclusive principle exists among the servile satellites of power alone, or is feigned by the utterly corrupt, acquainted with no noble quality, and far less with such as might, in the eye of candour and justice, redeem those from whom we differed the farthest, from an idea of obloquy and shame.

Of all the cants of the day, let the fair and right-minded reader be assured, the worst are those of heartless and affected liberality, which has no fixed rule of appreciation or conduct; and of narrow and selfish assumption, which denies every merit out of its own pale. The basest of mankind are not *nullâ virtute redemptum;* and, in the common conflicts of life, whether political or social, it is well to believe that there may be as much good on one hand as on another, though, certainly, every one is bound to fancy that he is himself, nearest to the right.

This, however, is more of episode than we usually indulge in, and is induced by the single wish that the spirit of these biographical sketches may not be mistaken. We speak of our subjects, as much as is possible, abstractedly; stating facts, pleading no cause, drawing no inferences. As men of mark and genius, we would endeavour to make no distinction between Lord Holland and Mr. Croker, between a Southey and a Byron, between a Wellington and a Grey; but, in many cases, it is not only not easy, but impracticable, to come at all the materials which are requisite to give a complete interest to the lives we have to sketch. Let the present Part, or any former fasciculus, be appealed to as proof of the diligence and success of our inquiries; and when we somewhat fail in accomplishing all we wish, may we not, in a work like this, ask the public to make larger allowances than we need to claim for the difficulties of contemporary portraiture.

To return to our theme: We shall treat of Mr. Croker indifferently as Whig or Tory, reformer or anti-reformer; but simply in reference to his eminent intellectual endowments. The high rank he has taken in the House of Commons against the reform bill, the intimate knowledge of all its details, the stout resistance to its general principles, the skill and tact with which he has fought the battle from first to last, entitle him to a foremost place

among the ablest of British senators. In these discussions he has cast off the trammels of the past; and while at one time his eloquence and irony reminded the House of his great predecessor, Canning, (whom he seems in his happier flights to have made his model,) in other respects his opposition has shewn a degree of readiness, acuteness, and force, so formidable as to cause the stoutest of his adversaries to stand at bay, and respect the management of their arguments with peculiar care and circumspection.

It is the province of superior minds to mount with the exigencies of the circumstances in which they are placed. The weak, the mediocre, and the "respectable" fall beneath the first blow, sink before the first emergency, while the intrinsically strong and really great, like the glorious ship upon the ocean, despise the surrounding storm, and mount to the loftier pitch with every adverse wave that assails them.

Our following sketch, leaving, as we always rejoice to do, the politician out of the canvass, will convey some idea of the multiplied forms in which the talents of Mr. Croker have exhibited themselves.

The Right Honorable John Wilson Croker is the eldest son of John Croker, Esq., for many years Surveyor-General of the port of Dublin, by his second wife, Miss Rathborne, whose brother, the late Captain Wilson Rathborne, C.B. a distinguished naval officer, died last year, at the advanced age of 83, nearly at the head of the list of post-captains. From this uncle, he derived his second name of Wilson.

Mr. Croker was born in the town of Galway, on the 20th of December, 1780, and received the rudiments of his education at a school in Cork. He has been described to us, by those who remember his boyhood, as "a talkative and tiresome child," from the number of his questions, and the pertinacity of inquiry by which he followed up any vague or indefinite reply, until he obtained a mastery over the subject — a trait of character by which, both as a statesman and a literary critic, he has been in after-years eminently distinguished.

At the age of sixteen, Mr. Croker entered Trinity College, Dublin, under the Rev. Dr. Lloyd, a gentleman of the first reputation, and highest attainments amongst the fellows of his college, and the present Provost. Mr. Croker soon became remarkable

by his superior abilities, amidst a large display of rival talent in the Historical Society, an association formed by the collegians for their advancement in historical knowledge, and their improvement in oratory. It was, in fact, a senatorial academy, and the scene in which were developed the powers of many young men, who afterwards became leading characters in the senate, at the bar, and in the church. At the period to which we refer, this society might be deemed at the height of its celebrity; and the conspicuous part taken by Mr. Croker in its proceedings, was rewarded by the vote of a gold medal, the first honor of the kind, we believe, conferred by it, " in consequence of the excellence of the speech with which it was usual for the president for the time being to close the annual session.".

In such a locality as Dublin, and such a country as Ireland, which has ever been, unhappily for itself, divided into the most violent parties, and separated by different religions, it can scarcely be questioned, that the suppression of the Historical Society, notwithstanding the unpopularity of the measure, was a wise and a politic one; although no doubt can be entertained that it stimulated, in an extraordinary degree, its youthful members to a peculiar line of study—that of historical inquiry—which appears to us to be too much neglected in the established course of college education. The practice of public speaking, also, gave a fluency and confidence, with the power of reply, which it is impossible otherwise to acquire. But the noisy and empty discussion of politics has ever been fatal to the best interests of Ireland; and the political character which the debates of the Historical Society assumed, appears to us to have called for, and fully to have justified, its doom.

Intended for the study of the law, Mr. Croker, before he took the degree of Bachelor of Arts, was entered, in 1800, as a student at Lincoln's Inn. The professional engagements of a young barrister are seldom so numerous or severe, as not to allow him abundance of time to devote to society; and at the season of which we speak, that of the Irish metropolis was peculiarly attractive. The contact of a crowd of bright and kindred minds, elicited those scintillations of the spirit, which shed a lustre over the national character, concealing its morbid gloom, and lending a charm to its heartless levity.

## RIGHT HON. JOHN WILSON CROKER.

To Mr. Croker, the authorship of two squibs, which claim notice at our hands, has been, we believe, correctly attributed. The first, a poetical satire, entitled "Familiar Epistles, to Frederick Jones, Esq., on the present State of the Irish Stage," published in 1803. The other, "An Intercepted Letter from China," published in 1805.

The Familiar Epistles started into sudden and unrivalled popularity. It rapidly passed through several editions, and, of course, produced numberless worthless imitations, and feeble replies. So keenly, indeed, was its point felt, that we have heard the wife of one of the ornaments of our stage, whose acting was criticized in this little jeu d'esprit, declare, more than twenty years after its publication, that "she felt no enmity to any one in the world, except Mr. Croker, for he was the author of Familiar Epistles."

Although much of the interest of this poem was personal, and, of course, transitory, there runs through it a vein of literary criticism, which, with some slight touches of poetry, are now its chief, if not its only merit. The satire, though not more severe than almost all dramatic critics have indulged in, was felt and resented with great bitterness. Its lightness and gaiety added poignancy to truths which, in a graver dress, would neither have attracted so much notice, nor given so much offence. As a specimen of the style, and a proof of the kind of sensation it created, we shall extract a passage from the second edition, in which the author notices the clamour his work had excited :—

"'Rest, rest, perturbed spirits, rest,'
Smooth the brow, and calm the breast;
Silence your howls and still your moans,
Ye Jackall Gazetteers of Jones.*
Be not at me the menace flung,
Move not at me the unlicensed tongue,
Shake not at me the leaden skull,—
Is it *my* crime that you are dull?—
—Is it my crime, that in those days,
When the young mind its germ displays,
Your withering reasons stunted grew,
Bathed in no mild Castalian dew,
Warmed by no rays that heaven imparts,
Nor rear'd by learning's fostering arts?

* The manager.

—That study on your minds, of yore,
Engrafted not 'the ancient lore,'
Nor trained your vigorous thoughts to shoot,
In sweet succession, flowers and fruit?—
Is it my crime, that on the ground,
You creep your native circle round,
Low reptile weeds, that worthless run,
Far from the invigorating sun?
Believe me, I lament your lot,
And wish you all—that you are not,
The heirs of learning, temper, sense,
Good breeding, taste, and eloquence.

You, too, oh curb your thoughtless rage,
Heroes and heroines of the stage!
Vain is your bustle, and your fear
Causeless, no enemy is near.
Though some would have the world suppose
The players and I were private foes,
—That with the men (much injured souls!)
I'd quarrelled o'er our midnight bowls;
—Or that unanswered love I felt,
And stabb'd the heart I could not melt;
—Or that I drawl my hateful whine,
Because Jones asks me not to dine;
Good reasons all—but urg'd in vain!
No midnight bowls with players I drain,
Try no fair Thespian's heart to move,
Nor sadly sigh unanswered love;
And from Jones equally despise
His farces and his fricasees."—

In the Intercepted Letter from China, under the name of Canton, and the disguise of Chinese imagery and manners, a satirical view is taken of the city of Dublin. And Miss Edgeworth, (no incompetent judge,) in her Tales of Fashionable Life, is pleased to say, that "it contains one of the best views of Dublin ever seen, evidently drawn by the hand of a master, though in a slight, playful, ironical style."

In 1807, a pamphlet which has now reached its twentieth edition, and should in all libraries be placed, as a work of historical reference, beside the View of Ireland by Edmund Spencer, made its appearance from the pen of Mr. Croker. Although it is, we believe, still published anonymously, yet the authorship is indisputable. This pamphlet is entitled, "The State of Ireland, past and present," and written in a quaint and peculiar fashion,

evidently in imitation of the treatise, by Tacitus, De Moribus Germanorum. In it, Mr. Croker strongly advocated the measure of Catholic emancipation; and this circumstance is remarkable, from especially stamping his political career as one of undeviating firmness and consistency. Although an advocate of all the doctrines of various Tory administrations, even when it was impossible for the measure of Catholic emancipation to be fairly debated in the House of Commons, Mr. Croker stood opposed to his party on this subsequently momentous question; and, although holding office, firmly maintained his conscientious independence upon the subject, even to the conspicuous post of seconding Mr. Grattan's famous motion on the introduction of the Relief Bill.

At the close of 1806, Mr. Croker was employed as counsel for the present Sir Josias Rowley, at the election for Downpatrick. That gallant officer's friends (for he himself was not present) having determined, for personal reasons, to withdraw him from the anticipated contest, the party which supported him invited Mr. Croker to offer himself on the same interest. The consequence was, a severely contested election, in which Mr. Croker's opponent was returned by a small majority. Against this return Mr. Croker petitioned, and little doubt was entertained of his success, but while the petition was pending, Parliament was dissolved; and Mr. Croker, in the following May, 1807, after another expensive struggle, was returned for Downpatrick.

This return was also controverted, and became the subject of one of the longest known trials before a Committee of the House of Commons. The result, however, was the confirmation of Mr. Croker's election.

We do not remember that Mr. Croker, although he diligently devoted himself to his parliamentary duties, and was well known as a ready speaker upon "business questions," was remarkable in political, or rather party debate, until the conduct of the late Duke of York became the subject of public investigation. Upon this difficult and delicate question, the energy and shrewdness evinced by him were such as to excite the utmost wrath of the supporters of the charges against his Royal Highness, and upon his head the full vial of their venom was poured, in the most unqualified personal abuse. He was described, in the

pasquinades of the day, as a man of "no family,"* "no principles," and "no previous reputation;" as "a low-bred Irish attorney," and the son of "a country gauger." His national accent, or rather the peculiar mode of speaking assumed by Mr. Croker, to overcome a serious natural impediment of speech, was the subject of unmerciful ridicule. He was accused of the most absurd blunders; and, to complete the caricature, his figure was depicted as mean and diminutive, and his countenance as frivolous and unintellectual.

Such was the erroneous representation of Mr. Croker disseminated by his political opponents in 1809; and so industriously spread abroad by the press, as even to be ignorantly re-echoed almost to the present hour. That it is not entirely so, is in part to be attributed to the admirable likeness of Lawrence's beautiful portrait whence our engraving is taken; and in which one of the most intellectual countenances of the age is truly and finely depicted.

In justice, and as a balance to these misrepresentations, we shall farther quote the calmer and more impartial opinion expressed by a periodical work four years after the period to which we allude.

"If," says a writer of a slight memoir of Mr. Croker, in the European Magazine for July, 1812, "in the course of his elocution, he has accidentally appeared nationally peculiar, it is to be remarked, that he generally exhibits qualities which not only shew that he is master of the subject upon which he descants, but of the language of the assembly that he addresses.

"This is most evident, by the only speech of this gentleman's that has been formally published, which emanated in consequence of the charges made against His Royal Highness the Duke of York; and, to us, it appears to be one of the most convincing

* Among the oldest Devonshire families, is that of Croker of Lineham.

"Croker, Cruwys, and Coplestone,
When the conqueror came, were at home,"

is a Devonian proverb recorded in Prince's "Worthies." Some of the younger sons of this family went into Ireland during the reigns of Elizabeth, James I., and Charles I., and were granted, and obtained estates, still held by their descendants in the counties of Waterford and Limerick. Mr. Croker is, we believe, immediately descended from the branch settled at Ballyanker, in the county of Waterford, and which received considerable estates in that and the neighbouring county of Cork, in reward of military services, some account of which may be found in Smith's History of Waterford.

appeals upon the subject, that we have read. It has the merit of being minute, without being tedious, and of being a speech discriminatory, and, indeed, dissective of evidence, without those defects that sometimes mark forensic observations upon parliamentary examinations. Having lately had occasion to look into this effusion, we have been forcibly struck with the vigorous language in which it flows, and the victorious refutation of some of the most serious of those charges that it exhibits. To revive the memory of the disgraceful business, at the exposure of which this speech was levelled, is here as unnecessary as it would be improper. Mr. Croker certainly derived great honor from the share he had in the development of imposture, and in his observations on those who

> "Willing to wound, and yet afraid to strike,
> Just hint a fault, and hesitate dislike."

"In the course of this session, (1808-9,)" continues the writer, "when Lord Wellington, the chief Secretary for Ireland, was directed to repair to that country, he, in the interval which must necessarily elapse before his successor was returned to Parliament, confided to Mr. Croker the parliamentary business of the Irish department in this kingdom; and this gentleman does not appear to have disgraced the choice of his Lordship; on the contrary, he is allowed to have transacted those very important affairs that were entrusted to his superintending care, in a manner most completely satisfactory to all those with whom, and for whom, he acted.

"The return to Parliament of Lord Wellington's successor, Mr. Dundas, relieved Mr. Croker from the conduct of the business of Ireland; but it was during the short interval in which he had managed it, that he displayed those talents which induced the late much lamented Mr. Perceval, in the formation, in 1809, of that administration in which he took the lead, to offer to him the elevated and important situation of Secretary to the Admiralty, which had become vacant by the appointment of the Right Honorable W. Wellesley Pole to the situation of Chief Secretary in Ireland."

For upwards of twenty years, Mr. Croker continued to perform the laborious duties of this appointment with unremitted application: during which time, he sat in parliament for various boroughs, viz. Athlone, Bodmin, and Aldborough. He

had also the honor of representing the University of Dublin, for which he was returned without opposition, having twice previously contested it unsuccessfully. The sentiments on the subject of Catholic emancipation, so nobly professed, and so independently maintained, by Mr. Croker, unquestionably, did not accord with the opinion held by the majority of the Fellows of Dublin College; and on the dissolution of Parliament consequent upon the death of his late Majesty, the representation was contested against him, and Mr. Serjeant Lefroy was elected. The distinction of representing the University appears to have been an object of peculiar ambition to Mr. Croker, and certainly few men were more worthy of that honor, whether measured by their scholastic attainments, by their love of literature, or by their labours for the advancement of the arts.

On every occasion, indeed, and amid the weight of his official occupation, has Mr. Croker stepped forward to advocate the cause of taste, and the real claims of science. He has discountenanced the noisy efforts of pretenders, detected self-interested motives, and unmasked charlatanerie. Constituted as society is, who can wonder that such conduct has raised a host of irritated enemies around him?

In his official character as Secretary of the Admiralty, we believe Mr. Croker to have been, from the extreme vigilance with which he guarded the public interests, what is termed "unpopular with the service," that is, with individuals, who naturally think their own cause that of the service. We also believe that he has been the conscientious advocate of that service upon all occasions, and that material benefits to its management and economy have resulted from his suggestions. The arrangements of his office were, we understand, much simplified and improved by him; and we have heard, more than once, the efficiency, despatch, regularity, and system of the Admiralty held up as an example for imitation to other government offices.

In his character as a member of the House of Commons, Mr. Croker has upon all occasions evinced the deepest feeling, as to national questions concerning literature and the fine arts.

The article on the Elgin Marbles, in the Quarterly Review, is, we have reason to know, correctly attributed to him.—The letter published by him in 1823, on the subject of the

completion of an east wing to Somerset House, and the removal of the British Museum to the ground now occupied by the King's College;—the active part which he took in the Parliamentary Committee on the subject of London Bridge, and the practical architectural knowledge evinced by him upon that subject, and at which we have heard the professional men employed express their extreme surprise—are more than necessary evidence to adduce in support of our opinion.

To Mr. Croker's suggestion may also be attributed the formation of the Athenæum Club, an association intended to unite men of congenial feelings; but the sudden and fashionable importance into which this proposed select little community started, in some measure defeated the object intended, although many of the most distinguished names in literature, science, and art, are to be found enrolled as members.

While on the subject of a literary association, it may be as fitting a place as any other to introduce a few brief illustrations, suited to our limits, of Mr. Croker's poetical talent, and of his neatness and readiness in epigrammatic impromptu. Our first specimen are Lines written on the Morning of Mr. Canning's Funeral, and published in the edition of that beloved and illustrious statesman's speeches, by Therry.

"Farewell, bright spirit! brightest of the bright!
Concentrate blaze of intellectual light!
Who show'd, alone, or in the first degree,
Union so apt, such rich variety;
Taste, guiding mirth; and sport, enlivening sense;
Wit, wisdom, poetry, and eloquence.
Profound and playful, amiable and great;
And first in social life, as in the state.
Not *wholly lost!*—thy letter'd fame shall tell
A part of what thou wast. Farewell! Farewell!

Farewell, great Statesman! whose elastic mind
Clung round thy country, yet embraced mankind;
Who, in the most appaling storms, when power
Shook the wide world, wast equal to the hour.
Champion of measured liberty, whence springs
The mutual strength of people and of kings,
'Twas thine, like CHATHAM'S patriot task, to wield
The people's force, yet be the monarch's shield.
Not *wholly lost!*——for both the worlds shall tell
Thy history in theirs. Farewell! Farewell!

Farewell, dear friend! in all relations dear,
In all we love, or honor, or revere;
Son, husband, father, master, patron, friend;
What varied grief and gratitude we blend!
We, who beheld, when pain's convulsive start
Disturb'd the frame, it could not change the heart;
We, whose deep pangs to soften and console,
Were the last efforts of thy flying soul.
Not *wholly lost!*—our faith and feelings tell
That we shall meet again. Farewell! Farewell!"

Under a drawing of a girl, tracing the profile of her sleeping lover on the wall; the following lines were written in Lady Chatterton's album—

"O Love, it was thy glory to impart
Its infant being to this magic art;
Inspired by thee the fond Corinthian maid
Her youthful lover's graceful form portrayed."

Mr. Croker's comment was—

"The fair will censure, I'm afraid,
Your drawing for its subject,
Which shews that love is but a shade
That passes with the object."

Upon the ornament of a soldier's cap, brought from Waterloo as a relic, and representing an eagle, the head of which had been broken off, he wrote—

"A trophy and a type of Waterloo,
Where France's eagle lost its head, and flew."

Upon Oxford-street—

"Thou lengthy street of ceaseless din,
Like culprit's life extending,
In famed St. Giles's doth begin,
At fatal Tyburn ending."

We have also lately seen "running the round," as it is called, of the public papers, an epigram attributed to Mr. Croker, on two judges of very unequal stature going circuit together—

"When brawny Day and puny Browne
Posted together into town,
Zoun's, cried a clown, with wond'ring eyes,
Call ye these judges of a size?

In the autumn of 1828, Mr. Croker was sworn a privy counsellor. With the Wellington Tory ministry, he resigned office to the Whig administration of Lord Grey, and, since that occurrence, has taken a leading part in the debates on the

Reform Bill. His conduct upon this great question requires no comment from us.

Mr. Croker is, as might be expected, without effort an agreeable companion in all societies, full of whim, anecdote, and information; and, although no punster, his ready wit, and lively imagination, has foiled the most expert adept in that ingenious art, at his own weapons. Before his irony, even the most self-satisfied stupidity must crouch. Varied in the style of his conversation, neat and pointed in remark, graphic in description, quick and spirited in reply. We have heard those who have known Mr. Croker most intimately, observe, with surprise, upon the extreme interest which he has taken in the merest trifles. And it is an extraordinary faculty of his comprehensive mind, that, like the proboscis of the elephant, although it is capable of being wielded to the most formidable and expansive purposes, it can condescend to raise the minutest straw from the ground.

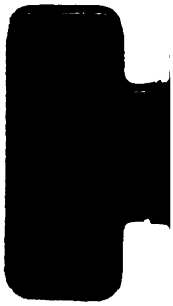
A restlessness, arising from an innate energy of disposition, seems to characterize the subject of our memoir; and this characteristic is equally excited upon all subjects, whether the most important or the most trivial. Were we, therefore, to deal in paradoxes, we might well say of Mr. Croker, that to him trifles became matters of importance, and matters of importance, trifles.

In the relations of private life, the conduct of Mr. Croker has been, in every respect, unexceptionable. He married, in 1806, a daughter of William Pennell, Esq., the present British Consul-General in South America.

Amid the toils of public cares and official duty, Mr. Croker's attachment to literature has been remarkable. His writings, were it possible to obtain and identify them, would, we believe, form a more varied and voluminous collection than those of any, even professed author, of this prolific age. He was for many years considered to be a leading writer in the Quarterly Review, and is known to have also contributed papers to other periodicals. Besides numerous critical and political essays, he is also reputed to be the author of the following works. Of these, the Letter on the Wellington Testimonial, and the edition of Boswell's Johnson, (except, of course, his parliamentary speeches,) are alone authenticated by his name; and the Stories from the History of England, a Geography for Children, and, a Letter on the Re-

moval of the British Museum to Somerset House, by his initials. It is therefore possible, that our list may not be complete, although we have taken considerable pains to render it so, and have included nothing in it, but what we believe to be truly ascribed to Mr. Croker's pen.

## LIST OF MR. CROKER'S LITERARY PRODUCTIONS,

*As far as we have been able to ascertain them.*

1. The opinion of an Impartial Observer concerning the late Transactions in Ireland.—Dublin, 3rd edition, Parry, 1803.
2. Familiar Epistles to Frederick Jones, Esq. on the Present State of the Irish Stage.—Dublin, Gainsberry and Campbell, 1803: 5th edition, 1806.
3. An Intercepted Letter from China.—Dublin, 1805.
4. The History of Cutchacutchoo.—Dublin, Mahon, 1805.
5. Songs of Trafalgar.—Dublin, 1805.
6. Sketch of Ireland Past and Present.—Dublin, 1807: 2nd edition, London, Carpenter, 1808: 20th edition, Murray, 1830.
7. Report of the Speech of J. W. Croker, Esq. on the Charges against His Royal Highness the Duke of York.—London, Carpenter, 1809.
8. Project d'une Convention pour L'échange des Prisoniers de Guerre de toutes les Nations Belligerentes presenteé par le Commissaire Anglais au Commissaire Français.—Murray, 1810.
9. The Battle of Talavera, a Poem.—8vo. 1809: (Reviewed in Quarterly Review by Sir Walter Scott.) To the 10th edition of which, was added, the Songs of Trafalgar, and several Odes and smaller Poems.
10. A Sketch of the Campaign in Portugal.—Murray, 1810: (the authorship of this pamphlet is also attributed to Lord Goderich.)
11. Papers relating to the Action between H.M. Sloop Little Belt, of 18 Guns, and the U.S. Frigate President, of 24 Guns.—Murray, 1811.
12. A Key to the Orders in Council.—4th edition, Murray, 1812.
13. Letters on the Subject of the Naval War with America, which appeared in the Courier Newspaper under the signature Nereus.—Stockdale, 1813.
14. A Letter on the fittest Style and Situation for the Wellington Testimonial about to be erected in Dublin, addressed to John Leslie Foster, Esq., by J. W. Croker, Esq., F.R.S.—London, Murray: and Dublin, Cumming, 1815.
15. An Answer to a Pamphlet called "The Claims of the British Navy, by an old Post Captain," by a Friend to the Army and Navy.—Rodwell and Martin, 1816.
16. Stories from the History of England for Children.—Murray, 1816: 10th ed., 1831.
17. Journal of the Duchess D'Angouleme, translated from the French; with Notes, by the Translator.—Murray, 1817.
18. Speech of John Wilson Croker, Esq. on the Catholic Question.—Murray, 1819.
19. Bassompiere's Embassy to England.—Murray, 1819.
20. Letter on the Removal of the British Museum to Somerset House.—Murray, 1823.
21. The Suffolk Papers.—2 vols.: Murray, 1823.
22. Progressive Geography for Children.—Murray, 1830.
23. Military Events of the French Revolution of 1830.—Murray, 1830.
24. Boswell's Life of Johnson, edited with Notes, &c., by the Rt. Hon. J. W. Croker.—5 vols.: Murray, 1831.
25. Speech of the Rt. Hon. J. W. Croker on the Reform Question, on 4th March, 1831.—Murray.
26. ——————————on the Question that the Reform Bill do pass, 22nd September, 1831. Murray.
27. ——————————on the Second Reading of the Third Reform Bill, 16th December, 1831. Murray.
28. Resolutions moved by Mr. Croker, on the Report of the Reform Bill, 14th March, 1832. Murray.